

Little Clownz

Robert Downey Jr.

All of this ends
The mountain outlast the summer
 Father gave us a number
Our very ownAll of my friends
 All of my so-called brothers
 We are dying
 We are tiredAnd if you think that
Simple solution is retribution, please, breatheFreeze-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, yeahHang on, hang on, hang on, hang on little clownz
 You might just turn the world aroundThere are just words
 This is my contribution
 Unfit for evolution
 Silly and pureThere is a sound
 Under the darkest winter
 I am sure
 I rest assureAnd if you think, you hear yourself screaming
Feel me dreaming, more, feel more, moreHang on, hang on, hang on, hang on, little clownz
 You might just turn the world aroundHang on, little clownz
 You might just turn the world aroundYou might just turn the world around

Songwriters

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