

### **Velvet Curtain** (capo 5)

I swept up the garbage, the cups and the wrappers  
The theater was empty, the crowd had gone home  
A circle of dust in the light from the rafters  
The wooden broom handle, a microphone

And i sang to the dark rows, all velvet and empty  
The curtain majestic, in folds to the floor  
I sang so the angels would never forget me  
The rush of their robes as they rose up for more

The night circled in like a dog in the alley  
All matted and skinny, and face full of hurt  
The theater still ringing, with lost dreams of glory  
The echoing voices of some brighter world

And i sang to the mezzanine, the gold-painted ceiling  
The orchestra spinning, the bright chandelier  
I sang so the angels would feel what i'm feeling  
An empty so deep, i'm afraid i'm not here

The last note it lingered, the dust settled round me  
A silence so heavy, it cut to the bone  
And deep in the shadows, the rustle of clapping  
I rushed to the back row, still holding the broom

And a man who had crept in, all haggard and dirty  
A bag of belongings, and tears in his eyes  
I'll never forget this, he said as he left me  
I needed to hear someone singing tonight



