The Kid

Peter, Paul & Mary

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 lightLate at night in the empty big top
I'm all alone on the high wire
Look he's working without a net this time
He's a real death defierI'm the kid who always looked out the window
Failing tests in geography
But I've seen things far beyond just the schoolyard
Distant shores of exotic landsThey're the spires of the Turkish Empire's
Six months since we made landfall
Riding low with the spice of India
Through Gibraltar, we're rich men allI'm the kid who thought we'd someday be lovers
Always held out that time would tell
Time was talking, I guess I just wasn't listening
No surprise, if you know me wellAs we're walking toward the train station
There's a whispering rainfall
Across the boulevard, you slip your hand in mine
In the distance the train callsI'm the kid who has this habit of dreaming
Sometimes gets me in trouble too
But the truth is, I could no more stop dreaming
Than I could make them all come true
Than I could make them all come true

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