

Circus Song

Don McLean

Cotton candy, two for a quarter
See if the fat man can guess your weight
A big stuffed tiger is what I bought her
And I'm going home 'cause it's late

Roller coasters make me dizzy
And cotton candy makes me sick
I wish I had some Bromo fizzy
Now that would do the trick

Everyone knows that the clowns aren't happy
And everyone knows that the people don't care
I wish I could laugh at the way that they're acting
But I'm so sick, I just don't dare to

High wire dancers kick and balance
White silk horses step in time
The tattooed man displays his talents
I'm not the talented kind

I always go to the circus on Sunday
And there I can laugh at the people I see
But when I leave home in the morning on Monday
Everybody laughs at me

I make other people nervous
I guess that's why they laugh at me
But to me my life is a three-ring circus
And I can see it for free

Have you seen my wife Elvira?
She can tame a lion, you know
Well, I once had a bushy mane
But that was so damn long ago

Tight-collared clowns in plastic buildings
Have happy families as their fate
Happy jobs and happy clubs
And happy people they hate

Everyone's juggling and everyone's acting
With smiles of grease paint three feet wide
Everyone's caught on a carousel pony
And one time around is a lifetime ride