

## **Kinks**

# **"Death Of A Clown"**

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My makeup is dry and it clags on my chin  
Im drowning my sorrows in whisky and gin  
The lion tamers whip doesnt'tt crack anymore  
The lions they wont fight and the tigers wont roar

La-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la  
So lets all drink to the death of a clown  
Wont someone help me to break up this crown  
Lets all drink to the death of a clown  
Lets 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

La-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la  
Lets all drink to the death of a clown  
So wont someone help me to break up this crown  
Lets all drink to the death of a clown  
La-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la  
Lets all drink to the death of a clown  
La-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la

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