

Puhdys, Death Of A Clown

My makeup is dry and it cracks on my chin
I'm drowning my sorrows in whiskey and gin
The lion tamer's whip doesn't crack anymore
The lions they won't bite and the tigers won't roar

La la la La

So let's all drink to the death of a clown
Won't someone help me to break up this crown
Let's all drink to the death of a clown

La la la la la la la la la la

Let's all drink to the death of a clown
The old fortune teller lies dead on the floor
Nobody needs fortunes told anymore
The trainer of insects is crouched on his knees
And frantically looking for runaway fleas

La la la la la la la la la la

Let's all drink to the death of a clown
So won't someone help me to breakup this crown
Let's all drink to the death of a clown
La la la la la la la la la la