

The Damned, These Hands

These are the hands of a demented circus clown
outside I'm laughing but inside I'm really wearing a frown
I see you laughing at me
but baby in my dreams
it's quite a different scene

Chasing you through the night with my hands around your neck
funny how everything seems in technicolour, yet
I find I'm laughing at you
and you are turning blue
Ha ha ha ha ha
Ha ha ha ha ha
Ho ho ho