

# The Circus

Erasure

Call it new technology  
And they use it to burn  
And they show no concern  
Work for their prosperity  
While the big wheels turn  
Now it's too late to learn

Don't upset the teacher  
Though we know he lied to you  
Don't upset the preacher  
He's gonna close his eyes for you

And it's a shame  
That you're so afraid  
Just a worker waiting  
In the pouring rain  
Putting back the pieces  
Of a broken dream  
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Of a broken dream

Father worked in industry  
Now the work has moved on  
And the factory's gone  
See them sell your history  
Where once you were strong  
And you used to belong

There was once a future  
For a working man  
There was once a lifetime  
For a skillful hand yesterday

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