

# Wino the Clown

George Jones

He's got a funny red nose, old baggy pants  
When he staggers down the street it's a funny little dance  
Children gather 'round as he falls down  
Everybody laughs at wino the clown.

They just know the reason why  
But when she died, he died inside  
He lost all his will to live  
And he had no use for pride.

Not even all his children's love  
Could bring him back again  
He just crawled into a bottle  
Now he's waiting for the end.

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They laugh when he comes down the street.  
Stumbles all alone.  
At they way he smiles and holds his arm  
Just as if someone's holding on.

They all think he's lost  
His mind talking to thin air  
Ah, but only me and my daddy knows  
That mama's walking there.

He's got a funny red nose. Old baggy pants  
When he staggers down the street it's a funny little dance  
Children gather 'round when he falls down  
Everybody laughs at wino the clown.

But I never laugh when my daddy falls down  
I'll always love wino the clown...