



**Kevin Elliott**

*It's a Circus  
Here, Dolores*

- 01 Prettiest Girl in AA (3:29)
- 02 Me and The Kid (4:39)
- 03 Creepin' Charlie (5:12)
- 04 Do You Want To Be My Valentine (2:45)
- 05 New Hat and Suspenders (2:09)
- 06 Poor Sweet Baby (3:33)
- 07 Where the Songs Are Silent (2:24)
- 08 Another One Like You (4:09)
- 09 Your Hand and Heart (3:38)
- 10 Around the Block (1:23)
- 11 Dolores (3:16)
- 12 Yellow Philodendrons (1:44)
- 13 The Clown Factory (5:27)



**All songs by Kevin Elliott**  
**Published by Soona Songs, Inc. (ASCAP)**  
**Painting by Kayce Lynn Patton**

**Musicians:**

**Kevin Elliott** - vocals, acoustic guitar, percussion  
**Bruce Balmer** - archtop guitar on "Creepin' Charlie"  
**Armand Beaudoin** - NS bass on "Prettiest Girl in AA" and acoustic bass on "Do You Want To Be My Valentine," "The Clown Factory," and "Where the Songs Are Silent"  
**Lynn Canfield** - backing vocals on "Prettiest Girl in AA" and "Another One Like You"  
**Graham Duncan** - drums, backing vocals, bass and melodica on "Me and The Kid," baritone on "Your Hand and Heart"  
**Anna Hochhalter** - Sax on "Me and The Kid"  
**Dorothy Martirano** - violin on "Another One Like You," "The Clown Factory," and "Where the Songs Are Silent"  
**Kate Maurer** - hand claps on "Prettiest Girl in AA"  
**Chris Reyman** - accordion on "Around the Block," "Dolores," and "New Hat and Suspenders"

**Produced by Graham Duncan, Kevin Elliott and Marilyn Duncan**  
**Recorded at Soona Songs TN, The Horger House, Graham & Kate's and Earth Analog**  
**Engineered and Mixed by Graham Duncan**  
**Mastered by John Scrip at Massive Mastering**

**Kevin would like to thank:** Marilyn for the wonderful opportunity to be a part of the Soona Songs family; Graham for your imagination and creativity, and for being a fun guy to hang out with every week; Doro (Queen of Spain) for going above and beyond in your contribution to the arrangements; all of the talented and generous musicians (Graham, Doro, Armand, Chris, Lynn, Anna, Bruce and Kate) for making the songs so much better; my loving family, stepfamily and family-in-law for making my life so much better; Kayce for your amazing artwork; and Sandra, again and again, for your love, support, encouragement, inspiration... and material! There really ain't another one like you!

## 01 Prettiest Girl in AA

There's something about you of a subtle kind  
Not easily read by a sober mind  
But one thing ain't hard to find  
This probably ain't the right thing to say  
    But you're the prettiest girl in AA  
    Hey-hey

My life has been nothing but one big regret  
I lost all those women, all the friends I met  
Can I bum a cigarette?  
This really ain't the right thing to say  
    But you're the prettiest girl in AA  
    Hey-hey, oh yeah

What would you tell me if I said I love you?  
You'd tell me you're a friend of Bill W.  
Can't give your number to just any slob  
I ain't just any slob... 'cause I just got a job  
I just got a job

So what would you tell me if I said I love you?  
You'd tell me you're a friend of Bill W.  
Can't give your number to just any slob  
I ain't just any slob... 'cause now I got a job  
I got a job, baby... I got a part-time job!

And we talk about alcohol  
Sometimes I feel kind of blue  
It's got something to do with you  
I know this ain't the right thing to say  
    But you're the prettiest girl in AA

I know this ain't the right thing to say  
    But you're the prettiest girl in AA...  
    Hey-hey, oh yeah...

## 02 Me and The Kid

Me and The Kid, we were running away  
We had no ties to bind us, nobody to find us  
We were gone in a day

We had five hundred dollars and that old panel truck  
Ran out on my lady, the arrangement was shady  
But The Kid brought me luck

So we headed out west, we drove fast and we drank  
We picked up hitchhikers, some wanna-be bikers

Siphoned gas for our tank

Made it out to LA, tried to locate a friend  
We just barely missed her, we crashed with her sister  
Who was half 'round the bend

We were all singin' our song, singin' sloppy, but singin'  
strong  
Bound to turn out wrong, wrong, wrong, but didn't last  
too long

We left early in the morning, hurried north up the coast  
Hit the golden gate city, we depleted our kitty  
The Kid splits from his post

Feeling homesick and stupid, he sells off his truck  
Even though it's December, he flies back to Denver  
And there goes my luck

Singin' one last song, singin' sloppy and singin' strong  
Bound to turn out wrong, wrong, wrong, but didn't last  
too long

I call up my old lady, try to make my amends  
But she's back with her ex, she says, "it's only sex."  
Well, I guess that depends

So I settle into my life and this lasts a few years  
Try to work when I'm able, always under the table  
Mostly keeps me in beers

And I'm not proud of my stories, all the lies that I hid  
But sometimes it's funny, wouldn't trade them for  
money  
All the things that I did... like that road trip with me and  
The Kid

And I'm still singin' my song, still singin' sloppy & singin'  
strong  
Life is full of all of this stuff, don't last long enough, it  
don't last long enough...

