

Working Without a Net

Waylon Jennings

Well the road can be a circus, a death defying act
But the clowns don't come around no more since the monkeys off
my back

I stand here on the stage, as the house lights fade to black
Your love helps me forget, I'm working without a net

Up on the high wire, I hear the crowd begin to call
Some want you to fly, some want to see you fall
Now and then I stumble, but I ain't fallen yet
Your love helps me forget, I'm working without a net

I used to depend on some things I did not need
I leaned on some crutches that kept me off my feet
Standing here without them now, well it scares me half to death
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