

Circle Of Sawdust

Reg Poole

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Trains and Trams and freeway jams were bringing me down so low
So I packed up my lady, left the streets of the city and
I joined up with a wild west show.
And the laughter from the clown act, and the bruises from bulls
Went hand in hand every night
But six months of sideshows and one-night stands,
And the glitter no longer seemed bright

Then one night as the rain fell, and the crowd drifted home,
I was halfway through act no 3.
When I looked over my shoulder from that circle of sawdust
and saw old jack grinning at me

And he said put another log on the fire Brian, sit here and talk,
And weâ€™ll drink some more wine.
Iâ€™ve lived 200 years and Iâ€™m just 64
And if I have my way Iâ€™ll live 200 more

A case of old memories, unfolded his life and he said canâ€™t you imagine those days
When it took 50 men just to hoist up the big top,
And we turned half the crowds away.
Now the tents torn and tattered, and the crowds have all scattered
But the show must go on just the same
So we ride every night in that circle of sawdust
I was born with the road in my veins.

And he said put another log on the fire Brian, sit here and talk,
And weâ€™ll drink some more wine.
Iâ€™ve lived 200 years and Iâ€™m just 64
And if I have my way Iâ€™ll live 200 more.

Lead break (verse)

Now heaven ran short of old cowboys I sâ€™pose, and its big top was ready to show
With his hat and his boots and the ponies that he loved,
Jack put his last show on the road
As I heard the sad new, my eyes filled with tears,
And my mind drifted back to those days

When I rode every night in that circle of sawdust,
And I swear that I heard old Jack say

And he said put another log on the fire Brian, sit here and talk,
And weâ€™ll drink some more wine.
Iâ€™ve lived 200 years and Iâ€™m just 64
And of he had his way heâ€™d live 200 more.

Lyrics Submitted by Geoff Irvin

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