

The Kinks - Death Of a Clown?

Tom: C

My makeup is dry and it cracks on my chin
 I'm drowning my sorrows in whiskey and gin
 The lion tamer's whip doesn't crack anymore
 The lions they won't bite and the tigers won't roar

La la la La la la La la la La
 So let's all drink to the death of a clown
 Won't someone help me to break up this crown
 Let's all drink to the death of a clown
 La la la La la la La la la La
 Let's all drink to the death of a clown

The old fortune teller lies dead on the floor

Nobody needs fortunes told anymore
 The trainer of insects is crouched on his knees
 And frantically looking for runaway fleas

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 Let's all drink to the death of a clown

La la la la la la la la la la la
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Acordes

