Wolfgang, Cast Of Clowns

Father, I know your life's been stretched too long
Across paper torn and crumpled
Was drawn the garden that we've sown
You made So damn happy
Wanting to fallow you around
But leading a cast of clowns
How could you expect me
To worship your name
Father, I know now
It's etched too deep in sand
I'm sorry...so so sorry
I couldn't wipe it with my hands
You made me, you made me
You made me so Unhappy
You made the sky come down
Father, I smile
Wings have stretched to the sky
When i look up at the heavens
I'll see your face in the stars at night
Again you made happy!
The stage has been turned down
The clowns have lost their crowd
Now just sleep well and sound
Quietly rest...