

Jars Of Clay "Sad Clown"

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Say how's the weather, so I look out the window
To brighten my soul, but I can't control the rain that
keeps falling
Smile on the outside that never comes in
Comedy, mystery, irony, tragedy, so I scream, "Let the
show begin"

You break me open, turn on the light
Stumble inside with me, with me

Do I entertain you? Do I preoccupy you with my wit to
cover this lie?
Are you mesmerized? Do you think me faithful, do you
think me a clown?
I picked out this shirt, I put on this hat I wore all this
paint just for you

You break me open, turn on the light
Stumble inside with me, with me

You break me open, turn on the light
Stumble inside with me, with me

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