

Just 'cause you're dressed up like a rodeo clown  
A succulent in the desert using spikes to keep out  
What the water kept in, so when the makeup grew thin  
Oh, the kiss the sun left was a burn

But I heard what you're singing  
Is the song of the season  
Yeah, I heard what you're singing  
Is the song of the season  
Yeah

You're a clown and a cactus, you're a kiss and a curse  
You're an offering left out so God will assure  
I won't ever catch my reflection in your eye  
Oh, baby, you're a jester out of work

But I heard what you're singing  
Is the song of the season  
Yeah, I heard what you're singing  
Is the song of the season  
Yeah

Jester out of work, of work, of work  
Jester out of work, of work, of work  
Jester out of work, of work, of work  
Jester out of work, of work, of work  
Jester out of-