

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

sponsored links

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

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
The bloody red eyes of the rodeo clown
The bloody red eyes of the rodeo clown
The bloody red eyes of the rodeo clown

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

Well, there's blood in the streets from the lies and liars
The bloody red eyes of the rodeo clown