

# Warren Zevon, Something Bad Happened To A Clown

(Warren Zevon)

Every touch is measured out  
Every word is written down  
Sunny skies are seldom seen  
In the land of few and far between  
And everybody wears a frown

Someone lost their squirting rose  
There's his red nose on the ground  
No one's seen his painted smile  
He's been gone for quite a while  
Something bad happened to a clown  
Something bad happened to a clown

He used to honk his horn and everyone would laugh  
He used to honk his horn  
She doesn't think he's very funny anymore  
Footprints in the sawdust leading to the edge of town  
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