

Tom Rush

"The Circle Game"

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Yesterday a child came out to wander,
Caught a dragonfly inside a jar.
Fearful, the skies were filled with thunder.
Tearful at the falling of a star.

Chorus:

And the seasons, they go go round and round.
The painted ponies go up and down.
We're captured on the carousel of time.
We can't return, we can only look
behind from where we came,
And go round and round in the circle game.

Then the child moved ten times round the seasons
And skated over ten clear frozen streams.
And words like when you're older must appease him,
And promises of someday make his dreams.

Chorus

The sixteen springs and sixteen summers gone now.
His cart wheels lost to car wheels through the town.
They tell him take your time, it won't be long now
Until you drag your feet to slow your circles down.

Chorus

So the child who dreamed tomorrow now is twenty.
And his dreams of lust and grandeur coming true.
They'll be new dreams, maybe there'll be better
dreams and plenty
Before the last revolving year is through.

Chorus

And go round and round in the circle game.

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