

Robert Downey Jr. "Little Clownz"

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All of this ends
My mountain outlast the summer
Father gave us a number
Our very own
All of my friends
All of my so-called brothers
We are dying
We are tired

And if you think that the simple solution
Is retribution please...breathe

Freeze-dried amends
Scalding insinuations
Why am I standing?
Is this my home?

All of my trees
That bend to be heard are missing
Where are the brides?
Why aren't they kissing?

And if you think
I'm apocalyptic
Or cold and cryptic
Please...never leave

Hang on
Hang on
Hang on
Little clownz
You might just turn the world around
There are just words
This is my contribution
Unfit for evolution
Silly and pure

There is a sound
Under the darkest winter
I am sure
I rest assures

And if you think
You hear yourself screaming
Feel me dreaming
More...never leave

Hang on
Hang on
Hang on
Little clownz
You might just turn the world around

Hang on
Little clownz
You might just turn the world around

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