

On With The Show

Celeste

And so
Got a feeling I should go
Got a little bit of sense left
Know you took most of that

What is there
But just a little bit of dark and hope in you
Just a little dance to get where we must get too
Better drag yourself again

And it's a little bit absurd my world spins on
Like a theatre of the day by day there's so much wrong
Yes I know out there is our abyss
But I must dress up and move like this
On with the show

They put me back together
Two arms, one nose
And a dress that fits the weather
Perfumed me with a rose
With a science it begins
In the absence of dear friends
A single figure in the wings

And the symphony goes on and on and on
In mausoleums made of birth and bricks and song
Here is where the new borns blink
Here is where the angels sing

There's the swell of strings
The quire in constant rage
It's the pit that sets the time
But we never see them play
The songs we sometimes sing
For tulips and spare change
At least I have the band in check
On with the show