

Outgrown the big top
But still shadowed by a doubt
Acrobats deceive, deceive me
No safety net to help you out
Selfconscious discipline
Unconscious disciple in bewildered religion
All the things you've said and done
Hope the art remains unharmed

Drifting away your child your lover
The thing you loved has poisoned you
Bitter talk that reeks of almond
Do pictures in a gallery scorn the painter?
Does a book destroy the writer?
In a field of inspiration
I see clowns approaching me
I look the other way to find a smile to cling to
Trying to justify, simplify and rectify the end

What ambitious man would sit back and onlook
While his dream goes sailing by
In the icy cold night he'll cry
With the kids tucked up and slippers dry
I remember that circus so well