

A HAPPENING AT MANCHESTER SQUARE

They enjoy trying to tangle the strings, twilight amphitheatre, the 8:20 show.
July Fourth, laughter's like knives through his knees.
Daylight's a song, suddenly the stage lights go on.

Marionette, silent type, and if they ran off cliffs, fragile fool, he just won't follow suit.
He's Marceau with the key thrown away. By then, that'd be unheard of if he spoke a word of his own.

Chorus: All these years that I cried to the wall. I'd sing if I could but I don't quite know where to begin.
I'm throwing wine down the well. It's better than dying, nothing dare, all contrivance.
I see lies are half lies belief. Devil claim these puppeteers at Manchester Square.

When he finds he's a rat in a cage he'll knock doors off their hinges. Lights flicker and dim.
Ain't it sad. Someone wants his innocence back. No one will be cheering. He won't be appearing at all.

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