The Actor

Old 97's

The actor sits in a windowless room
Applying his makeup, remembering his friends
They're all dead now, or married with children
It's the very same thing where the actor is concerned

He loves his life but it's such an awful lot
With faking his feelings and fumblin' around
Ties the laces on his favorite shoe
At least that's what he feels like his character would do

It's not his life
For the next two hours
Yeah he is ours
Beneath the lights

The actor tries not to drink until after the work is all over but som
etimes he must
Silence the chorus of voices and noise of orders and order his mind t
o shut up

He loves his job, but it's the kind of a job
Where you sit and you sit and you sit and you sit
So he shows the butler his favorite shirt
'Cause that's what he feels like his character would do

It's not his life
For the next two hours
Yeah he is ours
Beneath the lights

Oh and when it's over
The man will go out
And drink to black out
Every night

The actor sits in a windowless room
Applyin' his makeup, rememberin' his friends
They're all dead now, or married with kids
It's the very same thing

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The man will go out
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