

I'm a gypsy  
I'm a stroller  
I'm a sailor lost at sea  
I've walked on a tightrope  
I've fallen but survived  
Trying always to be so kind  
But losing out to peace of mind

I was left at the circus  
When the big top was pulled down  
Always trying to show the two faces of a clown  
Humble pie crumbles in my mouth  
Why my prides left on the shelf

God how we feel  
With the wind in short supply  
Birds can sing the morning hymn  
Days of grey, nights of black  
Wishing wells and bells of hell  
Fly dark angel fly  
Fly away

So you want to be a hero  
Then over the top you go  
A bullet frightened soldier  
A deserted warrior  
Everythings an opposite  
Your joker is your one card trick

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