

Magicians Everywhere

What, is the circus in town? Didn't hear about that.
All these magicians, jugglers, barkers, freaks walking around,
pancake makeup, they look real enough, it's just
you can't do anything but gawk.

I mean, they smile at every compass point, they're
in every bar, in clubs, in boats, arranging pixels.
Shoot, they're in every home, at night, flickering.
Pick up a newspaper, they feature above the fold.
Phone rings, there they are.

The freaks are the strangest. They are perfect.
I mean, they are perfect. They speak well, hardly make mistakes.
Their teeth are perfect. They look like gods.
And they make you feel, well, weird.

I suppose it's OK if you like magicians and such.
Me, I went up to one to talk, ask how they do their tricks,
went to shake his hand, but I grasped air and he faded away.
There's a trick! See, money had changed hands.

There was the ticket to ride, then two-card monte,
then a stage act with cannons and gunfire everywhere,
even knocked down a real building with people in it.
That was a show, for sure. Had me kind of scared.

My boy, my darling Bobby was picked up and disappeared last week.
Said he didn't mind. Some of them magicians came by and told
us he was in a play about the evil ones.
Hell I had a flag and all. But they came anyway.

They said he went far away with an acting troop,
They gave him a script, some lighting, fireworks, comrades,
some magic tricks. He sent us letters from the stage
before they brought him back with our flag.

My wife and I, we decided to leave town. We're going to
light out for the territory. Had a friend once,
he did that, lit out after he told me he
wasn't going to stand for any more civilizing.
He didn't want to be perfect, I guess.

Don't know where we're going to go. Sad to leave our
friends, but they've changed, they do not care about our going.
They love the magicians, though.
And they do what they're told.