

Frank Turner

"Balthazar, Impresario"

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My name is Balthazar, Impresario,
And you'll find me at the bottom of the page.
I have artist hands, though I'm a working man,
But my craft has been forgotten by the age,
So tonight will be my last night on the stage.

This is my family's trade, my father built this place
At the turning of the twentieth century.
I have been working here for some fifty years,
But the young these days are glued to TV screens,
And the old girl is dying on her feet.

Once more to the boards, one more curtain call,
Give the crowd everything they're asking for and more.
Always make them laugh, try to make them cry,
Always take the stage like it's the last night of your life.

My friends from theater school, all thought I was a fool
For leaving Shakespeare for the music hall.
And now my son's left home and set out on his own,
And the critics think we're quaint but set to fall.
But they've only seen the show from the stalls.

Once more to the boards, one more curtain call,
Give the crowd everything they're asking for and more.
Always make them laugh, try to make them cry,
Always take the stage like it's the last night of your life.
All the things I've seen, behind these tattered scenes,
All the upturned faces with the lamplight in their eyes,
And each imperfect turn that flickers as it burns;
They only last a moment but for me they'll never die.

We are respected, we're not remembered.
We are the Ghosts of Vaudeville unnumbered.
We are the fathers of the halls but we'll never be
famous.
We aren't just artists, we are something more, we're
entertainers.

I smooth my thinning hair in a gilded mirror,
To try to hide the tell-signs of my age.

My name is Balthazar, Impresario,
And tonight will be my last night on the stage.

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