

Little Feat "Clownin'"

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Fred Tackett, Paul Barrere
Now you got the style attitde so well and proper
Your etiquette's a cut above the rest
You got the kind of walk sets them heads a turnin'
My heart's burnin' yearnin' for your best
How 'bout for a while ya give this boy a tumble
Do the rhumba you know what I mean
Ya throw me a smile something to remember just one
time
I'm down here on my knees

Won't you please stop your teasin'
Ya know you got no reason
To be clownin' with my heart
Can't you see what you're doin' with your recipe for ruin
Got me drownin' no it's tearin' me apart
Before I'd ever let you see me cryin'
I'd eat boiled owl, girl if I'm lyin I'm dyin' -- I'm gonna
walk

Well you set that choir on fire every Sunday mornin'
The way you sashay into church
All the brothers and the sisters down in that amen
corner
Roll their eyes in disbelief at your short skirts
Oh man, you shook their chakras
You got their zodiacs so outta whack
It's apocalypse now and it's all your fault
I ain't runnin' scared, no I won't hide my eyes
I'm on you like a cowboy on a mail order bride

So won't you please stop your teasin'
Ya know you got no reason
To be clownin' with my heart
Can't you see what you're doin' with your recipe for ruin
Got me drownin' no it's tearin' me apart
Before I'd ever let you see me cryin'
Tar and feather me, babe, if I'm lyin I'm dyin' -- I'm
gonna walk

Won't you please stop your teasin'
Ya know you got no reason

To be clownin' with my heart
Can't you see what you're doin' with your recipe for ruin
Got me drownin' no it's tearin' me apart
Before I'd ever let you see me cryin'
I'd eat boiled owl, girl if I'm lyin I'm dyin' -- I'm gonna
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