

# Talking Heads, The Democratic Circus

Found out this morning  
There's a circus coming to town  
They drive in Cadillacs  
Using walkie-talkies, and the Secret Service

Their big top  
Imitation of life  
And all the flags and microphones  
We have to cover our eyes

We play the sideshows  
And we like the tunnel of love  
And when we ride the ferris wheel  
We're little children again

And when they're asking for volunteers  
We'll be the first ones aboard  
And when the ringmaster calls our names  
We'll be the first ones to go ... to sleep

Stealing all our dreams  
Dreams for sale  
They sell 'em back to you

On with the show  
Start the parade  
We sand along  
Sweep us away

It's political party time  
Going down, going down  
And the celebrities all come out  
Coming down, coming down, coming...

The sun is going down  
And the dogs are starting to howl  
We stay out after dark  
Eating cotton candy  
And the music's playing...

How we all laughed!  
We split our sides  
The cameras flashed  
We almost died!

The rain's gonna pour on down, falling out of the sky  
Coming down, coming down  
And the celebrities all run out, and the rain's  
Coming down, coming down

Gonna rain,  
Gonna rain, gonna rain  
Gonna rain, gonna rain,  
Rain, rain  
Rain, rain

And now I wonder who's boss  
And who he's leavin' behind?