

## 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