

The Circus

Erasure

Call it new technology
And they use it to burn
And they show no concern
Work for their prosperity
While the big wheels turn
Now, it's too late to learn Don't upset teacher
Though we know, he lied to you
Don't upset the preacher
He's gonna close his eyes for you And it's a shame
That you're so afraid
Just a worker waiting
In the pouring rain Putting back the pieces
Of a broken dream
Putting back the pieces
Of a broken dream Father worked in industry
Now, the work has moved on
And the factory's gone
See them sell your history
Where once you were strong
And you used to belong There was once a future
For a working man
There was once a lifetime
For a skillful hand, yesterday And it's a shame
That you're so afraid
Just a worker waiting
In the pouring rain Putting back the pieces
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Of a broken, broken dream

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