

# Not Every Clown Can Be In the Circus

## The Apartments

Anyone'll bury you here  
When the apple's in season  
I knew the taste and the fear  
For a while

Not everyone can write like you do  
Not every clown can be in the circus  
Who will remember your tunes  
When you're gone?

Once was mine, now it's yours  
You'll learn to live from door to door  
And that road you never travelled  
this is it  
That hole in your life, who'll fix it?  
That hope that you had, what killed it?  
What killed it?

The season has come to an end  
And all the boats are leaving  
the shoreline seems  
so far

Not everyone can write like you do  
Not every clown can be in the circus  
That kitten that purs in your soul,  
You'll never drown.

Once was mine, now it's yours  
You'll learn to live from door to door  
And that road you never travelled  
this is it  
That hole in your life, who'll fix it?  
That hope that you had, what killed it?  
What killed it?

I wanna sow everything down  
I want that.

Who will remember your tunes?

I will remember your tunes.

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Lyrics submitted by Olavo Lupia.

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