Snow Phoebe, No Show Tonight

There'll be no show tonight
No the music won't sound right
The audience is being polite
And I can't act tonight
Don't make me
And I can't act tonight
I guess I missed my cue, yeah
When he said we were through
He walked off stage
With some ingenue
And all I can act is blue
I really mean it
And no stand-in will do
Take back your Oscar
Your horseshoe made of flowers
You'll find me down
At the local pool hall
Tying up the phone for hours
Who could have guessed how
He'd rewrite the script
For me, yeah
I might be Sarah Heartburn
But I can't cover up this jealousy
And I can't cover up this jealousy
Let me fly again soon
And give me back my toy balloon
He's got me grounded
In my dressing room
And he's got me grounded
In my dressing room