

# The Curtain

Deer Tick

The excuses turn to makeup  
And know what man I am  
I boast my silly knowledge  
And crucify my friends  
It's only looking back  
On my crooked footprints  
I break myself a promise  
Not to do that again

The stage hands are all gone  
The curtain still remains  
It hides the puppeteer  
Oh, pulling on my strings  
I could swear I'm in control  
I could make a judge convinced  
But I know my spirit quit  
I don't wanna be  
Your bargaining chip

The organ pleases no one  
The piano is pulling teeth  
The guitar is strung with nothing  
And never makes a beep  
It's only now I laugh  
While the master takes a break  
Who's counting all those tickets  
Who's drooling on the stage

The sound men are all gone  
The curtain still remains  
It hides the puppeteer  
Oh, pulling on my strings  
I could swear I'm in control  
I could make a judge convinced  
But I know my spirit quit  
I don't wanna be  
Your bargaining chip

The stage hands are all gone  
The curtain still remains  
It hides the puppeteer  
Pulling on my strings  
I could swear I'm in control  
I could make a judge convinced  
But I know that my spirit quit  
I don't wanna be  
Your bargaining chip  
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