

Clowns

Brett Anderson

Take a look at us
Hate where there was lust
The trip like honey

Lust don't mean a thing
When all we do is shout and scream
It's almost funny

We're like clowns
Tumbling into town now
Love is on its way down now
It's such a lonely sound

Mouths that once exchanged
Kisses in the rain
Are full of hate now

It all seems so absurd
When every sentence and every word
Is so painful

Clowns
Tumbling into town now
Love is on its way down now
It's such a lonely sound

We're just clowns
Faces with painted frowns now
Love is on it's way down now
We are only, we are only clowns

We're just clowns
Tumbling into town now
Sat on a merry-go-round now
Such a lonely sound

Clowns
Faces with painted frowns now
Love is on it's way down now
Such a lonely sound

Such a lonely sound
Such a lonely sound
Such a lonely sound
Such a lonely sound