

## **Pretty Things "Sickle Clowns"**

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One, two, three, ahh

Down by the river  
Three sickle mounted souls  
Lay wined on the green leaf  
Digging their rock 'n' roll  
Hey, hey  
Digging their rock 'n' roll

Slashed by the wild geese  
The silence it did tear  
Sticks swung in violence  
You America murdered there  
Hey hey  
Young America murdered there

As one soul lay dying  
Only two were there to care

On through the valleys  
Sad sickle clowns they ride  
Pressed tight against the morning  
Beneath the blackened sky  
Hey, hey  
Beneath the blackened sky

There on a hill of gold  
Wild children play  
They bend to pick the flowers  
The sun dissolves the day  
Hey, hey  
The sun dissolves the day

If you can't close one eye  
Then turn the other way

Faces bark in anger  
With savage bitter words  
They twist against the friendship  
With rapid shots they're blurred  
Hey, hey  
With rapid shots they're blurred

There by the highway  
Two sickles melt in flames  
They burn without the knowledge  
Of why their lives were claimed  
Hey, hey  
Why their lives were claimed

As the smoke drifts skyward  
We search for those to blame

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