

## Chiquititas

### "Showtime"

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Showtime

Hang a guitar on my shoulder

Check the vacant drooling faces round the room

Another heartbreak battle

And I'm only getting older

Jesus help me when I say I'll give it all up pretty soon

Daytime

Time to fight the morning's headache

Gulp an aspirin bang together one more song

Inspiration cauterised

By years of useless heartache

Every shallow nights reaction sounding twisted up and wrong

These last years

Years gone down to the showtime

Showtime

Try to catch the spark

That got me hooked so many years ago and died

Second-rate musicians

Feeding infantile illusions

Reading music magazines to keep the habit satisfied

Pitching

To some demographic average

What the hell he's staying home for, I don't see him

here tonight

Thirteen years and over

Tuned to radio between the hours

Of six and seven-thirty, AM programmer's delight

These last years

Years gone down to the showtime

I never knew it could be

So misleading

Waiting for the final song to end

In this dirty nightclub

All the souls are bleeding

Reaching for the big decision

Disco floor or television

Time and time again  
You hear the so-called friends  
The smug de-facto critics in their movie backdrop cities  
Sneering sitdown and listen  
Life's a lonely escalator  
It's a fool who doesn't know he has to leap off at the  
end  
Well they were never at the guesthouse  
With the ghost of Jimmy Rodgers  
Watching Townsville sugar sunsets back in 1959  
And they'll all be gone when the end is come  
And I'm kneeling in the backroom  
Crying Lord I'm just a trouper, let me play it one more  
time

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