

# Circus

## Passenger

Sick of begging  
Sick of trying to please  
Sick of the struggle  
Sick of your fake id

If I ever feel your scent again  
you're one fist to close

If I ever see your shadow again  
you're going down the hard way  
They call me the comedy clown  
They feed me waste in the gutter  
They call me the comedy clown  
I am waste in the gutter

If I ever see you again  
I'll be close to my grave  
If I ever lie to you again  
I'll be dirt

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