

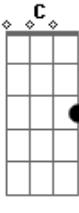
The Kinks - Death Of a Clown?

Tom: C

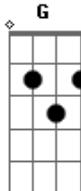
My makeup is dry and it cracks on my chin
 I'm drowning my sorrows in whiskey and gin
 The lion tamer's whip doesn't crack anymore
 The lions they won't bite and the tigers won't roar
 La
 So let's all drink to the death of a clown
 Won't someone help me to break up this crown
 Let's all drink to the death of a clown
 La
 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
 La
 Let's all drink to the death of a clown
 So won't someone help me to break up this crown
 Let's all drink to the death of a clown
 La
 Let's all drink to the death of a clown
 La
 La la la la la la la la la la
 La la la la la la la la la la

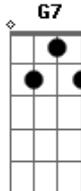
Acordes



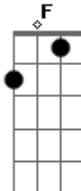
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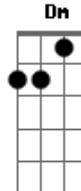
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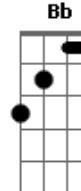
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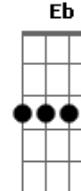
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