

Circus

Audrey Horne

Hold your breath as you cross this bridge
You feel a shiver when it storms like this
Try not to focus on what's underneath
You feel the wood crack beneath your feet

It's getting better, but it seems so wrong
It's not me, no, it's not me
Inside this circus there's a thousand eyes
And they're staring down on me

Days they come like this and pass
Like a slide show or a cabaret
Try to scream through your broken lungs
And tell your story with a twisted tongue

But you don't wanna see the world like I do
Obsessed, possessed and out of tune
'Cause I don't really think it's worth it, you'll see
Covered up, in sawdust, it makes it harder to breathe

It's getting better, but it seems so wrong
It's not me, no, it's not me
Inside this circus there's a thousand eyes
And they're staring down on me

I'll cut 'em all up for you
I'll be damned if it's all pretty and good out there
And I swear that I'm a sucker for the ugly things you're keepin
g in your closet, girl

It's getting better, but it seems so wrong
It's not me, no, it's not me
Inside this circus there's a thousand eyes
And they're staring down on me

It's getting better, but it seems so wrong
It's not me, no, it's not me
And every time I open up this box
It keeps staring down on me