

It's opening night, everything's going fine
Finally finding a timeless time
It's an open line

And angle your way through the actors and sets
Entrance, exits, dressing rooms
Cigarettes

Black blight/light
White spot
Can do
Cannot

You surface again for your one big scene
It's a real pot-boiler with a civilized sheen
Paris plea/Spring

But you mutter, you murmur, you merely mumble
You're quick and you crack, you quiver
And you crumble

Cold cream
Hot bed
Wiped out
Ended/And dead