Bush

Page France

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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