

# *Punching Clowns*

*Tom Mody*

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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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