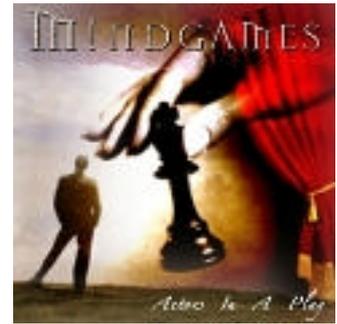# Both Sides of The Show

From the album Actors In A Play (2006)

Prologue

Of all the characters that pass out of the window,
there is no-one who never lived a life.
Some may be so fortunate that you remember them.
Some may not be recognised at all.
For each authority you meet within your daily life it's clear,
your father plays the role.
For all you feel inside, provide for your own family, you will
still hear your mother's call.
To find reality as for one's personality,
only near ones can witness who we are.
Outside the door you have to be somebody else,
but the mask you wear is known by everyone.

The pretender's parade

Make up your mind, don't hesitate.
There is a place to defend.
Maybe you're right, maybe you're wrong.
Maybe you can't comprehend.
Something to show, something to hide.
Here in this game you pretend.
Never enough, there is a need to contend.

Every look, every wink,
Every movement you make.
Every frown, every blink,
Every smile that you fake.
Keeping it all under control.
Beware of the pictures they take.
Never complain! They're doing it all for your sake.

Follow the script, study the lines,
Try to rehearse on that phrase.
Getting it right, polish your style,
Aching for honour and praise.
On to the stage, into the dark,
Only a light on your face.
Hearing your voice echo all over the place.

Everywhere, you're never alone,
they seem to be always around.
Look at the left, look at the right,
you seem to be out of your ground.
They're willing to know, hoping to catch,
every gossip or sound.
Try to behave, you are the talk of the town!

March on a place, get on the streets!
Walk for the giant crusade.
people abound, walking behind,
follow you, all in blind-faith.
Feeling ok, proud of yourself,
for all the progress you made.
you're at the head of the pretender's parade!

Finale

The lights fade out. The curtain glows.
High hopes are focused on the play to come alive.
Sit back and enjoy. Silence required.
Tension is brewing in the air.

The director is here, the props all around.
Playwrights did the best they could to formulate
the ripping words to hear, triggering your fear.
Spectators hold your breath.

Open the gates for the other world to see.
The writer's fantasy is supposed to be our destiny.
Right from the start your walk-on part,
is planned down to the last detail.

Into the light where the leading men appear,
you suddenly realize you are conditioned to revere.
Using the tricks, the idée fixe
Appearance still prevails.

Sometimes I doubt the things I've seen.
Is it all a lie or is it real?
Find them next to you, find them in charge,
The actors in the play.

Ooh, calm down, my friend.
The treasure of all sincerity is concealed within yourself.
Ooh, calm down, my friend.
Make them laugh, make them cry, emotions never lie.

Let's hope they start to cheer, when all the lights fade out!

One by one, we're going for the truth.
Building the ideals that inflamed throughout our youth.
Then a certain day, life's mysterious way,
meanders through the valleys of our minds.

No-one is an island, no-one born alone.
Looking for some kindred spirits to brave "The Great
Unknown".
Losing the ideal, we bow to strong appeal.
The most convincing one will get our vote.

Find your own way! In this world of make believe,
Every single trade is part of all the masquerade.
Kings take the lead, while you paid for your seat.

They jeopardise your place upon the board.

But now it's your move, go try and save your skin.
Some of us will lose the game, some of us will win.
No in-betweens, act on your dreams.
Before the curtain falls…

Sometimes I doubt the things I've seen.
Is it all a lie or is it real?
Find them next to you, find them in charge,
The actors in the play.

Ooh, calm down, my friend.
The treasure of all sincerity is concealed within yourself.
Ooh, calm down, my friend.
Make them laugh, make them cry, emotions never lie.