Curtain Call (Pt, 1)

The Damned

Can you taste the grit
Between your teeth
The heat of the lights
The crack of the whip
The snapping sound
Of someone's nerves
If you pay you get
What you deserveWere coming up from the deep
The lizard sheds it's skin
Night obliterates the day
And all the fun begins
Shadow boxing with yourself
Just seems to get you nowhere
You don't want to cheat
When playing solitareThree faces come alive
Try and focus and be one
Never let it be said that
The jester comes undone
A wreckless gambling pace
With time enough to borrow
Time enough to measure
All of our tomorrowsCurtain call and light go dim
Tragedy, love all lie within
Each player takes his chance to play
And lives to fight another dayWhat boundries to cross
What chances for the taking
Stepping in the angels wake
Not to be foresakenNo more will I roam
Our childish dreams are soon outgrown
But here we stand
In our own theatreland
Curtain call
About to fall

Songwriters
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