

Cabaret Clown

Marc Almond

Drawing your curtains
And locking the door
TV dinner for one
You're alone as before
Do you leave on the greasepaint
To cover the tears
Does it hold the illusion
Of your star lit years
Self parody and bathos
Deluded belief
Like the blackest of comedies
Ending in grief
Where was the pathos
And where was the man
Just a cabaret clown
In a Vaudeville sham
I'll be seeing you round
Cabaret Clown
When there's no one around
Where was the voice
That thrilled me to bits
Where were the show stoppers
Where were the hits
You hanged the arrangements
Performance so cruel
Where was my hero
There now stands a fool
And what the hell
Did you do to your face
Can't you let in the grey
And grow old with grace
You're a freak and a fraud
With contempt for your crowd
So beautifully bitter
So painfully proud
Too much blind pride
To admit when you're wrong
Envious of others
You messed up your song
Yes I know the clown's story
The clichés the same
With you smile on the outside
Inside you're in pain
So behind the locked door
With your dinner for one
Do you forget the lyrics
To most of your songs
When I look at the pantomime
What do I see
Like a mirror of truth
Staring back I see...