

The Democratic Circus

Talking Heads

Found out this morning
There's a circus coming to town
They drive in Cadillacs
Using walkie-talkies and the Secret Service

Their big top, imitation of life
All the flags and microphones
Have to cover our eyes

We play the sideshows
And we like the tunnel of love
When we ride the ferris wheel
We're little children again

When they're asking for volunteers
We'll be the first ones aboard
When the ringmaster calls our names
Be the first ones to go to sleep

Stealing all our dreams
Dreams for sale
They sell 'em back to you

On with the show
Start the parade
We sand along
Sweep us away

It's political party time
Going down, going down, going down
And the celebrities all come out
Coming down, coming down, coming

Sun is going down
And the dogs are starting to howl
We stay out after dark
Eating cotton candy and the music's playing

How we all laughed
We split our sides
The cameras flashed
We almost died

Rain's gonna pour on down, falling out of the sky
Coming down, coming down
And the celebrities all run out, and the rain's
Coming down, coming down

Gonna rain, gonna rain, gonna rain
Gonna rain, gonna rain, rain, rain, rain

And now I wonder who's boss
And who he's leavin' behind?