

The Kid

Peter, Paul and Mary

I'm the kid who ran away with the circus
Now I'm watering elephants
But I sometimes lie awake in the sawdust
Dreaming I'm in a suit of light

Late at night in the empty big top
I'm all alone on the high wire
Look he's working without a net this time
He's a real death defier

I'm the kid who always looked out the window
Failing tests in geography
But I've seen things far beyond just the schoolyard
Distant shores of exotic lands

There're the spires of the Turkish Empire
Six months since we made landfall
Riding low with the spice of India
Through Gibraltar, we're rich men all

I'm the kid who thought we'd someday be lovers
Always held out that time would tell
Time was talking
I guess I just wasn't listening
No surprise, if you know me well

And as we're walking toward the train station
There's a whispering rainfall
Across the boulevard, you slip your hand in mine
In the distance the train calls

I'm the kid who has this habit of dreaming
Sometimes gets me in trouble too
But the truth is
I could no more stop dreaming
Than I could make them all come true
Than I could make them all come true