

Balthazar, Impresario

Frank Turner

My name is Balthazar, Impresario
And you'll find me at the bottom of the page
I have artist's hands, though I'm a working man
But my craft has been forgotten by the age
So tonight will be my last night on the stage

This is my family's trade, my father built this place
At the turning of the twentieth century
I have been working here, for some fifty years
But the young these days are glued to TV screens
And the old girl is dying on her feet

Once more to the boards
One more curtain call
Give the crowd everything they're asking for and more
Always make them laugh
Try to make them cry
Always take the stage like it's the last night of your life

My friends from theatre school all thought I was a fool
For leaving Shakespeare for the music hall
And now my son's left home, and set out on his own
And the critics think we're quaint but set to fall
But they've only seen the show from the stalls

Once more to the boards
One more curtain call
Give the crowd everything they're asking for and more
Always make them laugh
Try to make them cry
Always take the stage like it's the last night of your life

And all the things I've seen behind these tattered seams
And all the upturned faces with the lamplight in their eyes
And each imperfect turn flickers as it burns
Only lasts a moment but for me they'll never die

We are respected
We're not remembered
We are the ghosts of Vaudeville
Unnumbered

We are the fathers of the halls
Yeah but we'll never be famous
We aren't just artists, we are something more:
We're entertainers
I smooth my thinning hair in a gilded mirror
To try to hide the tell-signs of my age
My name is Balthazar, Impresario
And tonight will be my last night on the stage.