

## Scenes from a Vinyl Recliner

Toad The Wet Sprocket

High on a wire  
Poised for an imminent fall  
Clowns always smile  
Greasepaint and lust in their pores  
Start to sway and I hold your hand  
Fall, the smile surrounds his head  
Hot ashes, clay  
Hot ashes fade  
To lean, to err, too far along for me  
To wait around, to smile is to accept  
In center ring  
Rolling in sawdust and hay  
Covered in paint  
Damn everything but the circus  
Damn the men and the women who stare  
At the freaks in the cages and snares  
Hot ashes, clay  
Hot ashes fade  
To win, to err, to fall too far for safety  
To lean, to wait a while is too easy  
To lean towards, to fall too far for me  
To wait a while around is too easy  
To lean too long, to fall too far for safety  
To seem to smile, to lie is to accept