

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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