

It's all hats off now, all drum rolls and applause  
By a sleight of the hand you will turn them into dust  
Or face to face you will lead them by their faults

Drag your feet in the sawdust  
Eaten alive? Just stare it out...

It's all good luck charms, all trying to understand  
And deep inside we will always hope for the worst  
You say you keep them close but they're closer than you think

Drag your feet in the sawdust  
Eaten alive? Just stare it out...

Next spring will bring you back again  
You'll sigh and crack the whip for us  
And maybe you will be the one  
Who'll draw the line in the sand  
For us to cross

It's all pat backs now, all painting portraits time  
But maybe when the night comes, you'll open up the cage  
You'll open up the cage