

# No Show Tonight

Phoebe Snow

There'll be no show tonight  
No the music won't sound right  
The audience is being impolite  
And I can't act tonight  
Don't make me  
And I can't act tonight

I guess I missed my cue, yeah  
When he said we were through  
He walked off stage  
With some ingenue  
And all I can act is blue  
I really mean it  
And no stand-in will do

Take back your Oscar  
Your horseshoe made of flowers  
You'll find me down  
At the local pool hall  
Tying up the phone for hours

Who could have guessed how  
He'd rewrite the script  
For me, yeah  
I might be Sarah Heartburn  
But I can't cover up this jealousy  
And I can't cover up this jealousy

Let me fly again soon  
And give me back my toy balloon  
He's got me grounded  
In my dressing room  
And he's got me grounded  
In my dressing room