

Little Clownz

Robert Downey Jr.

All of this ends
The mountain outlast the summer
Father gave us a number
Our very own All of my friends
All of my so-called brothers
We are dying
We are tired And if you think that
Simple solution is retribution, please, breathe Freeze-dried amends
Scalding insinuations
Why am I standing?
Is this my home? All of my trees
That bend to be heard are missing
Where are the brides?
Why aren't they kissing? And if you think, I'm apocalyptic
Cold and cryptic, please never leave, yeah Hang on, hang on, hang on, hang on little clownz
You might just turn the world around There are just words
This is my contribution
Unfit for evolution
Silly and pure There is a sound
Under the darkest winter
I am sure
I rest assure And if you think, you hear yourself screaming
Feel me dreaming, more, feel more, more Hang on, hang on, hang on, hang on, little clownz
You might just turn the world around Hang on, little clownz
You might just turn the world around You might just turn the world around

Songwriters

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