

# Perfumed Hair

Chris Trapper

Still wearing my makeup from yesterday  
I'm a corner cutting clown  
Lower the curtains down  
There's no more crowds around

See Mary Jane sneaking a cigarette  
Like a shadow in the room  
Watching the cloud go by  
Wishing that she could fly

This is the circus  
The backstage door  
Every act I've seen before

Somebody's spilling a drink on my  
Somebody claimed I saved his life  
Here's hoping he's still alright

In thorough the back door in Baltimore  
From the cradle to the stage  
Singing my pain away  
Hoping someone relates

This is the circus  
The beer soaked floor  
Come take me eyes I've seen before

But when I feel alone  
When I just don't know  
I hear your voice on the phone  
Saying when I come home you'll be there  
You say you just can't wait

But I'll be home too late  
So when I find you asleep  
I will turn out the lights  
And kiss your perfumed hair

Blow out of the club to the parking lot  
From the highway to the street  
Reach in to find the key  
Locked deep inside of me

Seeing my shadow a second late  
Trying to navigate the stairs  
Hoping that you still care  
Tripping up everywhere

This is the circus  
The place you land  
Hoping you can come back again

But when I feel alone  
When I just don't know  
I hear your voice on the phone  
Saying when I come home you'll be there  
You say you just can't wait

But I'll be home too late  
So when I find you asleep  
I will turn out the lights  
And kiss your perfumed hair