

Showtime

Hang a guitar on my shoulder  
Check the vacant drooling faces round the room  
Another heartbreak battle  
And I'm only getting older  
Jesus help me when I say I'll give it all up pretty soon  
Daytime  
Time to fight the morning's headache  
Gulp an aspirin bang together one more song  
Inspiration cauterised  
By years of useeless heartache  
Every shallow nights reaction sounding twisted up and wrong

These last years  
Years gone down to the showtime

Showtime

Try to catch the spark  
That got me hooked so many years ago and died  
Second-rate musicians  
Feeding infantile illusions  
Reading music magazines to keep the habit satisfied  
Pitching  
To some demographic average  
What the hell he's staying home for, I don't see him here tonight  
Thirteen years and over  
Tuned to radio between the hours  
Of six and seven-thirty, AM programmer's delight

These last years  
Years gone down to the showtime

I never knew it could be  
So misleading  
Waiting for the final song to end  
In this dirty nightclub  
All the souls are bleeding  
Reaching for the big decision  
Disco floor or television  
Time and time again  
You hear the so-called friends  
The smug de-facto critics in their movie backdrop cities  
Sneering sitdown and listen  
Life's a lonely escalator  
It's a fool who doesn't know he has to leap off at the end  
Well they were never at the guesthouse  
With the ghost of Jimmy Rodgers  
Watching Townsville sugar sunsets back in 1959  
And they'll all be gone when the end is come  
And I'm kneeling in the backroom  
Crying Lord I'm just a trouper, let me play it one more time