

# Clowns

## Too Much Joy

When I was a kid my dad had pictures of these clowns  
He hung them on my wall and wouldn't let me take them down  
I didn't understand then and I still can't figure out  
What those goddamn clowns were so goddamn sad about

Clowns were my boss at every job I ever had  
Clowns run all the record companies that ever said we're bad  
Clowns pretended to be a girl who pretended to be my friend  
This world is run by clowns who can't wait for it to end

I have yet to meet a kid not scared to death of clowns  
They don't walk and they don't talk they've got painted on frowns  
A clown with a gun I hope I never see  
Would he shoot himself or shoot me?

A clown taught every class I took at my old high school  
Clowns all wear Speedos when they hang out by the pool  
Clowns dress up like cops and threaten to call my folks  
This town is filled with clowns who don't get my jokes

They fall on their asses  
It takes lots of practice  
They fall on their asses  
It takes lots of practice  
They fall  
They fall

I have nightmares filled with clowns and you're there too  
You have a big red nose and stupid floppy shoes

You're becoming one I can see the signs  
I hate clowns almost as much as I hate mimes

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Clowns run all the record companies that ever said we're bad  
A clown pretended to be a girl who pretended to be my friend  
This world is run by clowns who can't wait for it to end  
Wait for it to end  
Wait for it to end  
Wait for it to end