Atlas

Fanfarlo

It's all hats off now, all drum rolls and applause
By a sleight of the hand you will turn them into dust
Or face to face you will lead them by their faultsDrag your feet in the sawdust
Eaten alive? Just stare it out...It's all good luck charms, all trying to understand
And deep inside we will always hope for the worst
You say you keep them close but they're closer than you thinkDrag your feet in the sawdust
Eaten alive? Just stare it out...Next spring will bring you back again
You'll sigh and crack the whip for us
And maybe you will be the one
Who'll draw the line in the sand
For us to crossIt's all pat backs now, all painting portraits time
But maybe when the night comes, you'll open up the cage
You'll open up the cage

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