

# Sideshow

Mary Gauthier

People stare and then they walk away  
But there's always a few who'll stay  
From the state I watch 'em close their eyes  
Like a little kid trying to hide  
Like they're somewhere ain't supposed to be  
Watching something they ain't supposed to see  
Giving in to the undertow  
In the dark at the sideshow

I'm the singer at the sideshow  
It's a place that orphans go  
Far away from the bright lights  
Hard to find on a dark night  
Another truly troubled troubadour  
Writing songs to even up the score  
A tune for every single body flow  
And I sing 'em at the sideshow

Who likes to think about their pain  
Most people would avoid the rain  
A sunny song will help you make it through  
But constant whistling is hard to do  
Too many songs about happiness  
Leave me sad, lonely, and depressed  
A million miles from the radio  
You can find me at the side show

I make my living at the sideshow  
It's a place that orphans go  
Far away from the bright lights  
Hard to find on a dark night  
Another truly troubled troubadour  
Writing songs to even up the score  
A tune for every single body blow  
And I sing 'em at the side show

I make a living at the sideshow

It's a place that the wounded go

Far away from the Bright lights

Hard to find on a dark night  
YOU CAN FIND US  
Another truly troubled troubadour  
AT THE SIDESHOW  
Writing songs to even up the score  
YEA, ME  
A tune for every single body blow  
AND THE BUFFALO  
And I sing 'em at the sideshow  
YOU CAN FIND US  
Back in the corner where the sad songs flow  
AT THE SIDESHOW