Reaching Out For Someone

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 a lot
They sang out loud
The way they walked

Made them look kinda proud
A little different from you
A little different from me
a lot 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

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