### 03 Creepin' Charlie

They say violets are blue, I say roses are too  
Filtered through the summer moonlight  
At midnight, sipping my blue wine  
It's a habit of mine

And the air is sweet and dark, alone in the park  
Where the stray dogs bark their warning  
And morning is hours away  
Almost another day

And I laugh a little, cry a little more, that's what it's for  
By myself at last, just me and my past, seen it all before

And I call on my beauties and bums, Creepin' Charlie  
comes  
Always picking a fight, and what an appetite  
Can't keep him at bay, and now he's taking it all away  
Maybe another day

When the bough breaks, who falls? Maybe no one at all  
It's just a call to the unawakened  
Mistakenly counting sheep, fast asleep  
That's when Charlie creeps to your door

And you laugh a little, cry a little more, that's what it's  
for  
Getting under your skin, then you give in, just like  
before

And you call on your beauties and bums, Creepin'  
Charlie comes  
Always picking a fight, and what an appetite  
Can't keep him at bay, and now he's taking it all away  
Maybe another day

And I laugh a little, cry a little more, that's what it's for  
Getting under my skin, then I give in, just like before

And I call on my beauties and bums, Creepin' Charlie  
comes  
Always picking a fight, and what an appetite  
Can't keep him at bay, and now he's taking it all away  
Maybe another day

They say roses are red, or maybe violets instead  
But the night is blue, guess I am too

### 04 Do You Want To Be My Valentine

You want to be my valentine?  
You want to dance a crooked line?  
Would you wish upon a fading star?  
Close your eyes, to go too far?

Do you desire my open hand?  
Are you the ocean or the sand?  
Do you prefer the day or night?  
Bathe in darkness, shed the light?

Will you lie upon my bed?  
Untie your hair and rest your head?  
Or would you choose to go along?  
Your mouth and tongue in verse and song?

What do you love the very most?  
Who is the guest? Who is the host?  
What is the color you select?  
Where do our pathways intersect?

Please call to me when you decide  
Though I may turn away to hide  
To spare myself the blunt suspense  
Yet I would wonder ever since

If you might be my one true love  
My willow tree, my mourning dove  
Will you be my valentine?  
Will you dance a crooked line?

## 05 New Hat and Suspenders

I got a new hat and suspenders  
To match my new bow tie  
Pin-striped pants  
Leather spats  
And a monocle for my left eye

I am notorious for my sideburns  
Goatee and silver tooth  
Got a pint of brandy  
Some butterscotch candy  
And this time it's the truth

I got a valuable antique pool cue  
My shirt's clean, starched, and blue  
Got a tab at the bar  
And a fat cigar  
And a large obscene tattoo

I know a sweet old gal, I got a checkerboard  
I was wounded in the war  
Got a brass spittoon  
In the month of June  
And a hound dog by the door

I got a new hat and suspenders  
To match my new bow tie  
I said it before  
And I'll say it some more  
And I'll say it 'til the day I die

While I play my ukulele  
With a flower in my lapel  
I'm having fun  
I've got a gun  
So you all go to hell

## 06 Poor Sweet Baby

(Instrumental)

## 07 Where the Songs Are Silent

I will go to where the hills are burning  
It's a path I have known all too well  
Though I stop for a drink  
At that wandering creek  
You may find me traveling still

I will go to where the beasts are howling  
I have gone that road one time or two  
If I lie down to rest  
Where we went in days past  
I will keep my eyes open for you

I'll go to where the fields are barren  
Where I ended so often before  
It's a toss of a coin  
Tells you which way I've gone  
But it's always a ways from your door

If you go to where the hearts are weary  
You will see me walking along  
With stones for a bed  
And gray clouds overhead  
The raindrops singing this song

I'll go to where my love's forsaken  
Then I must empty my sack  
Dispose of my wares  
And I'll shed all my tears  
Then I'll turn and I won't venture back

But if I go to where the songs are silent  
And that silence feeds a hungry host  
I'll carry these chords  
And I'll share all my words  
And I'll go where I'm needed the most

## 08 Another One Like You

There's a certain way you look when you aren't careful  
At the same time, it's so reckless and so mild  
Before you are aware, your eyes reveal you  
Needy and determined as a child  
Innocent, but running loose and wild

And I know your love is pure as any river  
I know your heart is open and it's true  
Everything you promise, you deliver  
Simple grace in all the things you do  
I'll never meet another one like you

