Birthday Party Clown

Raspberry Pie

I started out with a license to mime
From a school in France, but in a matter of time
Measured out in minutes, I had to give it up
Right then and there
Nobody wanted to pay to see
A man in a beret and a striped tee
Push against the wind, pull a rope, or begin
To sit in an invisible chair

The only smile in a sea of frowns
And indifferent expressions, it's so easy to drown
With size 35 shoes pulling you down
Every single day
You're a birthday party clown

Saturday morning at eight fifteen
Got a paying gig down at the Chuckie Cheese
Somebody's turning three, and it's up to me
To keep them occupied
While all the parents in the room can breathe
A sigh of relief as they quietly leave
Their kids with the buffoon and his animal balloons
While they grab a slice of pizza and sneak outside

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Can't imagine why the kids would run and cry
At the sight of a man in a pink suit
With a roll up tie, a pair of googely eyes
Red nose, and a fright wig hairdo

From children's parties to corporate events
From the tears and the jeers to my unpaid rent
There's something that I'm missing
That always leaves me wishing

I could go back to school and become a magican

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