

# Rodeo Clown

John Mellencamp

Well there's blood on the hands of the rich politicians  
Red is the color of the sand and the sea  
Blood on the hands of an arrogant nation  
Who start all the bleeding over their policies

So she blamed it all on whispering secrets  
She blamed it on the moon and the sky  
She thought she broke the back of the city  
She thought she thought she knew she had lied

She changed direction with the gas fires burning  
Racing for protection what could she possibly find  
Children with no legs out on the highways crawling  
Looking for an angel but they ran out of time

She had blood on her face so she had to get even  
She hemorrhaged and bled all over the land  
There's blood on the hands of those that keep silent  
Who won't count the bodies dead in the sand

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So you can feast on your stories but it won't stop the bleeding  
When the truth is found the houses surely fall down  
There's blood on their mouths of all lies and liars  
The bloody red eyes  
The bloody red eyes  
The bloody red eyes  
The bloody red eyes  
The bloody red eyes of the rodeo clown  
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She changed direction with the gas fires burning  
Racing for protection what could she possibly find  
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Well, there's blood in the streets from the lies and liars  
The bloody red eyes of the rodeo clown