

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?