

## The Circus Animals

## The Ocean Blue

You, the writer, knew  
You, the writer cared  
Sold, are things once told  
Old, are things once bold  
The diamonds and the gold  
They are for real  
Depending on the way they make you feel  
We can touch the sky  
You, oh you and I  
I can count to two  
But we can count to three  
I line them up and they stare back at me

Creations in the mind and soul of me  
Drift  
Fall  
Blue  
Call  
You, the writer, knew  
You, the writer, cared  
The diamonds and the gold  
They are for real  
Depending on the way they make you feel