

Patches The Clown

Deadbolt

Bring on the clowns

Who loves you, Patches?
Who loves you, Patches?

Bring on the clowns

We love you, Patches

Oh, here they are

Bring on the clowns

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We love you, Patches

Bring on the clowns

We love you, Patches

Oh, here they are!

All the clowns are dead
Their makeup is smeared and runny
There's bullet marks to the head
And that's not all, honey
The cupcakes and juice are scattered about
It looks like the work of Patches the Clown

They found Bobo in the corner, covered in blood
An unexploded cigar in his mouth
They found Toodles hunched over by the pony, beat over the head with a stick
Looks like Patches the Clown

Sir, can you tell me your story?

Yeah, my son, he was sick, and, uh... I asked Patches the Clown to cheer my boy up in the hospital. Well, he said he'd do it for a hundred bucks, a bottle of whiskey, and a six-pack of malt liquor. We waited all day at the hospital--bastard never showed up. So, I went to his trailer and banged on the door--he opened it... and he beat the living shit outta me. Was embarrassing.

Thank you, sir, for your story.

Sir, can you tell us your story? Come on up to the microphone.

Uh, yeah, I was drinking with Patches one day after the dog races. He got me an, 'cause he lost a lotta money... took it out on me. He hit me really hard between the eyes, cracked a cane over my leg. He duct-taped me to a wheelchair, and he broke all my fingers. He was howling like a dog and laughing crazy... then he started smacking me with a ping-pong paddle. Before the end of the day, I had pain all over me, and he rolled me down a real steep hill... saying, "Arrivederci, baby."

Who loves you, Patches?
Who loves you, Patches?

I love you, Patches
Who loves you, Patches?

Who loves you, Patches?