

Circus Lights

Deacon Blue

You're tired and you say you're angry
You're thankful for this blessed rain
And you think you'd know
But your old friends have to tell you again

Your books taught you all you know
Your tastes and patterns and your TV shows
But you can never follow where they won't let you go
Sometimes it's so hard to know

You want to display your charms
On this bright night
You want to display your charms
On this bright night
You want to display your charms
Over these circus Christmas lights

Your cares your misanthropy
Your distant gaze is missing me
And your jewellery that's what blinded me
From the reality

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Over the sea
Over the land and the city