

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