

Charles Aznavour "The Painted Child"

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I am the painted child, the maker of confusion
With rainbows in my hair and magic on my face
A phantom of the street, an optical illusion
Who hears a different beat, who runs a different race.
I am the painted child, I am the mischief maker
The beggar at the feast, the fiddler at the ball
I know the words of songs, I am the Sabbath breaker
The caller in the night, the writing on the wall.
The name on the wall...is me
The cry in the dark is me
The mark of the child I sign
The name on the wall
I am the painted child, the child who is a stranger
And those who once came near now turn and walk
away
And everywhere is fear and everywhere is danger
These are the masks we wear, these are the parts we
play
I am the painted child, the crier and the chorus
I strike upon the drum for funerals and games
And others there have come in centuries before us
To fill the world with noise and dance among the
flames
The name on the wall...is me
The cry in the dark is me
The mark of the child I sign
The name on the wall
I am the painted child, the clown and the protester
A creature of the time and seldom what I seem
And call me what you will, a renegade or jester
But still I chill your heart, and still I haunt your dream
I'll sing beside your grave, half-minstrel and half-
mourner
I'll sing of years gone by and bridges never crossed
I am the painted child who stands on any corner
I am the child you loved, I am the child you lost.
The name on the wall is mine
Look in to my face and see
The strange painted child
Is me

