

# Diana Krall, Abandoned Masquerade

The glitter on a paint and plaster face  
Is covering desire and disgrace  
We could be lovers  
But no one suspects at all  
Once you're inside that costume ball

And now I'm sitting here before the mirror  
I have the skill still to disguise my tears  
Then as the magic starts to fade  
I find myself abandoning the masquerade

Even though you're suffering  
You try to hide it  
And pretend you're so nonchalant  
You can cry a pool of tears  
And sit beside it  
Then perhaps you'll know what you want

I hope you never feel this much despair  
Or know the meaning of that empty chair  
As the illusions that we made all fall away  
In this abandoned masquerade