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Why Must The Show Go On

Reference number PT0211

*BOY*

Why must the show go on?  
It can't be all that indispensable;  
To me it really isn't sensible  
On the whole  
To play a leading role  
While fighting those tears you can't control.

*GIRL*

Why kick up your legs  
When draining the dregs  
Of sorrow's bitter cup?  
Because you have read  
Some idiot has said,  
'The Curtain must go up'!

*BOY*

I'd like to know why a star takes bows  
Having just returned from burying her spouse?

*ALL*

Brave boop-a-doopers,  
Go home and dry your tears,  
Gallant old troupers  
You've bored us all for years.  
And when you're so blue,  
Wet through,  
And thoroughly woe-begone,  
Why must the show go on?

*BOY*

Oh Mammy!

*ALL*

Why must the show go on?

*BOY*

We're asked to condole  
With each tremulous soul  
Who steps out to be loudly applauded.  
Stars on opening nights  
Sob when they see their names in lights.  
Though people who act  
As a matter of fact  
Are financially amply rewarded,  
It seems, while pursuing their calling,  
Their suffering's simply appalling!

*ALL*

But butchers and bakers  
And candlestick makers  
Get little applause for their pains,  
And when I think of miners  
And waiters in Diners  
One query for ever remains:

*ALL*

Why must the show go on?

*GIRL*

The rule is surely not immutable.  
It might be wiser and more suitable  
Just to close  
If you are in the throes  
Of personal grief and private woes.

*BOY*

Why stifle a sob  
While doing your job  
When, if you use your head,  
You'd go out and grab  
A comfortable cab  
And go right home to bed?

*ALL*

Because you're not giving us much fun,  
This 'Laugh Clown, Laugh' routine's been overdone.  
Hats off to show folks  
For smiling when they're blue,

*MEN*

But more *comme-il-faut* folks  
Are sick of smiling through,

*BOY & GIRL*

And if you're out cold,  
Too old

And most of your teeth have gone,

*ALL*

Why must the show go on?

*BOY*

I sometimes wonder,  
Why must the show go on?

*ALL*

Why must the show go on?

*BOY*

Why not announce the closing night of it?

*GIRL*

The public seem to hate the sight of it

Dear, and so

Why you should undergo

This terrible strain we'll never know.

*MEN*

We know that you're sad,

We know that you've had

A lot of storm and strife,

But is it quite fair

To ask us to share

Your dreary private life?

*ALL*

We know you're trapped in a gilded cage,  
But for Heaven's sake, relax and be your age.

Stop being gallant,

And don't be such a bore,

Pack up your talent,

There's always plenty more.

And if you lose hope

Take dope

And lock yourself in the John.

Why must the show go on?

*BOY*

I'm merely asking

*ALL*

Why must the show go on?