

Time To Go

Harry Connick, Jr.

The curtain goes up as the lights go dim
The opening act takes the stage
The applause is polite
They're not waiting for him
Everybody knows he's at least twice their age

Took him 2 days to get there
His eyes tired and red
His gear in the back of his way

His car is his dressing room
Office and bed
But at least he got him up here

Sings from his heart
And keeps from cryin
He knows it's a young man's game
He's makin the reelin while the crowd's all dyin to hear
The headliner's name

And as he continues to play
He can hear the audience say

It's time to go
This ain't no variety show
We're sure you was someone
Someone with note
But buddy, it's time to go

As he packs his things he can hear from the winds
The audience singing along
They know every word
They know every line
And he wonders will he get one

As the stage door closes, goodbye
He sings what's been on his mind

It's time to go
This ain't no variety show
We're sure you was someone
Someone with note
But buddy, it's time to go

Oh buddy, it's time to go