

Over the mountains, and under the sky  
Riding dirty gray horses, go you and I.  
Mating with chance, copulating with mirth  
The sad-glad paymasters (for what it's worth).  
The ice-cream castles are refrigerated;  
The super-marketeers are on parade.  
There's a golden handshake hanging round your neck,  
As you light your cigarette on the burning deck.  
And you balance your world on the tip of your nose  
Like a SeaLion with a ball, at the carnival.

You wear a shiny skin and a funny hat  
The Almighty Animal Trainer lets it go at that.  
You bark ever-so-slightly at the Trainer's gun,  
With you whiskers melting in the noon-day sun.  
You flip and you flop under the Big White Top  
Where the long-legged ring-mistress starts and stops.  
But you know, after all, the act is wearing thin  
As the crowd grows uneasy and the boos begin.  
But you balance your world on the tip of your nose  
You're a SeaLion with a ball at the carnival.

Just a trace of pride upon our fixed grins  
For there is no business like the show we're in.  
There is no reason, no rhyme, no right  
To leave the circus 'til we've said good-night.  
The same performance, in the same old way;  
It's the same old story to this Passion Play.  
So we'll shoot the moon, and hope to call the tune  
And make no pin cushion of this big balloon.  
Look how we balance the world on the tips of our noses,  
Like SeaLions with a ball at the carnival.