

Hold On to It

Brooke Miller

Yesterday the circus left town in a suitcase
Rimmed with little key chain hearts
And they tore those giant tents downLions in the pouring rain
And the birds in the pouring rain
Ohm but my heart belongs to the bearded woman
Who had a glory bound lonely gazeShe used to fit her head
Inside an elephant's mouth
With some kind of solitude graceWhen you find it, oh you better use it up
You better hold on to it
Like it's an answer to your prayersSpring is coming early this year, you can tell
'Cause everybody's got their old jobs back
No one stays too long around here
They left circles in the wide back fieldsAnd the farmers tried to cover up the scars
You can still run your hands over soft black earth
And wonder where they are
Oh but my son left for the fields todayHe's a fourth generation
Works good with his hands
Got his mother's cheeks and a big brass heart
And boy he loves to work that landOut on the streets in my new city
You can see where shadows
Make prints on the pavement
They know when the Salvation Army truck
Comes aroundLions in the pouring rain
And they're birds in the pouring rain
They hold their cups
Out by the side of the circus tent doorsBetween the bank and the HMV
But you never hear
The rattle on a rich man's coat
Who's got it locked up with a key

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