

## One Stage Before

Al Stewart

It seems to me as though I've been upon this stage before  
And juggled away the night for the same old crowd  
These harlequins you see with me, they too have held the floor  
As here once again they strut and they fret their hour  
I see those half-familiar faces in the second row  
Ghost-like with the footlights in their eyes  
But where or when we met like this last time I just don't know  
It's like a chord that rings and never dies  
For infinity.

And now these figures in the wings with all their restless tunes  
Are waiting for someone to call their names  
They walk the backstage corridors and prowl the dressing-rooms  
And vanish to specks of light in the picture-frames  
But did they move upon the stage a thousand years ago  
In some play in Paris or Madrid?  
And was I there among them then, in some travelling show  
And is it all still locked inside my head  
For infinity.

And some of you are harmonies to all the notes I play;  
Although we may not meet still you know me well  
While others talk in secret keys and transpose all I say  
And nothing I do or try can get through the spell  
So one more time we'll dim the lights and ring the curtain up  
And play again like all the times before  
But far behind the music you can almost hear the sounds  
Of laughter like the waves upon the shores  
Of infinity.