

# Chris Connor, Be a Clown

Be a clown, be a clown  
All the world loves a clown  
Act the fool, play the calf  
And you'll always have the last laugh  
Wear the cap and the bells  
And you'll rate all the great swells  
If you become a doctor, folks will face you with dread  
If you become a dentist, they will be glad when you're dead  
You get a bigger hand if you can stand on your head  
Be a clown, be a clown, be a clown  
Be a clown, be a clown  
All the world loves a clown  
Be a crazy buffoon  
And the 'demoiselles will all swoon  
Dress in huge baggy pants  
And you'll ride the road to romance  
A butcher or a baker, ladies never embrace  
A barber for a beau would be a social disgrace  
But they'll come to call if you can fall on your face  
Be a clown, be a clown, be a clown  
Be a clown, be a clown  
All the world loves a clown  
Be the poor silly ass  
And you'll always travel first class  
Give 'em quips, give 'em fun  
And they'll pay to say you're A-one  
If you become a farmer, you've the weather to buck  
If become a gambler you'll be struck with your luck  
But Jack you'll never lack if you can quack like a duck  
Be a clown, be a clown, be a clown