

# Working Without a Net

Waylon Jennings

Well, the road can be a circus, a death defying act  
But the clowns don't come around no more since the monkeys off my back  
Now, I stand here on the stage, as the house lights fade to black  
Your love helps me forget, I'm working without a netUp on the high wire, I hear the crowd begin to call  
Some want you to fly, some want to see you fall  
Now and then I stumble, but I haven't fallen yet  
Your love helps me forget, I'm working without a netWell, I used to depend on some things I did not need  
I leaned on some crutches that kept me off my feet  
Standing here without them now, well, it scares me half to death  
Your love helps me forget, I'm working without a netUp on the high wire, I hear the crowd begin to call  
Some want you to fly, some want to see you fall  
Now and then I stumble, but I haven't fallen yet  
Your love helps me forget, I'm working without a net

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