

Jars Of Clay, Sad Clown

You say how's the weather, so i look out the window
to brighten my soul, but i can't control the rain
that keeps falling

Smile on the outside that never comes in
a comedy mystery, irony, tragedy
so i scream "let the show begin"

You break me open, turn on the light
stumble inside with me with me

Do i entertain you
Do i preoccupy you with my wit to cover this lie
Are you mesmerized
Do you think me faithful, do you think me a clown
I picked out this shirt, i put on this hat
I wore all this paint just for you