

## **And The Band Plays On**

Written by Graeme Lockhart

you don't know you've been to heaven,  
till you've spent some time in hell,  
you don't see the lights in front of you,  
'till they turn them off as well,  
you don't recognise the truth of it,  
'till you think you've seen the proof of it,  
you don't see the other side of it,  
'till you've raised ol' merry hell,  
and the words that meant so much to you,  
fall useless limp in front of you,  
and the time that was bequeathed to you,  
was surely better spent,  
but get up you fool there's more of it,  
you haven't seen the setting sun just yet,  
and the band plays on,

sweep me off my feet again,  
teach me right from wrong again,  
there's silence out in front of me,  
but we can still whip up a storm,  
so salute the soul and mint the sky,  
beat the how's and toast the whys,  
we're richer now than that windows guy,  
and still of woman born,  
but the words that meant so much to me,  
come back to twist and trouble me,  
and the leg I use for standing on,  
just seems a little old,  
but get up you fool there's more of it,  
you haven't seen the setting sun just yet,  
and the band plays on,