

## Brodequin

### "What Clowns Are We"

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What clowns are we  
What clowns are we  
Try to pretend do we  
What clowns are we

What a game is love  
What a game is love  
What a game that brakes hearts  
We're made to play

And where do tears go  
When they don't show  
Where do years go  
We waste them so

Who counts the tears  
Who sees your fears  
Who counts the years  
When they disappear

What a fool I must be  
What a fool I must be  
Who thought she loved me  
How could I not see

What a show is it all  
What a show is it all  
Trying to hide it all  
What a show is it all

And who counts the years  
That disappear  
Who counts the tears  
Who knows your fears  
Where do years go  
We waste them so  
Where do tears go  
When they don't show

Oh they go to work on the heart  
Needles and nails to make it rot

And untie lovers knot  
They go to the heart  
To make it rot

How can they know  
If you don't show  
Who can notice  
Where your heart is

Who will miss us  
When we're all gone  
Who'll remember  
Who we all were

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