

# Poor Old Lu, This Theatre

this theatre  
is so run down  
the grabbing hands  
oh the people of this town  
my costume is on  
and the scenery shines  
they all wait for me  
to say my lines

countless in numbers  
are the laughter and tears  
the emotions so differ of he who hears

i laugh in fear  
as i cross the stage  
my whole life's been used  
just to reach this age  
and now i'm stepping in  
to begin again  
and i start to cry  
will this ever end

i dance and i dance  
and i sing and i sing  
i hope my conscience won't let me  
keep this masquerade going

i finish my part  
and the lights go down  
and once again  
i'm just a clown