

# Painted Face

[Matt Costa](#)

Acrobatic women dancing with her butt in the air  
Dressed up horses, hands clapping  
Violins with beating big drums  
Through comic curtains he runs People laugh at his painted face  
His cartwheels leave people amazed  
Walking with the other clowns he paints his skin to face the day  
No one knows just what they're thinking, smiles and frowns crumble away  
There are two sides to a painted face  
One side's real and one side's fake  
One cup to spill and one cup to taste  
One life to live and one life to waste  
One jump to fall and one saving grace  
One's a brick wall and one's the road paved  
Fire breather, tarot reader  
Lion and maestro pack up and drive  
Over hills with icy peaks  
The painted boy was left behind  
Far behind is the painted face  
But one side leaves and one side waits

Lyrics provided by

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