

Jon English

"Beating the Boards"

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I've been drivin' out back in a 10 ton Mack, eating dust
from the central we-est
And if I ain't been spendin' all my money, then at least
I've been doin' my be-est
They went and took away all the cameras and drunk up
all my champa-agne
And roll me over right, into Saturday night, it started all
over agai-ain

But oh-oh, that's beating the boards, oh-oh, that's
beating the boards
Facing the Lor-ord, we're beating the boards again

And then you walk inside all bleary-eyed
And you're ready just to lie in a heap
And you don't even think about the two-quid drinks
Or the hours that you just couldn't sleep
And then some guy's wife wants an autograph
And some thing got out of hand
And then you rattle the floor and pray to the Lord
Help me through the show agai-ain

But oh-oh, that's beating the boards, oh-oh, that's
beating the boards
Facing the Lord, we're beating the boar-oards again
They're layin' out on the floor (Oh-oh that's beating the
boards)
Yelling for more-ore (Oh-oh that's beating the boards)
Oh facing the Lord, they're beating the boar-oards
again and agai-ain

You're out on the stage again tonight with nothin' but
yourself on the li-i-ine
And you're singin' songs abou-out heated nights,
singin' songs and we'll all hold tight
There's music, there's emotion, there's a curtain callin'
your na-a-a-ame
The play is settin', your nerves growin' tight - said, Oh,
it's all the price of fame...
Oh facing the Lord, we're beating the boar-oards again
and again and

When you sing the song, it don't take too long to work
out all of the si-igns
When you get to the top and you think you can stop
There's another damn mountai

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