

Man On the Moon

Sweating Honey

Early morning, I'm moving on
To somewhere else I don't belong
The crowd is always waiting for a clown
You laugh at me, I laugh at you
We're climbing that ladder, we'll paint it blue
But nothing's funny to the tightrope walking man

All the world's a circus for the man on the moon
Yes all the world's a circus for the man on the moon

So do your hair, put your makeup on
We'll make believe, we'll play along
But never mind the secrets up your sleeve
You got your big show it's right on time
Laugh at the clouds when your sun don't shine
It's better than crying, it's better than dying
It's better than losing your mind
The caravan keeps rolling on round the big gig in the sky
We'd all love to stay for eternity but we're only
Lonely, passing by

All the world's a circus for the man on the moon
Yes all the world's a circus for the man on the moon

Lyrics submitted by A.

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