

Circles

Union Carbide Productions

There are some alley cats running down the streets tonight
There's a band in a cellar trying to keep uptight
There's a man from the inside waiting to get old
He tries to write a story that has never been told
There's somebody on the phone who won't let me be
And the people next door they are watching tv
Well, I think they're talking about the middle east
And it sounds just like a movie waiting for it's release
I've been moving round in circles
Try to find a way back home
Moving in a circus trying to find my way back home
But it's always the same
Wherever I may roam
And it makes me feel like a dog
Looking for his bone
Hey my little friend, have you got time to waste
Hey my little friend can you show me my place
Guess there is no relief for a person like me
'Cause I'm the one who's cheated by the things I see
I've been moving round in circles
Try to find a way back home
Moving in a circus trying to find my way back home
But it's always the same wherever I may roam
It's always the same wherever I may roam
it's always the same wherever I may roam
And it makes me feel like sometimes
I wish I'd never been born
There are some alley cats running down the streets tonight
And a band in a cellar trying to keep uptight
There's a man who's standing on a yellow brick road
And he tries to tell a story that has never been told
He tries to tell a story that has never been told
Tries to tell a story that has never been told

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