

# The West Wind Circus

Helen Reddy

I was what they called a circus child  
The "Big Top" was my home each year for a while  
Mama was an actress then  
But in the summer, she'd fill in  
With a troop, they called the West Wind

I recall the smell of sawdust after the rain  
That summer you signed on when everything changed  
You stole my mother's heart away  
And it was hard for her, they say  
'Cause you risked your life every day

And Mama always cried and closed her eyes  
Until your act was through  
And the "I'd be fine"  
And all the time you never knew  
I loved you, too

No one told the story, and you never knew  
Just why it was we were so afraid for you  
That prophecy the Gypsies made  
We called a superstitious game  
Still, we half-believed it just the same

And Mama'd always cried  
And close her eyes, and say a prayer for you  
And the "I'd be fine"  
And all the time you never knew  
I was praying, too

I can still see your figure crushed on the ground  
And now, when the circus comes to town  
I let my children have their day  
But me? I tend to stay away  
You see, my father died that same way

And Mama'd always cried  
And closed her eyes until your act was through  
And the "I'd be fine"  
And all the time, you never knew  
I loved you, too