

Asaf Avidan

"My Favorite Clown"

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The circus is back in town
here comes my favorite clown again
I love it when he strips his smile
puts it in a tidy pile of shame
And then my ol' favorite clown
paints on his faithful frown and plays
that old familiar game
of which i have no name but "Death"

We go marching
through these scorching times
our lungs are filled with dirt
but no amount of hurt
will stop us trying
We go marching
through these parching times
rain will come again
and just like distant friend
we'll both be crying

Oh that sweet awful sound
of my ol' favorite clown in need
i help him once again
to get back on his hands and knees

We go marching...

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