

Bruce Hornsby & The Range

"The Show Goes On"

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B. R. Hornsby

What's the long face, whats all the crying for
Did you expect it when you opened your door
To the man with the long coat and the long list of
victims
Everybody watching knows he's the one keeping score
>From where she sits, everyone stands in judgement
People watching as the curtain falls down
See the lights do a long slow fade...

The show goes on, and the sad-eyed sisters go walking
on
Everyone watching all along
The show goes on, as the autumn's coming
and the summer's all gone
Still without you, the show goes on

Some say she's alright, some say she'll never learn
Some rush into things, some stand and wait their turn
I've been here all along standing here all this time
But you never noticed, that the same tired flames burn
>From where I sit, everyone stands in judgement
Everybody watching as the curtain falls down
See the lights do a long slow fade

The show goes on, and the sad-eyed sisters go walking
all along
Everyone watching all along
The show goes on, as the autumn's coming
and the summer's all gone
Still without you, the show goes on

Time is passing, slowly passing you by
You better try to find it before it passes you by
As I watch you walking to another cold dawn
And you keep on walking
And they keep on talking
Talking all along

>From where she sits, everyone stands in judgement

Everybody watching as the curtain falls down
See the lights do a long slow fade
The show goes on, and the sad-eyed sisters go walking
on
Everyone watching all along
The show goes on, as the autumn's coming
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