

## Drumming Clown

Shawn Mullins

As the lights go down  
the drumming clown  
whistled a melody  
and as the rain pours down  
his happy face  
turned into a sad one  
the autumn wind reminded him  
that the circus had come and gone  
so he opened a pack of swisher sweets  
and whistles down the first one  
his clothes are ragged  
and his hat is dusty  
his drum is missing snares  
he maybe laughin and he may be cryin  
but no one knows nor cares  
his belly's empty  
but his heart is full  
he knows where he belongs  
so he steps aboard that lovely train  
and he whistles his favorite song  
and as he sleeps  
he dreams of all the pretty girls  
he's seen throughout his life  
and though his dreams are sweet  
his aching feet  
awake him in the night  
he wakes to the sound of thunder  
and he thinks of a reason why  
then he hangs his head to cry  
then he drifted off to a deeper sleep  
that no one could disturb  
and when he woke  
he was at a place that was higher than the birds  
he said my God I'm here at last  
is this meant to be  
I've lived the life of a hobo clown  
whistle tunes for money  
and his Lord spoke up  
and said my friend  
you are not alone  
you've lived a good life my drumming clown  
and now you have a home  
and somewhere a stockboy opens a crate  
and finds the butt of an old cigar  
he hears a distant whistling  
then he gazes as the stars