

# bush

## HouDINNE

You stood beside a burning bush  
And let the trumpetmen catch fire  
You squeezed a flood out of a stone  
And all the people drank it dry  
So all the ships returned to land  
The birds could swim  
The fish could fly  
The angels couldn't understand  
How everyone could get it right  
Circus composer, you let us get closer

You stood below a tangerine  
And let the fruit roll melt away  
And all the world was you  
And we thought it were better anyway  
Circus composer, could you write this all down?  
You let us get closer,  
You let us be found  
Circus composer, could you make me a star?  
If I tied myself to the wrecking ball

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