

The Circus Animals

The Ocean Blue

You, the writer, knew
You, the writer cared
Sold, are things once told
Old, are things once bold
The diamonds and the gold
They are for real
Depending on the way they make you feel
We can touch the sky
You, oh you and I
I can count to two
But we can count to three
I line them up and they stare back at me

Creations in the mind and soul of me
Drift
Fall
Blue
Call
You, the writer, knew
You, the writer, cared
The diamonds and the gold
They are for real
Depending on the way they make you feel