

Punching Clowns

Tom Mody

Licking grease paint off of my knuckles
Weak at your knees and ready to buckle
Who's laughing now, you've run outta chuckles, ya

Everybody, everybody's ready to fight
Everybody, everybody's ready to fight
Everybody, everybody hates how you fake it
Ya we're all angry and we're not gonna take it

[chorus]
Punching Clowns
Punching Clowns - and pushing them down
Punching Clowns
Bow ties and bozos you frighten the cosmos

Well this ain't war but it's getting damn close
Lurking in shadows and hiding by lampposts
Freakin' us out when you're suppose to be the good host- ya

Everybody, everybody's nervous and tight
Everybody, everybody's nervous and tight
Everybody everybody hates your new games
Ya the sign of the times we even hate all your names

[chorus]
Punching Clowns
Punching Clowns - and kicked to the ground
Punching Clowns
Sing a new tune while you're poppin their balloon

{bridge}
Gone are the days beloved by all ages
Gone are the days your laughter's contagious
Gone are the days we find you outrageous
So if this is your payback then this is our slap back

[repeat chorus]

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