

The Circus

The Clientele

Sweet night time
Us drinking our wine
Bats sang the songs of the night
And the circus passed by
When everything rang in the dark
There were bells in the park
The hook, the umbrellas, the track
We skipped through the cracks

And you sang as you lit the lamps
Facing out to the garden
And I felt words on my tongue
But the voice wasn't mine

Now that the circus is gone
There's trash on the lawn
A quiet phone is ringing inside
And life is a lie

Easter bells filling the air