The Greasy Clown Blues

The greasy clown spat In Fat Ann's face Fat Ann flabbed the greasy clown All over circus place.

But the greasy clown loved it.

He loves the way that flabbing feels.

He grinned and groaned

Went home and let it heal.

The greasy clown sat
In Bertha's den
And pushed and pulled the elephant
Until it set on him.

But the greasy clown loved it.
It had such wonderful appeal.
He gritted and smiled
Went home and let it heal.

The greasy clown smiles when it's day. At night, he wipes the grease away.

The greasy clown chewed
A tube of paint.
He licked his lips and fell down dead
And lie there like a saint.

Cause the only good clowns
Are clowns that have no spark of life
Like the greasy clown
When grease turned out the light.



