

Getting strain 'fore it start to head that round  
Cause it's always washed when it comes to you  
I kept my mouth shut for twenty miles  
Then it was all I had to do was shut my eyes

Well, I can almost see the credits  
And the lightsman and the page  
As you figure out your line  
You make everybody listen  
To the spotlights and the serves  
But the camera shows your age

You're livin' life like you like to see it written down  
But what makes age let an evening down  
Exploring new sound, no mapper pen  
Stay and use it up all you can

I can almost see the credits  
And the camera and the page  
As you figure out your line  
You make everybody listen  
To the spotlights and the serves  
But the camera shows your age

You've had it all  
But you dim, dim  
You've had it all  
But you can't dim, dim

I can almost see the credits  
And the camera and the page  
As you figure out your line