

# Clowns

**Brett Anderson**

Take a look at us  
Hate where there was lust  
The trip like honey  
But lust don't mean a thing  
When all we do is shout and scream  
It's almost funny  
We're like clowns  
Tumbled into town now  
Love is on its way down now  
It's such a lonely sound  
Mouths that once exchanged  
Kisses in the rain  
Are full of pain now  
It all seems so absurd  
When every sentence and every word  
Is so painful  
Clowns  
Tumbled into town now  
Love is on its way down now  
Such a lonely sound  
Clowns  
Faces with painted frowns now  
Sat on a merry-go-round now  
Such a lonely sound  
Such a lonely sound  
Such a lonely sound  
Such a lonely sound  
Such a lonely sound  
Such a lonely sound  
Such a lonely sound

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