

Dave Davies

"Death Of A Clown"

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My makeup is dry and it collects on my chin
I'm drowning my sorrows in whisky and gin
The lion tamer's whip doesn't crack anymore
The lions they won't fight and the tigers won't roar

So let's all drink to the death of a clown

Won't someone help me to break up this crown
Let's all drink to the death of a clown

Let's all drink to the death of a clown

The old fortune teller lies dead on the floor
Nobody needs fortunes told anymore
The trainer of insects is crouched on his knees
And frantically looking for runaway fleas

Let's all drink to the death of a clown

So won't someone help me to break up this crown
Let's all drink to the death of a clown

Let's all drink to the death of a clown

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