Circus Song

Don McLean

Cotton candy, two for a quarter See if the fat man can guess your weight A big stuffed tiger is what I bought her And I'm going home 'cause it's late

Roller coasters make me dizzy And cotton candy makes me sick I wish I had some Bromo fizzy Now that would do the trick

Everyone knows that the clowns aren't happy And everyone knows that the people don't care I wish I could laugh at the way that they're acting But I'm so sick, I just don't dare to

High wire dancers kick and balance White silk horses step in time The tattooed man displays his talents I'm not the talented kind

I always go to the circus on Sunday And there I can laugh at the people I see But when I leave home in the morning on Monday Everybody laughs at me

I make other people nervous I guess that's why they laugh at me But to me my life is a three-ring circus And I can see it for free

Have you seen my wife Elvira? She can tame a lion, you know Well, I once had a bushy mane But that was so damn long ago

Tight-collared clowns in plastic buildings Have happy families as their fate Happy jobs and happy clubs And happy people they hate

Everyone's juggling and everyone's acting With smiles of grease paint three feet wide Everyone's caught on a carousel pony And one time around is a lifetime ride