Clown

Ralph McTell

The lights have gone dim, and the people are gone.
And clown goes back into his caravan.
Hangs up his smile on a hook by the door
And lets his ragged coat slip to the floor.
With the sound of the children's laughter
Still ringing in his ears.
Laughing 'cause they're happy,
They laugh to hide their fears.
Clown loves the children
For, like him, they fear.
The world does not exist tonight,
And only the circus,
Only the circus is real.

As real as the elephants that trumpet in the ring.
Real like the trapeze, see it swing.
Real like the man who eats real fire,
Real like the lady on the high wire.

But the people have gone, his identity gone.
Clown peeps through he window of his caravan.
From the trees on the common
The town looks so small.
Clown puts on his coat and goes out the door.
And the distant neon lights
They shine above the town.
"It's almost like a circus", thinks clown.
Then half with fear
And half with delight,
Shivering, shaking.
Clown stands laughing,
Clown stands laughing,
Clown is laughing at the night.

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