

What Clowns Are We

Broder Daniel

What clowns are we
What clowns are we
Try to pretend do we
What clowns are we

What a game is love
What a game is love
What a game that brakes hearts
We`re made to play

And where do tears go
When they don`t show
Where do years go
We waste them so

Who counts the tears
Who sees your fears
Who counts the years
When they disappear

What a fool I must be
What a fool I must be
Who thought she loved me
How could I not see

What a show is it all
What a show is it all
Trying to hide it all
What a show is it all

And who counts the years
That disappear
Who counts the tears
Who knows your fears
Where do years go
We waste them so
Where do tears go
When they don`t show

Oh they go to work on the heart
Needles and nails to make it rot
And untie lovers knot
They go to the heart
To make it rot

How can they know
If you don`t show
Who can notice
Where your heart is

Who will miss us
When we`re all gone
Who`ll remember
Who we all were