

Hurrah, the Circus is coming to town

And my heart is beginning to pound

With the runners and jumpers

And swimmers and punchers

And Ronald McDonald the clown

Yippee, the Circus will soon be in town

With its lights and its smells and its sound

With the food and the dips

And the burgers and chips

And enough Coca Cola you could drown

What joy, the Circus is nearly in town

Happy faces with never a frown

With a Circus big tent worth millions

And the whole caboodle costing billions

And a super Dow Chemicals wrap-around

Happy days, the Circus arrives

It will light up the rest of our lives

With the synchronised swimmers

And the gold medal winners

And the corporate profits set to rise

Praise the Lord, the circus is here

And there's absolutely nothing to fear

We have missiles on the roof

We have police on the hoof

And the army and tanks everywhere

Thank you Boris and Beckham and Coe

For bringing us the best ever Show

But tickets might cost yer

And the drug cheats might prosper

And the Zil-lanes might make it no-go.

It's The Greatest Show on Earth as you know

After London it all goes to Rio

Where the IOC will get the riches

While the poor live in the ditches

It's the same circus story, 'twas always so.

Boo hoo, the Circus is leaving our city

And our lives will get increasingly shitty

They fed us the corporate Games

And the Jubilee on the Tames

Now no more bread and circuses for us – what a pity.

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Send your verse to: jon@sportingpolemics.com