The Acrobat

Johnathan Rice

Oh, the child is an acrobat
And he walks upon the wire
Knowing well that he might fall
Still he climbs up higherIf he should slip he will surely die
And his body will break and his soul will fly
Into the night where the spirits scream
He will leave this world and become a dreamOh, my father was a sailor
And he lived upon the water
Knowing well that he might drown
He sailed beyond the harborIf he should fall, he will surely die
And his body will sink and his soul will fly
Into the night where the spirits scream
He will leave this world and become a dream
He will leave this world and become a dreamNothing will change, nothing will change
Nothing will change, nothing will change
Oh, the time goes by, nothing will
Nothing will, nothing will, nothing willMy love she is my saving grace
She holds me through the winter
Knowing well that I will leave
Still she holds me closerAnd if my heart should break, well, I will surely die
And my blood will flow and my soul will fly
Into the night where the spirits scream
I will leave this world and become a dreamI will leave this world and become a dream
I will leave this world and become a dream

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