

Slapped Actress

The Hold Steady

Don't tell my sister about your most recent vision
Don't tell my family they're all wicked strict Christian
Don't tell the hangers on, don't tell your friends
Don't tell them we went down to Ybor City again
Don't tell the dancers, they'll just get distracted
Don't tell the DJs, they already suspect us
Don't mention the bloodshed, don't mention the skins
Don't tell them, Ybor City almost killed us again
We are the theater, they are the people
Dressed up to be seated, looking upwards and dreaming
We're the projectors, we're hosting the screening
We're dust in the spotlights, we're just kinda floating
Don't drop little hints, I don't want them to guess
Don't mention Tampa, they'll just know all the rest
Don't mention bloodshed, don't tell them it hurts
Don't say we saw angels, they'll take us straight to the church
They queue up for tickets to see the performance
They push to get closer looking upwards with wonder
We are the actors, the cameras are rolling
I'll be Ben Gazzarra, you'll be Gena Rowlands
Sometimes actresses get slapped
Sometimes actresses get slapped
Sometimes fake fights turn out bad
Sometimes actresses get slapped
Some nights making it look real
Might end up with someone hurt
Some nights it's just entertainment
And some other nights it's worse
They come in for the beating, sit in stadium seating
They're holding their hands out for the body and blood now
We're the directors, our hands will hold steady
I'll be John Cassavetes, let me know when you're ready
Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa
Man, we make our own movies
Man, we make our own movies
Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa
Man, we make our own movies
Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa
Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa
Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa

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