

THE TAROT AND THE BANJO

(A Funny Little Clown)

Words and Music by
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Verse: Moderately

1. I just can't help but feel-ing like some sor-ry lit-tle clown,
When the cir-cus tent is emp-ty and no-bod-y is a - round.
I dream of sky and o-cean and a lit-tle plot of ground,
And the sounds that spin up-on the day, I on-ly
want-ed to play. (3.) way.

2. Your goddamn sorrow was bringing me down,
Your vision of tomorrow was too high above the ground;
Your mission from the meadow had been taken to the town
To scare all the children away, to scare the little children away.
3. I couldn't stay much longer while you held yourself to blame,
I didn't want to be the one who lost himself insane again;
Though I knew that it might look like I had betrayed a friend,
I only wanted to play, I was just feeling that way. (To Bridge)

Bridge: Dm

You know the same things seem to hap-pen an-y-way.
No mat-ter what the oth-er peo-ple say.

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Don't let them pull you down in-to their fun-ny lit-tle games. — You

know all there ev-er was still re-mains the same.

Verse:

4. I just can't help but feel-ing like some sor-ry lit-tle clown.

'Cause I left you in the wat-er when I knew that you could drown.

And I ran a-way like light-ning when I heard the thun-der sound

I on-ly want-ed to play,

I on-ly want-ed to play.

play.

5. I still can't help but feeling like some sorry little clown
When the circus tent is empty and nobody is around
I dream of sky and ocean and a little plot of ground
And the sounds that spin upon the day I only wanted to play.