

Crying Clown (Acoustic)

The Wytches

I catch my breath finally
She keeps me calm and suddenly,
A relapse on old tricks tryina make a new
In his car she finally
Tampers with her sexuality
Scratching at each other's minds till their in the nudeAs for me, my loyalty
Is only sold illegally
To the pantomime crying clown
Cry for me whilst upside down
Salivating, bloody mouth
Or passionately bloody mouth
And graveyard girls swinging a bag like a pendulumFor the static rustling
Plug me in, the record spins
and treat me like I wasn't someone that you knew
Annabelle she reads my dreams
Surrounding me in casualties,
but I don't get mad cause I know it's what you do
Over-priced phonologies
Brittle man he dress like me
Like the pantomime crying clown
Cry for me whilst upside down
Salivating, bloody mouth
Or passionately bloody mouthAnd graveyard girls swinging a bag like a pendulum
She creates it
For her own
HER PERFECT BODY
SHE IS PERFECT
LONELY
And graveyard girls swinging a bag like a pendulum
She creates it
For her own

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