

Little Clownz

Robert Downey Jr.

All of this ends
The mountain outlast the summer
Father gave us a number
Our very own

All of my friends
All of my so-called brothers
We are dying
We are tired

And if you think that
Simple solution is retribution, please, breathe

Freeze-dried amends
Scalding insinuations
Why am I standing?
Is this my home?

All of my trees
That bend to be heard are missing
Where are the brides?
Why aren't they kissing?

And if you think, I'm apocalyptic
Cold and cryptic, please never leave, yeah

Hang on, hang on, hang on, hang on little clownz
You might just turn the world around

There are just words
This is my contribution
Unfit for evolution
Silly and pure

There is a sound
Under the darkest winter
I am sure
I rest assure

And if you think, you hear yourself screaming
Feel me dreaming, more, feel more, more

Hang on, hang on, hang on, hang on, little clownz
You might just turn the world around

Hang on, little clownz
You might just turn the world around

You might just turn the world around