

Buffalo Tom, Latest Monkey

The newest clown
Cries an old type of tears
Watch them fall
There they lie
Crispy, ancient and they leak
Formaldahyde

Going
Going I'm gone
Go away
Going

His tears they sit
Crusty, rusted in a box
Inside a drawer
Grandpa's news
Fragile words are yellowed through
Forever more

Going
Going I'm gone
Go away
Going

Sadder than sad
She's feeling bad
Monkey's the one who laughs last

Hold me down
Cut me loose when
Nighttime falls
And lifts away
I'm a ball
Bouncing off of a brick wall
Into the day

I'm Going
Going I'm gone
Go away
Going I'm gone

Gone
I am gone I am gone
Go away
Going