

Split Enz, 129

Hiding in the wings forever
We'll take the stage, cos it's now or never
And the whole thing reeks of cheap striptease
The matinee idylls they all fall to their knees

It's not all first nights at all
There's nothing more dull than a curtain call
'get on with it'

Playing Romeo, you make your debut ('yes you do!')
Rose red cheeks but your face is all blue
It's not all bouquets & white crayons
They're going to laugh when you look down
I'm going to ask you if you want to be a chorus boy
You can mime the tragedy while we all sing along

It's not all first nights at all
There's nothing more dull than a curtain call
'jolly good show everyone'