

Too Much Joy "Clowns"

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When I was a kid
My dad had pictures of these clowns
He hung them on my wall
And wouldn't let me take them down

I didn't understand then
And I still can't figure out
What those goddamn clowns
Were so goddamn sad about

Clowns were my boss at every job I ever had
Clowns run all the record companies that ever said
we're bad
A clown pretended to be a girl who pretended to be my
friend
Th's world is run by clowns who can't wait for it to end

I have yet to meet a kid
Not scared to death of clowns
They can't walk and they don't talk
They've got painted on frowns

A clown with a gun
I hope I never see
Would he shoot himself
Or shoot me?

Clown taught every class I took at my old high school
Clowns all wear speedos when they hang out by the
pool
Clowns dress up like cops and threaten to call my folks
This town is filled with clowns who don't get my jokes

They fall on their asses
It takes lots of practice
They fall on their asses
It takes lots of practice

They fall
They fall

And nightmares filled with clowns and you're there too

You have a big red nose and stupid floppy shoes
You're becoming one, yeah, I can see the signs
And I hate clowns almost as much as I hate mimes

Clown was my boss at every job I ever had
Clowns run all the record companies that ever said
we're bad
A clown pretended to be a girl who pretended to be my
friend
This world is run by clowns who can't wait for it to end

Wait for it to end
Wait for it to end
Wait for it to end

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