

# **KING OF THE FLYING TRAPEZE**

Words by Linda Arnold; music traditional

Up to the top of the ladder he'll go  
First, he'll swing high, and then he'll swing low  
He'll hang by his tail, then by his toe  
The king of the flying trapeze  
Now, he comes from a long line of legends  
With talent so rare and distinct  
But his parents, his cousins  
His uncles and his aunts  
Alas, are now all extinct  
Oh, what a shame

He flies through the air  
With the greatest of ease  
The young dinosaur on the flying trapeze  
His movements are graceful  
All kids he does please  
And my heart he has stolen away

Now, this young circus star, his name is Tyrone  
Dashing and daring with style all his own  
All the world round he's very well known  
The king of the flying trapeze  
One night as he smiled on the people below  
I knew I had fallen in love  
So, I blew him a kiss and I hollered, "Bravo!"  
As he hung from his nose up above

He flies through the air  
With the greatest of ease  
The young dinosaur on the flying trapeze  
His movements are graceful  
All kids he does please  
And my heart he has stolen away

With aerial magic that's sure to delight  
He'll swing on his trapeze  
Both morning and night  
He'll practice each trick till he gets it right  
The king of the flying trapeze

**Now, though he may look prehistoric  
He's really quite lively and young  
They call him "T-Rex the light hearted"  
Though he weighs over twenty tons**

**He flies through the air  
With the greatest of ease  
The young dinosaur on the flying trapeze  
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