

Molly

John Denver

When I was a young man
I ran away from home
I went to join the circus
Went to see the cotton candy whirl
And make me lots of money on my own
For Molly, oh, my pretty Molly
But she's waiting all alone
Someday, soon I will return to her
Then I made the big time
Bright lights show biz
I'm really in the circus
There's only one thing wrong
I haven't saved a penny on my own
For Molly, oh, my pretty Molly
But she's writing every day
Molly understands, so it's okay
Ride a windy box car
See a thousand children, young and old
Oh, that grease paint smile
Can hide your soul
Here comes a carousel
Guess which town it is
Feel the thrill
Grease paint covers everything but winter's chill
I'm reading Molly's letter, the ink is fading
And the page is turning yellow
Long ago, I promised Molly
Don't you know I, I will close my eyes and go to her

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