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.

Opus 57 (1972)
THE GREASY CLOWN BLUES

OPUS 57

WORDS AND MUSIC
by Bob Marks

THE GREASY CLOWN SATE
THE GREASY CLOWN SAT
THE GREASY CLOWN CHewed

IN FAT ANN'S FACE
AND
AND

IN BERtha's DEN
A TUBE OF PAINT
ME

FAT ANN FlABBED THE GReASY CLOWN ALL OVER CIrcUS PLACE, BUT THE
PUSHeD AND PulLED THE ELPHEANT UN TIL IT SAT ON HIM BUT THE
LickED HIS LIPS AND FELL DOWN DEAD AND LAY THERE LIKE A SAINT CAUSE THE

GREASY CLown LOVED IT
GREASY CLown LOVED IT

ONLy
GOOD CLowns

HE LOVES THE WAY THAT FLAB-BIN' FEELS
HE LOVES THE WAY THAT FLAB-BIN' FEELS

IT HAD SUCH WON-DER-FUL A-PEAL
ARE CLowns THAT HAVE NO SPARK OF LIFE

TO CODA

HE GRINNED AND GROANED WENT HOME AND LET IT HEAL
HE GRINNED AND SMILED WENT HOME AND LET IT HEAL

LIKE THE GreASY Clown WHEN GREASE TURNED OUT THE LIGHT

THE GREASY CLOWN SMILES WHEN ITS
DAY AT NIGHT HE WIPES THE GREASE A-WAY