

Sad Clown

Atmosphere

Most important thing is to keep moving
That way they might never catch up to you
I'm gonna have to pack up and be on the move too pretty soon
Where are you going?
Nowhere. You wanna come? We can be back this way in about a month

She said, "Travel anywhere your life takes you."

Who is the clown?
Who is the fool?
Which one knows he has flame?
And which one is last in the game?

This world ain't a wasteland
It just taste that way some times
It depends on the angle
On how you read your lines
For every brick we stack to come together to build
There's a sick little crack in this foundation still
Humans! I can't accept them
Trying to understand them
And what fuels them and their essence
I'm looking for some leverage
Catch up, trying to catch me
Cursed, depressed
Here to make you happy

'Hey daddy tell me why the clown is crying.'
'Well son he's got the task of cheering up the ill and dying
On top of that everybody thinks that he's insane
Can't fathom why he'd wanna ease their pain.'

Walking through this maze made of concrete walls
When you're not allowed to climb there's no way to possibly fall
When your hands are restricted to hold nothing but self
How can you get a grip? How can you pick up what you're dealt?
The clown stays sad, the ground stays hard
With a couple pounds of migraine, a pocket full of scars
But the face stays painted on for everyone to gaze upon
Continuing the bad dream till he wakes up gone

One for a walk, but always stood
Would you help him, if you could
One for a walk, but always stood
Would you help him, if you could
One for a walk, but always stood
Would you help him, if you could
One for a walk, but always stood
Would you help him, if you could
One for a walk, but always stood
Would you help him, if you could

Do they see me? Do they know that I exist?
I know they do, I can tell by the way they wave their fists
Weirdo, freak, words of endearment ring in my ears
And cling onto my tears
My purpose on this earth was to brighten the sun ray
At the circus or parade, house call on a birthday
A bag of balloons, I can build you a farm

Became worthless when they took away both of my arms
Snake charms, magic tricks
The world is flat and the traffic is thick
Got my back to the wind as I watch the inhabitants
Every thought I come across is bigger than this planet is
I used to be a normal person
But I held a hunger to experience it firsthand
I wanted to turn every frown upside down
Somehow my feet separated from the ground
And the clown stays sad, the people stay lost
Nah, the people are sad, we lost the clown
But the face stays painted on for everyone to gaze upon
And it will stay that way until the break of dawn
So throw your hands in the air!
'Oh, I'm sorry you can't you're wearing a straight jacket.'