

Roses

Imelda May

Who will throw me roses
At the final curtain call?
Who will clap and stamp and chant
In an empty music hall?

I've lived every word I write
And acted up under overlights
But when you go home
Arm in arm

I go back to an empty room
No afterglow
After the aftershow
The sacrifice
For art I suppose

It imitates life you see
Limitates privacy
I try to give all of me
But hate the cold reality that
Let's me live out on the stage

My fantasy when what I really crave is
Not 'like' from some
But love from one
So who will throw me roses?