

# The Kid

David Wilcox

I'm the kid who ran away with the circus  
Now I'm watering elephants  
But I sometimes lie awake in the sawdust  
Dreaming I'm in a suit of light  
Late at night in the empty big top  
I'm all alone on the high wire  
Ladies and gentlemen, there is no net this time  
He's a real death defier  
I'm the kid who always looked out the window  
Failing the tests in geography  
But I have seen things far beyond just this schoolyard  
Distant shores of exotic lands  
There's the spires of the Turkish empire  
Six months since we made landfall  
Riding low with the spices of India  
Through Gibraltar, we're rich men all  
I'm the kid who thought we'd someday be lovers  
Always held out that time would tell  
Time was talking, guess I just wasn't listening  
No surprise, if you know me well  
As we're walking down toward the train station  
I hear a whispering rainfall  
Across the boulevard, you slip your hand in mine  
In the distance the trains last call  
I'm the kid who has this habit of dreaming  
That sometimes gets me in trouble too  
But the truth is, I could no more stop dreaming  
Than I could make them all come true

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