

Hold Steady, The "Slapped Actress"

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Don't tell my sister about your most recent vision
Don't tell my family, they're all wicked strict Christians
Don't tell the hangers-on, don't tell your friends
Don't tell them we went down to Ybor City again

Don't tell the dancers, they'll just get distracted
Don't tell the DJs, they already suspect us
Don't mention the bloodshed, don't mention the skins
Don't tell them Ybor City almost killed us again

We are the theater, they are the people
Dressed up to be seated, looking upwards and
dreaming
We're the projectors, we're hosting the screening
We're dust in the spotlights, we're just kind of floating

Don't drop little hints, I don't want them to guess
Don't mention Tampa, they'll just know all the rest
Don't mention bloodshed, don't tell them it hurts
Don't say we saw angels, they'll take us straight to the
church

They queue up for tickets to see the performance
They push to get closer, looking upwards with wonder
We are the actors, the cameras are rolling
I'll be Ben Gazzara, you'll be Gina Rowlands

Sometimes actresses get slapped
Sometimes actresses get slapped
Sometimes fake fights turn out bad
Sometimes actresses get slapped

Some nights making it look real
Might end up with someone hurt
Some nights it's just entertainment
And some other nights it's work

They come in for the feeding, sit in stadium seating
They're holding their hands out for the body and blood
now
We're the directors, our hands will hold steady

I'll be John Cassavettes, let me know when you're ready

Man, we make our own movies

Man, we make our own movies

Man, we make our own movies

Man, we make our own movies

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