

## Empire City

Bishop Allen

Somewhere in the front of the footlights  
I'm looking for a good place to sit  
All my lines get so complicated  
That I take a fall into the orchestra pit

Samson suffered the same fate  
Powerless and losing his hair  
Somewhere in the wings there's a sensible whisper:  
When the hero dies, does the audience care?

All the sneaky things we could do in the dark  
And with every chance, I'd end up missing my mark  
In the city of night, out in the city of snow  
We kept playing the part where she's letting me go  
She always reminds me:  
We're playing the part where she's letting me go

Somewhere in the Empire City  
Someone takes a curtain call  
I'm so broke at the end of the evening  
That you'll find me hopeless in the back of the hall

Brutus suffered the same fate  
They left him all alone with his shame  
Somewhere in the wings there's a sensible whisper:  
When you wield the knife, learn to carry the blame