

Oingo Boingo "Clowns Of Death"

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I'm the one who preys upon the weakest
And the weakest always preys
Upon the one who's underneath

I'm the one who doesn't see
The waves of human kindness
And the tides that turn the day

I'm the one who always
Turns and looks away
Turns and looks away

Because after all, we are only boys
Because after all, we are only boys
We'll be boys, we'll be boys, we'll be boys
We'll be boys, we'll be boys, we'll be boys, we'll be boys

We'll be boys, we'll be boys, we'll be boys
We'll be boys, we'll be boys, we'll be boys
We'll be boys, we'll be boys, we'll be boys

I'm the one treads upon
The weaker ones
Those that I can find

And there'll always be some others
Who could march along in line, yeah
March along in line

And, we'll move upon the world
In a massive tidal wave
And we'll shout and make some noise, yeah
Shout and make some noise

Because after all, we are only boys
Because after all, we are only boys
We'll be boys, we'll be boys, we'll be boys
We'll be boys, we'll be boys, we'll be boys, we'll be boys

We'll be boys, we'll be boys, we'll be boys
We'll be boys, we'll be boys, we'll be boys
We'll be boys, we'll be boys, we'll be boys

The clowns of death are marching on their hideous
parade
Their glaring eyes are filled with hate but I am not
afraid
Their painted faces cracked with age, their makeup old
and worn
With tattered wings and toothy grins to amplify their
scorn

They're looking for the helpless ones
They're looking for the misbegotten
They prey upon the weak and fractured
The crippled and the freaks of nature

And when they come upon one who's lost or is alone
Their smiles get even bigger and their noses start to
glow
Making snarling sounds to pantomime with furious
abandon
And with a scream they pounce to kill and all the while
they're laughing

I'm the one treads upon the weaker ones
Those that I can find
And there'll always be some others
Who will march along in line

And we'll move upon the world
In a massive tidal wave
And we'll shout and make some noise, yeah
Shout and make some noise

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Your sons and daughters, innocent, lay sleeping in
their beds
They'll catch them when you're not around and smash
their little heads
If you think it just a dream or that it isn't fair
Just look around outside your door, the clowns are
everywhere

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