

# The Kinks, Death Of A Clown

My makeup is dry and it clags 'round my chin  
I'm drowning my sorrows in whisky and gin  
The lion tamer's whip doesn't crack anymore  
The lions they won't fight and the tigers won't roar

La-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la  
So let's all drink to the death of a clown  
Won't someone help me to break up this crown  
Let's all drink to the death of a clown  
Let's all drink to the death of a clown

The old fortune teller lies dead on the floor  
Nobody needs fortunes told anymore  
The trainer of insects is crouched on his knees  
And frantically looking for runaway fleas

La-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la  
Let's all drink to the death of a clown  
So won't someone help me to break up this crown  
Let's all drink to the death of a clown  
La-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la  
Let's all drink to the death of a clown  
La-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la