## **Ballet Of The Cripple**

The one-legged ballerina threw the crowd into a rapture Her pirouttes made people talk about it ever after The painter and his guide dog make their millions by Deception Their audience is mute, you know belief allows no Questions

Once every year It's easy to hear The fair is in town And the crowd will come down

It's all right just as long as emptiness hides behind

Slogans While afterwards the promises they don't even seem broken No arguments make blind men see, it's more than their Retina But I don't really care - let them adore their ballerina

Fairs dare to show attractions so crazy Cheers after bows like cheers when you're hazy Have a good time and see others smile Be heedless of mime, just happy for some time

## Kayak