

Everything's so still
I think the wind is watching from it's
Northwest window sill
Looking straight ahead
I feel a bit too far for comfort, won't you take my hand

I hope this is only the end of the show
And we all get leading roles
The doors we close behind
They're never locked and always draughty
Hands, hearts, brains
Are irreparably changed

And many miles down the road
On a night that's dark and stormy
We'll be sold to the sky
In a violent flash of light

I thought the set was real
Till our friends went to their dressing rooms
And I felt the cardboard trees
So now here we are
All alone and naked
Beneath these white, flourescent stars

And our laundry will swing on the line

Story told, the credits roll
The lights are up, it's time to go