

# DAVID CASSIDY



## Some Kind Of Summer

Recorded by **DAVID CASSIDY** on his maxi-single on the Bell label

### CHORUS

Didn't we have ourselves some kind of a summer  
Didn't we have ourselves some kind of a time  
Guess I never took the time to tell you how much I love you  
You and the road keep flashin' through my mind  
You and the road keep flashin' through my mind.

Caught a sunrise service on a Sunday in North Dakota  
Imagine you and me singing in a gospel choir.  
Spent a rainy night on a river in Oklahoma  
Saw the Northern Lights on a Minnesota night  
An' our souls were a little bit higher.

### REPEAT CHORUS

The old De Soto that died on a hill it couldn't climb in Montana  
The kid who bought the wreck, said what the heck I'll give you 35  
So we're on our own, had our thumbs to take us home to California  
By the time we made Denver with our truck drivin' friend we had wheels on fire

### REPEAT CHORUS

You and the road, you and the road on my mind.

Words and music by David Ellingson  
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## I Am A Clown

Recorded by **DAVID CASSIDY** on his maxi-single on the Bell label

### SPOKEN:

See the funny little clown, see the puppet on a string  
Wind him up, he'll sing, give him candy and he'll dance  
But be certain not to feel if his funny face is real.

Step right up and see him, folks,  
Couldn't you die at all his jokes  
Couldn't you cry at all the tricks he'll come up with in a fix  
But be certain not to stray, 'cos he'll steal your heart away.

### SUNG:

I am a clown I am a clown, clown  
You'll always see me smile, you'll never see me frown  
Sometimes my scenes are good, sometimes they're bad  
Not funny ha-ha, funny sad.

I am a clown, look at the clown, clown  
Always the laughing face whenever you're around  
Always the same routine, I never change  
Not funny ho-ho, funny strange.

Sometimes I think the world is a circus town  
Sometimes I feel I belong in a side-show  
That man on the flying trapeze, he ain't never coming down  
He knows what I know if you look inside  
If I didn't hide you might decide you don't want me.

I am a clown, that's why I'm a clown, clown  
Just like the fool on the hill beggin' to come down  
I want to live again, oh I want to feel  
Tell me you love me, make me real  
Tell me you love me, make me real  
Tell me you love me, make me real.

See the funny little clown, see the puppet on a string  
Wind him up and he will sing, give him candy he will dance  
But be certain not to feel if his funny face is real.

Words and music by Tony Romeo.  
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