Sideshow

Mary Gauthier

People stare and then they walk away
But there's always a few who'll stay
From the state I watch 'em close their eyes
Like a little kid trying to hide
Like they're somewhere ain't supposed to be
Watching something they ain't supposed to see
Giving in to the undertow
In the dark at the sideshowI'm the singer at the sideshow
It's a place that orphans go
Far away from the bright lights
Hard to find on a dark night
Another truly troubled troubadour
Writing songs to even up the score
A tune for every single body flow
And I sing 'em at the sideshowWho likes to think about their pain
Most people would avoid the rain
A sunny song will help you make it through
But constant whistling is hard to do
Too many songs about happiness
Leave me sad, lonely, and depressed
A million miles from the radio
You can find me at the side showI make my living at the sideshow
It's a place that orphans go
Far away from the bright lights
Hard to find on a dark night
Another truly troubled troubadour
Writing songs to even up the score
A tune for every single body blow
And I sing 'em at the side showI make a living at the sideshowIt's a place that the wounded goFar away from the Bright lightsHard to find on a dark night
YOU CAN FIND US
Another truly troubled troubadour
AT THE SIDESHOW
Writing songs to even up the score
YEA, ME
A tune for every single body blow
AND THE BUFFALO
And I sing 'em at the sideshow
YOU CAN FIND US

Back in the corner where the sad songs flow
AT THE SIDESHOW

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