

## Darren Hanlon

### "Lights"

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Your things do not belong here  
They now look out of place  
Just like a crooked painting  
Your face would not stay straight  
We've got to get out while we can  
Our peace we will forever hold  
One more night without a blanket  
Someone's bound to catch a cold  
Ah-ah  
Just like the devil's disguise  
So are the days of our lives

But before you leave I have  
Confession to make  
It was only to impress your parents  
All those nights I washed the plates  
Scatched on an actor's textbook:  
"There are some things you just can't fake"  
Ah-ah  
Now I've got dishpan hands

Now the show is finally over  
There's something I must stress  
There'll be no more revivals  
My love I repossess  
Ah-ah  
We missed our curtain call  
There's nothing left to say at all  
Except lights, camera, action

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