

# 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 tiiis 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 . . .