No minor love can make the darkness right Alone, deserted by a warm spotlight I breathe the meaning of the words that I must need her.

The colder seas of my sleeping mind

Make muddy dreams until no peace I find

Through Fields Elysian beg to see my life again, once again.

And here I stand at last revealed a clown (revealed the clown) revealed the clown

And who can doubt this painted fool who walks upon this circus stage is just a clown?

No mind to colour now, no page to write Cold pools of morning stain the virgin white Another day without her love and I still need her.

And so the stage is set, the time is right And waves of laughter shake the gods tonight Another day will make a fool delight the children.

And so I stand at last revealed a clown, revealed the clown And who can doubt the painted fool upon this circus stage has a lways been a clown?

And so I stand at last revealed a clown, revealed the clown $\mbox{\footnote{And}}$ who can doubt this painted fool who maybe has no mind at al 1

Would ever walk where he might fall and gain the laughter of us all

Who can doubt the painted fool who always walk upon this stage is just a clown, is just a clown?

Just a clown, is just a clown?

Just a clown?