

Shawn Mullins, Drumming Clown

As the lights go down
the drumming clown
whistled a melody
and as the rain pours down
his happy face
turned into a sad one
the autumn wind reminded him
that the circus had come and gone
so he opened a pack of swisher sweets
and whistles down the first one
his clothes are ragged
and his hat is dusty
his drum is missing snares
he maybe laughin and he may be cryin
but no one knows nor cares
his belly's empty
but his heart is full
he knows where he belongs
so he steps aboard that lovely train
and he whistles his favorite song
and as he sleeps
he dreams of all the pretty girls he's seen throughout his life
and though his dreams are sweet
his aching feet
awake him in the night
he wakes to the sound of thunder
and he thinks of a reason why
then he hangs his head to cry
then he drifted off to a deeper sleep
that no one could disturb
and when he woke
he was at a place that was higher than the birds
he said my God I'm here at last
is this meant to be
I've lived the life of a hobo clown
whistle tunes for money
and his Lord spoke up
and said my friend
you are not alone
you've lived a good life my drumming clown
and now you have a home
and somewhere a stockboy opens a crate
and finds the butt of an old cigar
he hears a distant whistling
then he gazes as the stars