

**3****"Circus Without Clowns"**

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This is the night of living dead  
They crowd the streets  
In search of who they are  
And when it's time to go to bed  
You can hear them breathe  
Like choking on a cigar

And though I'd like to pledge allegiance  
I'm afraid it can't be found  
So as they fire up their legions  
I've got another plan  
Some of you won't understand

This is a circus without clowns  
Rotting in this town  
I try to hold my ground  
But that ain't right  
That ain't right  
We're in a circus without clowns  
Rotting in this town  
We try to hold our ground  
But that ain't right  
That ain't right somehow

This is the night of living dead  
They watch the screen  
But they don't know what it means  
And when it's time to lift your head  
You hear the scream  
Sirens drag you out of your dream

And though I'd like to pledge allegiance  
Well I'm afraid it can't be found  
So as they fire up their legions  
I've got another plan  
Some of you won't understand

This is a circus without clowns  
Rotting in this town  
I try to hold my ground  
But that ain't right  
That ain't right

We're in a circus without clowns  
Rotting in this town  
We try to hold our ground

But that ain't right  
That ain't right somehow

This is the night of living dead  
They walk the ledge  
And then they tumble over the edge  
You know I'd like to pledge allegiance  
But I'm afraid it can't be found  
Now I've got another plan  
Some of you won't understand

This is a circus without clowns  
(Circus without clowns)  
Rotting in this town  
(Rotting in this town)  
I try to hold my ground  
(I try to hold my ground)  
But that ain't right  
(That's what can't be found)  
That ain't right  
We're in a circus without clowns  
(Circus without clowns)  
Rotting in this town  
(Rotting in this town)  
We try to hold our ground  
(We try to hold our ground)  
But that ain't right  
That ain't right somehow

This is the circus without clowns  
(This is the night of living dead)  
Rotting in this town  
I try to hold my ground  
(They walk the lonely road in search of who they are)  
But that ain't right  
That ain't right somehow  
We're in a circus without clowns  
(This is the night of living dead)  
Rotting in this town  
We try to hold our ground  
But that ain't right  
That ain't right

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