

## Inishmore

# "The Theatre Of My Life: Act I: The Sign"

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Down on Skid Row,  
Where all the fallen people use to go,  
A sign is hanging beside the street  
Saying something I can hardly read.  
A beggar sitting next to it every day  
And I am wondering what the sign could say.  
I can't get this out of my mind  
I can't resist anymore  
Now's the time I want to know!  
I'm walking up to the board  
Ancient letters invite me to the show...

[Chorus]  
It's a sign on the street  
That is catching my sight  
It will guide me into the night,  
A sign on the street

Weather-beaten and decayed  
A tombstone for those who have failed  
Paying for this play I walk up to the door,  
Entering a new dimension as I have never seen before.  
Overwhelmed by this 19th century entrance hall  
A pale light of candles is shining from the wall  
I walk into the theatre through a curtain,  
On the other side everything seems so uncertain.  
In the room hardly any light is near  
And none of the audience realises that I'm here.

[Chorus]

The people in this hall so strange I'd love to run  
Like creatures managing their lives in the shadow of  
the sun.  
But something holds me back I can't let go,  
As I hear the magic words "welcome to the show"

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