

Something Bad Happened to a Clown

Warren Zevon

Every touch is measured out
Every word is written down
Sunny skies are seldom seen
In the land of few and far between
And everybody wears a frown

Someone lost their squirting rose
There's his red nose on the ground
No one's seen his painted smile
He's been gone for quite a while
Something bad happened to a clown
Something bad happened to a clown

He used to honk his horn and everyone would laugh
He used to honk his horn
She doesn't think he's very funny anymore
Footprints in the sawdust leading to the edge of town
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