

Cantatonia, Immediate Circle

I'm gonna change my immediate circle of friends
I'm gonna run away and join the circus, oh yeah
Oh they've been leading me around in circles, round and round
I'm gonna change my immediate circle of friends

In my darkest hour of need
They all become make believe
And they pretend that they are sleeping

I raise my game as the stakes stack higher, higher
Oh you cry wolf like you're the town crier, cry girl
The queen of pubs thinks her pub song days are over
Swills down dregs, drags on duck-arsed cigarettes

In my darkest hour of need
They all become make believe
And they pretend that they are sleeping

They pretend that they are sleeping
They pretend that they are sleeping

I'm gonna change my immediate circle of friends
I'm gonna run away and join the circus, oh yeah
I'll be assistant to the blind knife-thrower, I'll throw
And better that than being factory fodder, order

In my darkest hour of need
They all become make believe
And they pretend that they are sleeping

Oh I'm gonna change my immediate circle
Oh they've been leading me around in circles
Oh they've been leading me around in circles, round and round