

# A Little Different

Lobo

Once upon my boyhood time  
The circus came to town  
I remember church going people  
Talking the carnies down  
Misfits of society  
That's what they said to me  
So I sneaked up close  
And watched them work  
And found that actually

They laughed alot  
They sang out loud  
The way they walked  
Made them look kinda proud  
A little different from you  
A little different from me  
Alot like the man who walked  
Through Galilee

Mr. and Mrs. Goldstein  
Moved in next door to us  
The neighbors were indignant  
They put up quit a fuss  
The neighborhood had gone to pot  
And they had worked so hard  
So I sneaked out back  
Peeked through the fence  
And watched them do the yard

They laughed a lot  
They sang out loud  
They looked just like the rest  
Of the crowd  
A little different from you  
A little different from me  
A lot like the man who walked  
Through Galilee

Everyone is different  
But everyone's the same  
Riding around in circles  
On life's mysterious train

What if other people  
Thought that way of you  
Too weak for the circus  
Too dumb to be a Jew  
A plain old Joe  
In wash 'n' wear suit  
Wasting his life away  
Or do they look in envy  
And do or don't they say