The streets are protection Wiseman say To freeze your perfection Wiseman say

What if we could feel the power What if we worshipped the clown

The streets are affection And i am so naive Was this the right direction Tt's absents without leave Ref.

What if we could feel the power
What if we worshipped the clown
And when we reach the darkest hour
Maybe he would be around
Maybe he would be around

Which way should I be going on And is there someone looking after When will I know if I have won Will I be looking back in laughter Don't know if I have just begun And what's my mission who's my rescuer Ref.

Maybe God would be around Maybe God would be around