

Clowns Galore

Therapy?

Morning is yawning and out comes the sun
With no choice but to light nothing new
Opening eyes as the radio sighs
Three chords and any old lies
On to the sheets and maybe the streets
I imagine as vibrant and shrill
A comedy troupe of molecular soup
Atoms chiming in time and in tune

Give us circus and bread
It keeps us happy
But what do we do, now we are happy?

Gorging on everything all of the time
Passing it on to the brood
Fattening kids for the future ahead
In case we run out of food
The audience roar and move in for the kill
A spectacle threatening to spill
They want it right now, but they want it low fat
Expectancy drips down their chins

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But what do we do, now we are happy?