

The Muffs, Clown

I sorta noticed you were all over me
And never would I let you were
A clown
And before I knew it you were there

And you climb in the window and
Think you struck gold you didn't
You kind ripped up my soul
And I held on for dear life
Hoped you would leave you did

You kind ripped up my soul, soul

You wanted everything I got and you
Gave nothing at all, you held me down
And I hope you're dying, but who isn't

And you put on your overcoat faking
Your business
You kinda ripped up my soul

And you're taking a liberty and now I
Hate you for it, you kinda ripped
Up my soul

And you're talking I hope I cannot hear
And I'm hoping you go away and then let
Me be yeah

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You kinda ripped up my soul
Soul
Soul
Soul