

## 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?