# The Circus

## Erasure

Call it new technology
And they use it to burn
And they show no concern
Work for their prosperity
While the big wheels turn
Now, it's too late to learn
Don't upset teacher
Though we know, he lied to you
Don't upset the preacher
He's gonna close his eyes for you
And it's a shame
That you're so afraid
Just a worker waiting
In the pouring rain
Putting back the pieces
Of a broken dream
Putting back the pieces
Of a broken dream
Father worked in industry
Now, the work has moved on
And the factory's gone
See them sell your history
Where once you were strong
And you used to belong
There was once a future
For a working man
There was once a lifetime
For a skillful hand, yesterday
And it's a shame
That you're so afraid
Just a worker waiting
In the pouring rain
Putting back the pieces
Of a broken dream
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Of a broken dream
There was once a future
For a working man
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Of a broken dream
Of a broken, broken dream

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