

# Molly

John Denver

When I was a young man  
I ran away from home  
I went to join the circus  
Went to see the cotton candy whirl  
And make me lots of money on my own  
For Molly, oh my pretty Molly  
But she's waiting all alone  
Someday soon I will return to her

Then I made the big time  
Bright lights show biz  
I'm really in the circus  
There's only one thing wrong

I haven't saved a penny on my own  
For Molly, oh my pretty Molly  
But she's writing everyday  
Molly understands so it's okay

Ride a windy box car  
See a thousand children young and old  
Oh that grease paint smile  
Can hide your soul  
Here comes a carousel  
Guess which town it is  
Feel the thrill  
Grease paint covers everything  
But winters chill

I reading Molly letter  
The ink is fading  
And the page is turning yellow  
Long ago I promised Molly  
Don't you know I  
I will close my eyes and go to her