Clown

77 Bombay Street

Yeah yeah
I should've left it at, how ya doin'
I should've left it at I like your music too, and
I should've never called you back when you pursued me
I should've never given you my fucking an' two way
I should've never listened to your woeful stories
The ones I'm sure you told a thousand times before me
You should've never intimated we were lovers
When you know very well we never even touched each other
Who's gonna love you when it all falls down and
Who's gonna love you when your bankroll runs out?
Who's gonna care when the novelty's over?
When the star of the show isn't you anymore
Nobody cares when the tears of a clown fall down
Nobody cares when the tears of a clown fall down
I gotta break it to ya delicately, dummy
Takin' my G5 twenty minutes wasn't nothin'
But I guess you wouldn't know that's the way I roll
Consequently now your ego's fully overblown
You don't want the world to know that you're just a puppet show
And the little boy inside often sits at home alone
And cries, cries, cries, cries

Who's gonna love you when it all falls down and
Who's gonna love you when your bankroll runs out?
Who's gonna care when the novelty's over?
When the star of the show isn't you anymore
Nobody
Your pain is so deep rooted
What will your life become?
Lost and lonesome
Still just a frail shook one
Who's gonna love you when it all falls down and
Who's gonna love you when your bankroll runs out?
Who's gonna care when the novelty's over?
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