

Charlotte Church

"The Actors"

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A silhouette of cigarette smoke crescents the wall
In purple pearl for the curtain call
I'm resigned to the fact that I'm alone in life
Lonely life, lonely life

I'm in the wings
The chorus sings on my own pretending
But here it is ceaseless and unbending
Life's to rest on my happiness
My constant trying
Lonely life, lonely life

Where did the actors go?
Backed out renounced the show
And left me stumbling on the stage
With just a rhyme left on the page
With just one act left of the play
And one more line for me to say
Lonely life, lonely life

Could it be that I'm the one caring and not cared for
Or is it there something I've not dared to comprehend
I'm content to just pretend they want me
Lonely life, lonely life

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