Balthazar, Impresario

Frank Turner

My name is Balthazar, Impresario And you'll find me at the bottom of the page I have artist's hands, though I'm a working man But my craft has been forgotten by the age So tonight will be my last night on the stage

This is my family's trade, my father built this place At the turning of the twentieth century I have been working here, for some fifty years But the young these days are glued to TV screens And the old girl is dying on her feet

Once more to the boards One more curtain call Give the crowd everything they're asking for and more Always make them laugh Try to make them cry Always take the stage like it's the last night of your life

My friends from theatre school all thought I was a fool For leaving Shakespeare for the music hall And now my son's left home, and set out on his own And the critics think we're quaint but set to fall But they've only seen the show from the stalls

Once more to the boards One more curtain call Give the crowd everything they're asking for and more Always make them laugh Try to make them cry Always take the stage like it's the last night of your life

And all the things I've seen behind these tattered seams And all the upturned faces with the lamplight in their eyes And each imperfect turn flickers as it burns Only lasts a moment but for me they'll never die

We are respected We're not remembered We are the ghosts of Vaudeville Unnumbered

We are the fathers of the halls Yeah but we'll never be famous We aren't just artists, we are something more: We're entertainers I smooth my thinning hair in a gilded mirror To try to hide the tell-signs of my age My name is Balthazar, Impresario And tonight will be my last night on the stage.