

# Clown Strike

Elvis Costello

She'll fix you with an iron cross  
And cover you up with petals  
And hang you up with some amber beads  
And four or five precious metals  
And in that black flamingo chair  
You'll sit among her trophies  
And pray to be abandoned  
Till you don't know what hope is

But there's one thing that I had to keep inside  
Because I was shaking  
Why don't you get some pride  
There was a clown strike  
And the clowns threw down their tools  
But you don't have to play so hard  
And I'm nobody's fool  
You don't have to go so far  
'Cause I love you as you are

The big top is deserted now  
And the circus girl rehearses  
She knows how to turn their heads  
And not fall between two horses  
But all that seems a simple step  
If only I were able  
To love you like I want to do  
And not by some times table

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And it's pandemonium  
For the humble and the mighty  
You don't have to tumble for me  
Even a clown knows when to strike

Tell me what you want of me  
Or are you terrified of failure?  
You put on a superstitious face  
Behind all this paraphernalia  
We're not living in a masquerade  
Where you only have three wishes  
It isn't easy to see  
In a lifetime of mistaken kisses

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