You say that you make good on your selections  
You tell me that you'll take me anywhere  
You know me, oh you seem to see right through me  
No games to play, no camouflage to wear  
So much to give, so much you have to share

You see things as they are, you feel so deeply  
Never holding back your laughter or your tears  
Strong enough to handle what life deals you on your own  
Faith that never wanes or disappears  
Filling days with bright bouquets and souvenirs

And I know your love is pure as any river  
I know your heart is open and it's true  
Everything you promise, you deliver  
Simple grace in all the things you do  
I'll never meet another one like you

I can't say how much I really love you  
It's a feeling too fragile to express  
I've never told you what a joy it is to hold you  
You're so beautiful to me, I confess  
I've been afraid I couldn't say these words, I guess

And I know your love is pure as any river  
I know your heart is open and it's true  
Everything you promise, you deliver  
Simple grace in all the things you do  
I'll never meet another one like you

No, I'll never meet another one like you

## 09 Your Hand and Heart

I didn't know when you caught my gaze  
How my life would soon unfold  
You warmed my nights and colored my days  
And gave me your hand and your heart to hold

You played a gamble and invited me in  
And loved me like a world on fire  
Took me under your skin

I think you led me down my deepest path  
And showed me a place I fit  
And in the glow of the aftermath  
You helped me gather my sense of it

And now I wonder what we've yet to see  
To discover in the soul of you  
And the spirit of me

Now I wonder what we've yet to see  
To discover in the soul of you  
And the spirit of me  
In love with you  
With love in you  
With you in love  
In you with love

I didn't know when you caught my gaze  
How my life would turn and start  
You warmed my nights and colored my days  
And gave me your hand and heart

You warm my nights and color my days  
And give me your hand and heart

## 10 Around the Block

(Instrumental)

## 11 Dolores

It's a circus here, Dolores  
But you're high on the hog  
Got you dancing to the chorus  
Nipping back at the dogs  
    Pushing nickels and dimes  
    And other everyday crimes

It's a circus here, Dolores  
Watching out for the man  
You deliver like a florist  
Everything that you can  
    You'll be making your drop  
    Meeting up at the top

So you're headed off to infamy  
Off to try your luck  
    It's swim or sink, don't you think?  
Something that you won't admit to me  
Now our wheels are stuck  
    Simple things, spinning rings  
    Hear the circus call? Up against the wall

Fare thee well, my Dolores  
You'll be gone for awhile  
Think you know what the score is?  
Make your exit in style  
    Now they're stopping to stare  
    Catching everything there

So you're headed off to infamy  
Off to try your luck  
    It's swim or sink, don't you think?  
Something that you won't admit to me  
Now our wheels are stuck  
    Simple things, spinning rings  
    Hear the circus call? Up against the wall

It's a circus here, Dolores  
    Pushing nickels and dimes  
    And other everyday crimes

## 12 Yellow Philodendrons

Yellow philodendrons on the windowsill  
    My, what a lovely day  
Saturday morning, got nothing to do  
    Would you like to come and play with me?  
We could sit and talk and have a laugh or two  
    An afternoon all our own  
'Cause there's yellow philodendrons on the windowsill  
    And I don't want to be alone  
    And I don't want to be alone

## 13 The Clown Factory

I dream of smokestacks, brick buildings by the river  
Punching the time clock, third shift, I find my spot on  
the line

Dim lights and mood swings, belts hum and drum the  
back-beat  
Chutes, clamps and levers, until the whistle signals its  
time

Some nights I wander, a maze of shadowed corners  
Old wooden pallets, stacked ten-high, wrapped in clear  
cellophane  
That picture's smeared like grease on my brain

Blood-red noses and evil eyes  
Polka dot devils with green bow ties  
Sons of bitches that jive and chuckle and swear  
And piles and piles of foul orange hair

Right after smoke break, the foreman saunters over  
The boss's nephew, checking his clipboard, making the  
rounds

Says, "watch your fingers," says, "safety first, then qual-  
ity!"  
Says, "then PRODUCTION!" ... jots down some figures,  
points and he frowns  
"When I come back, I'd better see clowns! More clowns!"

Blood-red noses and evil eyes  
Polka dot devils with green bow ties  
Filthy pockets, spilling all but the kitchen sink  
I guess you know, they're likely to drink... and  
they stink

Back in their heyday, clown factories shaped the heart-  
land  
Employing the townsfolk, clown-baron fat-cats rolled in  
the dough

Those days are gone now, it was a different world then  
Can't say I miss it, time marches on, as history will show  
Like everything, clowns come and they go... this I know

Blood-red noses and evil eyes  
Polka dot devils with green bow ties  
Sons of bitches that jive and chuckle and swear  
And piles and piles of foul orange hair

I dream of smokestacks, brick buildings by the river

Thank God it's Friday, I grab my check and walk to my  
car

I'll head on home or stop by the bar...

I'll head on home or stop by the bar

It ain't far, it ain't far... it ain't far