

## Robert Deeble

### "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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