

# The Clown

Rough Silk

Now that the show is over  
and the people have all gone  
I face the final curtain  
it's just the same old song  
I make 'em laugh - I make 'em cry  
dream on loud until I die alone  
with a heart of stone?

I'm pushing every fader  
for tenderness and fame  
another masquerader  
and noone left to blame  
the tears inside - the burning rains  
I have to hide - my smile remains  
as long as walls come tumbling down  
the world always needs a clown

I know the world keeps spinning round  
and round and round again  
I catch the flames of yesterday  
and I do the best I can  
well, I'm the entertainer  
a poet in the ring  
some call me a joker  
and some like to hear me sing

the world always needs a clown