

Your grand dad left home for the circus. He was young just like me,
with hope to explore. He married a girl in Virginia.
She could swing the trapeze; they could sleep on the floor.

Your mother was born in December, on the one sunny day that winter gave up.
She had warm summer eyes that flickered like fireflies,
when she stared at the world.

So why do you leave these stories unfinished,
my Cheshire cat doorstep with tears in her eyes?
Why do you look when you've already found it?
What did you find that could leave you walking by?

She was raised in a New England village.
Then she moved to LA with her firefly stare,
and you loved sunset strip when it sparkled,
you grew up and you sparkled but why don't you care?

So why do you leave these stories unfinished,
my Cheshire cat doorstep with tears in her eyes?
Why do you look when you've already found me?
What did you find that could leave you walking by?

These nights I get high just from breathing.
When I lie here with you I'm sure that I'm real,
like that firework over the freeway.
I could stay here all day but that's not how you feel.

So why do you leave these questions unanswered?
The circus awaits and you're already gone.
My Cheshire cat doorstep with fear in your smile,
what makes it so easy for you to be walking by?
And what did I do that you can't seem to want me?
Why do we lie here and whisper goodbyes?
Where can I go that your pictures won't haunt me?
What makes it so easy for you to be walking by?