

This Theatre

Poor Old Lu

this theatre
is so run down
the grabbing hands
oh the people of this town
my costume is on
and the scenery shines
they all wait for me
to say my lines

countless in numbers
are the laughter and tears
the emotions so differ of he who hears

i laugh in fear
as i cross the stage
my whole life's been used
just to reach this age
and now i'm stepping in
to begin again
and i start to cry
will this ever end

i dance and i dance
and i sing and i sing
i hope my conscience won't let me
keep this masquerade going

i finish my part
and the lights go down
and once again
i'm just a clown