

Clarks, The "The Clowns"

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There's a rusting religion with a broken converter
Parse the good book's words justifying hate and
murder

In a government lockbox everything gets lost
Like old grease on a sprocket
We sent Jack up the Hill to fix it all
He tumbled down with gold lined pockets

It's going down right now
What do we do now?

Send in the clowns, the clowns
Run into the ground
When you send in the clowns

Winner at all cost on a soapbox
He spoke in doubletalk and riddles
Sounds so good I was in a spell
But while the town was burning he played the fiddle

I had a dream that I would come back
And what was stolen by the state had been replaced
And we'd replant love where there was loss
Then send the grifters a coup de grace

It's going down right now
What do we do now?

Send in the clowns, the clowns
Run into the ground
When you send in the clowns

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