

The Performer

Carolyn Lee Jones

I'll come to town for you
Dress up like a clown for you
Pull my pants on down for you
Then I'll crawl away I will blow hot fart on you
I will build an R-2 D-2
I won't even start for you
Unless you fucking pay Because I am the performer
Because I am the performer
Because I am the performer I will come to town for you
Dress up like a clown for you
Try not to fuck around on you
Do so anyway I will find the ark for you Go sleep in the park with you
I'll even suck a cock or two
But no sir, I'm not gay Because I am the performer
Because I am the performer
Because I am the performer Before I was a whore
On tour I was the child always running around
With his dick hanging out
And diapers pulled down Show biz was calling so I hit the stage
Worked out an act where I got raped in a cage
My life was bullshit and I didn't care
Went to go bowling and I missed on my spare But what else could I fucking do
But play another song for you
Thinking about a nose job, too
'Cause I am the performer

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