

Class Clown

Conan Gray

Growing up didn't go how I'd liked
It twists and turns like the limbs of a pine
Trying to grow on earth that writhes
And do it all with the biggest smile

Half my friends barely know who I am
And there's none at fault but this own singing man
Don't wanna hear that I'm trailer trash
It's a heavy topic for crystal glass

Everything comes back around
I still feel like the class clown
Everything comes back around
I still feel like the class clown

Take your pick, be laughed at or laughed with
I learned early on either way, it's a shit stick
While my father was barreling fists
I was laughing all the way through it

And now the blondies are clutching their ribs
From my latest joke from my old bag of tricks
But there's this beautiful moment in it
Where I can sorta just vanish

Everything comes back around
I still feel like the class clown
Everything comes back around
I still feel like the class clown

Everything is over now
I still feel like the class clown
Like if I get older now
I'll let my younger version down
And if I stop laughing, all the blood will just start pouring out
'Cause everything comes back around
I still feel like the class clown

Been tryna talk to my sister about it
We joke a million jokes through the phone
Nothing funny about that home
But her and I, we already know

Everything comes back around
I still feel like the class clown
Everything comes back around
I still feel like the class clown

Everything comes back around
Everything comes back around
Everything comes back around
Everything comes back around
Everything comes back
Everything comes back