

# Owsley, Class Clown

Love is a friend of mine  
It tells me to keep my head  
When all those around me are  
Losing theirs instead  
You know me well  
I do it all on my own  
I wanted to turn around  
And make my house a home

For the king and the queen  
(And live in never, neverland)  
I know they're waiting for me  
(But the hourglass is out of sand)  
To be the class clown

When I was a younger man  
Got used to taking it on the chin  
I fight when I'm falling down  
Get back up again  
The time has come  
To put away childish things  
And fly like a mockingbird  
Angels spread their wings

You're wearing the frown  
Feeling so down  
And still, you paint the town red  
You're waking the dead  
Making you bed to lie next to me

There's a place to go when I'm feelin' low  
That nobody else will ever know  
When you're on the ropes in the final round  
That's how it feels to be the class clown  
Will it ever go away?