

## **Lucksmiths, The**

### **"After The After Party"**

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Even the most familiar face  
Can disappear without a trace  
Amidst a crowd of theatregoers  
I had been waiting for a while  
My stare mistaken for a smile  
Till I found the person  
No-one knows as well as I do  
A hug hello and I'm beside you again

I know the lines to read between  
And when you've stolen every scene  
For good and all, the curtain closes  
And though you mightn't win awards  
The audience applauds

No-one knows as well as I do  
The untold hours till I'm beside you again  
But tomorrow when you wake  
And you feel a little flat  
I won't make the mistake  
Of reminding you of that

The understudy understands  
The patience it demands  
We're enjoying what we'll just call champagne  
If they could only act their age  
But all the world's a stage they're going through

After the after party is over  
And the last of the cast is removed from the sofa  
Then, and only then, am I beside you again  
Late at night on threadbare carpet  
So in the cold, hard light of the supermarket  
Please! There were grazes on my knees

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