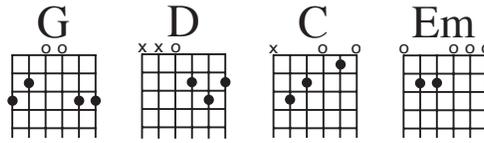# A CIRCUS OF CLOWNS

words and music by Danny Schmidt

G   D   C   Em

INTRO: G - D - C - G - Em - D . . .

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      G                          D
The day the circus came to town half the town rejoiced
      C          Em              G                D
The other half was sick in bed – they were sure they'd lost their voice
 G                          D
Atop a great white elephant rode a monkey on a leash
          C        G              Em        C
And they led the grand parade but when the monkey tried to speak
   D               C            Em      G         C
Trumpets blared and sparklers flared and thunder shook the ground
      G         D         C            D
As the elephant split open wide and out poured all the clowns
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A circus full of circus clowns – all somersaults and flips
With pie upon their faces and with riddles on their lips
The children all got peanuts and the grownups all got checks
And everyone agreed it was the greatest circus yet
The tigers cracked their whips until the trainers jumped through hoops
Then the clowns declared the cage unfair and turned the tigers loose

One clown juggled fire while he swung from the trapeze
But he smacked and hit the tent post with the greatest of dis-ease
And the fire took the tent post and the tent came crashing down
The fire truck came quickly but the back was full of clowns
They filled the hose with righteous prose and gasoline and gall
"Relax, we'll fight the fire back with human cannonballs"

The spectacle was gripping – a circus show indeed
That no one took a notice as the clowns took to the streets
On tricycles with wagons and with toilet paper spools
They tee-peed all the neighbors' homes and pissed in all the pools
"Oh look, Oh look, it's festive now – a three ring Mardi Gras!"
Folks looked up to see the fuss, and watched in shock and awe

The crowd had gotten weary – it was time the clowns should leave
But the clowns all played a desperate game of hide without the seek
But they were easily discovered in the shadows where they hid
Cause every clown was pointing out the clown right next to him
Let's load em up in circus trucks and drive them out of town
It's not that they are bad, per se – it's just that clowns are clowns

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SONG NOTES:

This song is in standard tuning, capoed up on the third fret. The only thing really particularly noteworthy about this song is the peculiar way in which I finger the G-chord. It's like this:

* I use my pinky on the first string. The pinky is like the littlest piggy that went to market. He's the one that goes wee wee wee all the way home. There's no place for him at market since the three big piggies were somehow allowed to merge and leverage tax advantages and subsidies that the little piggy can't begin to match. So I use him in folk songs.

* I use my ring finger on the second string. Cause the ring finger is a symbol of commitment -- you know, like if I said: "Good Golly! Looky over there. . . it's Elvis!!!" And then when you turned to look, I poked you in the eye with my ring finger. That kind of commitment.

* I use my first finger on the fifth string. That's my pointer. I wag that finger when I'm scolding a naughty child. And I use that finger when I alert my friends that some sneaky bastard is tiptoeing up from behind them to kill them or steal their funding.

* I use my second finger on the low string. That's my middle finger. That's also my bad finger. By the end of this song, my bad finger is tired Tired TIRED. But the rest of me feels a little bit better.

Circus of Clowns is a political allegory. And I'll give a free CD to the first Republican who has the courage (and sense of humor) to tell me they played it at their church talent show.

My protest chord.

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