

The Circus

Firewater

The Circus Lyrics THE GIRL:

I remember a jet slowly scraping
Low and heavy across a sky of slate
I remember the angle of your elbow
As it doubled back

In the crack of fists across a face
I remember the suck of boots in mud

Guttural, sexual, in those clandestine woods THE KILLER:

Down at the river's edge

Below the concrete bed

The smell of lilac in your hair

Where the stinging nettles grow

And the lonely rushes blow

I left you in a culvert there Ashes to ashes and dust to dust

Buildings and dreams dissolve into rust

Now all the flowers are turning brown

Cause the circus is coming to town

Cause the circus is coming to town THE GIRL:

I remember dying to cry out

But throat-stuck with briars and stones

As your ruddy lips grew much ruddier THE KILLER:

Step you lightly now

We must keep our voices down

The dogs of remorse

Follow close on the wind

Take your face off, don't be shy

They can't hunt you with their eyes

But surely they know the scent of sin Ashes to ashes and dust to dust

Buildings and dreams dissolve into rust

Now all the flowers are turning brown

Cause the circus is coming to town

Cause the circus is coming to town THE GIRL:

I remember falling, falling back

Into that tangled bed: a mesh of twigs

Deflowered like a virgin bride

In the ground swell of spring

Underneath that deciduous canopy

Propped up with jagged scaffolding

Is that a train or thunder coming?

Is that a train or thunder?

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