

Hand me my costume
Please won't you pass me my mask
I have appointments that I must keep with my past
Bring on the cabaret we can all have a laugh
I've made the theatre of the absurd
At last

Drink up and let's go home
The demon is on the phone
He's playing a dialing tone
So drink up and let's go home

Orchestrations of a different nature
Arrangements that I've made to end it all
Years and years of love all turned to paper
Dancing at the old musicians ball

And these beauty secrets that I've kept so long
Have slightly faded like my old blue jeans
But read them now because before too long
They could fall apart at every seam

Play me my music
Please won't you warm up the band
It's my performance although nothing is planned
Turn on the spotlight
We can pretend there's a stage
I'll be your hero only as long as I'm paid.

Drink up and let's go home
(You're such a naughty boy)
The demon is on the phone
(He's got a special toy)
He's playing a dialing tone
(A thing to bring you joy)
So drink up and let's go home