

Chris Garneau

"Dirty Night Clowns"

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Pick me up, hose me down
I'm sorry boys about the dirty night clowns
Earth does break the things that we make
Like a model planes and cuppy cakes

I can't clear the leaves from here
They're too far under the brush this year
I can't clear the leaves from here
They're too far under the brush this year

Let them be buried, buried alive
In their suits, in their ties
Trees to shade the moves that they made
In their suits, in their ties
Let them be buried, buried alive
In their suits, in their ties
You're safe here, now you're in the clear
Now we'll eat soup and apple pies

I can't clear the leaves from here
They're too far under the brush this year
I can't clear the leaves from here
They're too far under the brush this year

I will never be dirt-free
Up the stairs come find me,
Come sneak up behind me
I'll be sleeping soundly
Like a baby

(La da da da da da da dum
da da da da dum)
x2

I can't clear the leaves from here
They're too far under the brush this year.

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