

Harpo, Rock'n'roll Clown

There's a circus in town
And in the spotlight tonight
I'm gonna fall to the ground
Whithout a sound
Like a bird in a cage
You'll remember my face
A sad eyed
sad eyed rock'n'roll clown
So strike up the band
For this tiny man
Here I am a rock'n'roll clown
Oh look at me my friends
Hi-ha-ha-hi-ha-ha
Here I am a rock'n'roll clown
And here we go again
Hi-ha-ha-hi-ha-ha

I can play my guitar
Like a su-su-superstar
Without any strincls
Like all the riff-if-if kings
I have a fan magazine
In my washing machine and my heart never breaks
'Cause my nose is a fake
Oh in the spotlight tonight
I'm gonna fly like a kite
Here I am a rock'n'roll clown . . .

Black and white isn't always right
There's always something between the lines
At the end of scene
The stage can be such a lonely place
When your all be your own
To be or not to be
That's the question
What's the name of the game
Am I climbing to fame
Or is tiis just a joke
With a joker who's broke
When the curtain is down
And the circus leaves town
There is no on around
To see the sad eyed clown
But strike up the band
For this tiny man

Here I am a rock'n'roll clown . . .