

August Clown

Gregory Alan Isakov

August clown's a saint
and I just figured out why
I've been walking through the sand
with just you on my mind
and all that's left of the summer sky
is the moment you're flying by
there's things a boy can never tell
know you by your hands too well [2x]

Damn you from this wretched boy
you've stolen more than sleep and joy
an' I'm goin' back where I belong
where the time is right and straight and slow
going back where I belong
just to watch them thistles grow

August skin's left golden brown
and I've seen too much of this lonely town
too much thinking walking 'round
too much talking August clown [2x]

Damn you from this wretched boy
you've stolen more than sleep and joy
I'm going back where I belong
where the time is straight and right and slow
going back where I belong
just to watch them thistles grow...