

Cathy's New Clown (Album Version)

[John Wesley Harding](#)

Sometimes when you get mystic
I have to leave the room
Another accident statistic
While the big bass drum goes boom
There's an apocalypse now on station road
If there's a nuclear winter, at least it'll snow
Your talk turns all of me upside down
You turned up my ticket at the lost and found
And all I got was the current crown worn by
Cathy's new clown Our enemies are at the border
We couldn't go back too soon
Be a nice girl and don't take orders
That's what they're saying in the back room
You got a big black box that I can't get a look in
And I wanna look at you but I don't get a look in
I'm like a talking head with the sound turned down
Or Pavlov's dog when he wasn't around
I'm just a little bit lost so I'm heading downtown to be
Cathy's new clown One upon a time
I didn't know you
That's the way the story goes
But how I wish, how I wish you'd let me show you
That I love the lines but hate the clothes
That's the way it goes Turn the speakers up to ten now
Listen to what he has to say
Watch out there's a body talking body-talk
A big mouth just gets in the way, hey
When I'm with you, there's something to it
You know the old lie and you can see through it
But now I'm alone and I'm homeward bound
Cover my tracks up and cover new ground
Put down the purse 'cause I'm buying this round
I'm putting pepper down for the pack of bloodhounds
And all I need is a single sound, I'll be
Cathy's new clown
Here he comes

Songwriters

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