

Life Is A Circus

David Bowie

Life is a circus
It's not a fair
Life is a hard road
When you're not there
At the fair

Friends come to see me
(With what way shall I go?)
To see the show
(To help my friend and foe
I'll let them fight me down)
When will they realise?
(To laugh and drag my name on the ground)
The circus must go
(Nothing ever stung so badly)
To defend
(And with what way shall I go?)

Papa, he talks to me
Don't dry your arm
Gets deep inside you
Does you real harm
Don't you care?

High tight-rope walker
(With what way shall I go?)
Stands straight and tall
(To help my friend and foe
I'll let them fight me down)
Don't lose your balance
(To laugh and drag my name on the ground)
From way to home
(Nothing ever stung so badly)
Crowds don't care
(And with what way shall I go?)

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When you're not there
At the fair
(And with what way shall I go?)