

## **Bishop Allen "Empire City"**

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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 hair  
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

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