

## Ballet Of The Cripple

Kayak

The one-legged ballerina threw the crowd into a rapture  
Her pirouettes made people talk about it ever after  
The painter and his guide dog make their millions by  
Deception  
Their audience is mute, you know belief allows no  
Questions

Once every year  
It's easy to hear  
The fair is in town  
And the crowd will come down

It's all right just as long as emptiness hides behind

Slogans  
While afterwards the promises they don't even seem broken  
No arguments make blind men see, it's more than their  
Retina  
But I don't really care - let them adore their ballerina

Fairs dare to show attractions so crazy  
Cheers after bows like cheers when you're hazy  
Have a good time and see others smile  
Be heedless of mime, just happy for some time