

Funhouse

Red House Painters

Weight has fallen on me
Like a part of the sky
And life's hell getting up off the floor
Raise the blind and let the day shine in
Out with this gray into air
Darkness tones in our Chinatown home
View of rain clouds from the window
Moving behind the pale of her face
A thousand circus mirrors cannot move a frown
We are the real clowns
And the sun rarely shines our way
And when it does, and when it does
And when it does, and when it does
And when it does

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