

The Man on the Burning Tightrope

Firewater

Is everybody in? Is everybody in? Well once upon a time there was a
happy ever-after to be starting,
but you wont hear one today.
The man is sweating bullets
and his heart beats out a cold tattoo
as the band begins to play. So everybody stand,
everybody wont you give a big hand
to the man on the burning tightrope? He's always walked this tightrope
between the devil and the deep blue sea
a monkey on a wire
but he's drunk his cup of sorrow
hes thrown his curses at the moon
and it festers on the fire. So everybody stand,
everybody wont you give a big hand
to the man on the burning tightrope? Come on, people, let's hear it
put your hands together
for the one, the only,
the dieing man on the burning tightrope (Hurry up, George! It only takes one man to blow the whole parade!) He
could have been somebody,
he could have been somebody else.
Yes, it could have been much worse,
but now the show is over, people.
There's really nothing more to see,
hope you got your money's worth. So everybody stand,
everybody wont you give a big hand
to the man on the burning tightrope? Is it just me or is it getting a little warm in here?
Inch by inch, mile by mile, by day by day, by year by year...
Come on, people, come on, put your hands together.

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