

## The Clowns

## The Clarks

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

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