

# The Hold Steady, Slapped Actress

Don't tell my sister  
About your most recent vision  
Don't tell my family  
They're all wicked strict Christians  
Don't tell the hangers-on  
Don't tell your friends  
Don't tell them we went down to Ybor City again

Don't tell the dancers  
They'll just get distracted  
Don't tell the DJs  
They already suspect us  
Don't mention the bloodshed  
Don't mention the skins  
Don't tell them Ybor City almost killed us again

We are the theater  
They are the people  
Dressed up to be saved  
Looking upwards and dreaming  
We're the projectors  
We're hosting the screening  
We're the dust in the spotlights  
We're just kinda floating

Don't drop little hints  
I don't want them to guess  
Don't mention Tampa  
They'll just know all the rest  
Don't mention bloodshed  
Don't tell them it hurts  
Don't say we saw angels  
They'll take us straight to the church

They queue up for tickets  
To see the performance  
They push to get closer  
Looking upwards with wonder

We are the actors  
The cameras are rolling  
I'll be Ben Gazzara  
You'll be Gina Rowlands

Sometimes actresses get slapped

Sometimes actresses get slapped  
Sometimes fake fights turn out bad  
Sometimes actresses get slapped  
Some nights making it look real  
Might end up with someone hurt  
Some nights it's just entertainment  
And some other nights it's work

They come in for the feeding  
Sit in stadium seating  
They're holding their hands out  
For the body and blood now

We're the directors  
Our hands will hold steady  
I'll be John Cassavettes  
Let me know when you're ready

Man, we make our own movies