Clowns

Brett Anderson

Take a look at us Hate where there was lust The trip like honey

Lust don't mean a thing When all we do is shout and scream It's almost funny

We're like clowns Tumbling into town now Love is on its way down now It's such a lonely sound

Mouths that once exchanged Kisses in the rain Are full of hate now

It all seems so absurd When every sentence and every word Is so painful

Clowns Tumbling into town now Love is on its way down now It's such a lonely sound

We're just clowns Faces with painted frowns now Love is on it's way down now We are only, we are only clowns

We're just clowns Tumbling into town now Sat on a merry-go-round now Such a lonely sound

Clowns Faces with painted frowns now Love is on it's way down now Such a lonely sound

Such a lonely sound Such a lonely sound Such a lonely sound Such a lonely sound