

Novalis Deux, The Clown

See the clown with the pale white face
On his lips is red paint
See the clown with the pale white face
His lips are painted red

He's a clown

Green curls, red nose, big shoes
A mute smile marks his look
His great days gone by
Worn down jokes, nobody smiles

He's a clown
He's a clown
He's an old clown
He's a clown

See the clown at his sad sad play
On his lips is a dry paint
See the clown with tears in his eyes
For him the spotlights died

He was a clown
He was a clown
He was a clown
The curtain's closed
He was a clown
He was a clown