

Too Much Joy, Clowns

When I was a kid my dad had pictures of these clowns
He hung them on my wall and wouldn't let me take them down
I didn't understand then and I still can't figure out
What those goddamn clowns were so sad about
A clown was my boss at every job I ever had
Clowns run all the record companies that ever said we're bad
A clown pretended to be a girl who pretended to be my friend
This world is run by clowns who can't wait for it to end
I have yet to meet a kid not scared to death of clowns
They can't walk and they don't talk they've got painted on frowns
A clown with a gun I hope I never see
Would he shoot himself or shoot me?

A clown taught every class I took at my old high school
Clowns all wear Speedos when they hang out by the pool
Clowns dress up like cops and threaten to call my folks
This town is filled with clowns who don't get my jokes
They fall on their asses
It takes lots of practice
I have nightmares filled with clowns and you're there too
You have a big red nose and stupid floppy shoes
You're becoming one I can see the signs
I hate clowns almost as much as I hate mimes