

The Clown

Rough Silk

Now that the show is over
and the people have all gone
I face the final curtain
it's just the same old song
I make 'em laugh - I make 'em cry
dream on loud until I die alone
with a heart of stone?

I'm pushing every fader
for tenderness and fame
another masquerader
and noone left to blame
the tears inside - the burning rains
I have to hide - my smile remains
as long as walls come tumbling down
the world always needs a clown

I know the world keeps spinning round
and round and round again
I catch the flames of yesterday
and I do the best I can
well, I'm the entertainer
a poet in the ring
some call me a joker
and some like to hear me sing

the world always needs a clown