

Sad Clown

Jars of Clay

Say how's the weather, so I look out the window
To brighten my soul, but I can't control the rain
That keeps falling
Smile on the outside that never comes in
A comedy, mystery, irony, tragedy
So I scream "let the show begin"

You break me open, turn on the light
Stumble inside with me, with me

Do I entertain you?
Do I preoccupy you with my wit to cover this lie?
Are you mesmerized?
Do you think me faithful, do you think me a clown?
I picked out this shirt, I put on this hat
I wore all this paint just for you