

# Spinning Plates

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## Verse

I went to the circus,  
I wanted to see,  
If one of the acts there,  
Would interest me.  
And as luck would have it,  
I saw one that was great,  
This fantastic person,  
Started to spin plates.

## Bridge 1

Now I want to be like them,  
I want to spin too,  
And I'm constantly trying,  
But it's quite hard to do.

## Chorus 1

And now there's toast on the kitchen floor.  
There is jam on the cupboard door.  
There is croissant and margarine,  
Where the cereal should have been.  
Now there is food all around the place,  
And that look on my mother's face,  
Which says clearly she really hates,  
When I start spinning breakfast plates.

## Chorus 2

And now there's chips in the kitchen sink,  
And there's fish in my brother's drink.  
There is ketchup and vinegar,  
Dripping down from the frigidaire.  
Now there is food all around the place,

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And that look on my mother's face,  
Which says clearly she really hates,  
When I start spinning breakfast plates.

### **Bridge 2**

Now I can't go to rest'rants.  
They ask me to leave,  
'Cause the mess that I make there,  
You wouldn't believe.

### **Chorus 3**

And now there's soup in the waiter's hair,  
And bread rolls flying through the air,  
And the tablecloth's not that white,  
After hosting a big food fight.  
There's a look from the maître d',  
Says he's not that impressed with me,  
Like my mother he really hates,  
When I start spinning rest'rant plates,  
But it's more like I'm breaking plates,  
Always making a few mistakes,  
So there's lots of just falling plates,  
Very few actual spinning plates.

