

Wino the Clown

George Jones

He's got a funny red nose, old baggy pants
When he staggers down the street it's a funny little dance
Children gather 'round as he falls down
Everybody laughs at wino the clown.

They just know the reason why
But when she died, he died inside
He lost all his will to live
And he had no use for pride.

Not even all his children's love
Could bring him back again
He just crawled into a bottle
Now he's waiting for the end.

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Everybody laughs at wino the clown.

They laugh when he comes down the street.
Stumbles all alone.
At they way he smiles and holds his arm
Just as if someone's holding on.

They all think he's lost
His mind talking to thin air
Ah, but only me and my daddy knows
That mama's walking there.

He's got a funny red nose. Old baggy pants
When he staggers down the street it's a funny little dance
Children gather 'round when he falls down
Everybody laughs at wino the clown.

But I never laugh when my daddy falls down
I'll always love wino the clown...