

# 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 [Incomprehensible]

Lyrics provided by

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