

Bishop Allen, Empire City

Somewhere in the front of the footlights
I'm looking for a good place to sit
All my lines get so complicated
That I take a fall into the orchestra pit

Samson suffered the same fate
Powerless and losing his haird
Somewhere in the wings there's a sensible whisper:
When the hero dies, does the audience care?

All the sneaky things we could do in the dark
And with every chance, I'd end up missing my mark
In the city of night, out in the city of snow
We kept playing the part where she's letting me go
She always reminds me:
We're playing the part where she's letting me go

Somewhere in the Empire City
Someone takes a curtain call
I'm so broke at the end of the evening
That you'll find me hopeless in the back of the hall

Brutus suffered the same fate
They left him all alone with his shame
Somewhere in the wings there's a sensible whisper:
When you wield the knife, learn to carry the blame