

# Chris Garneau, Dirty Night Clowns

Pick me up and hose me down  
I'm sorry boys about the dirty night clowns  
The Earth does break the things that we make  
Like model planes and cuppy cakes  
I can't clear the leaves from here  
They're too far under the brush this year  
I can't clear the leaves from here  
They're too far under the brush this year  
Let them be buried, buried alive  
In their suits, in their ties  
Trees that shake the moves that they made  
In their suits, in their ties  
Let them be buried, buried alive  
In their suits, in their ties  
You're safe here, now you're in the clear  
Now we'll eat soup and apple pies  
I can't clear the leaves from here  
They're too far under the brush this year  
I can't clear the leaves from here  
They're too far under the brush this year  
I will never be dirt-free  
Up the stairs come find me  
Come sneak up behind me  
I'll be sleeping soundly  
Like a baby  
(La da da da da da da dum  
Da da da da dum)  
X2  
I can't clear the leaves from here  
They're too far under the brush this year