

Alicia Bridges

"II"

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Pigment pale and figure frail
I feel your hands tremble in mine
As you rest your head on the motel bed
Asking what's left behind

When you take a bow
And the curtains close
They will applaud you
For playing the role
Of a wretched child
With a bleeding nose
An empty stomach
And beautiful clothes

Who's to tell of the quiet hell
Cast in your soul
Burning you down
A patient too sick to wait
You sought to medicate
You meant to feel better
But all you feel is nothing now

When you take a bow
And the curtains close
They will applaud you
For playing the role
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When you take a bow

Take a bow

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