

Steve Kilbey, Pretty Ugly, Pretty Sad

I turned around to see the clown
He made no sound, his face was down
He was crying, dying to laugh another smile
Down the empty avenues
I stood inside his worn-out shoes
I was flying, trying just to come down
The circus crowd, cruel and proud
Existing in the wilderness
Minding their own business, of dying
I turned around and they were gone
I pulled my useless pity on
It was morning, morning so pure and undefiled
Inside my room a healing sea
Nothing here makes sense to me
There's no warning, wanting just to come down
At great expense, ladies and gents

We bring you the greatest show
You can take it with you when you go, lying
Pretty ugly, pretty sad, pretty helpless, pretty glad
Pretty angry, pretty mad, pretty ugly, pretty sad
So now I wander through the days
I wonder who designed this maze
If it's unending, sending out some kind of sign
I turned around to see the clown
I should have pulled the mirror down
Now I'm pretending, extending my local in this town
Ladies and gents, at great expense
We bring you the greatest show
Take it with you when you go, lying
Pretty ugly, pretty sad, pretty helpless, pretty bad
Pretty angry, pretty mad, pretty ugly, pretty sad