

One Stage Before

Al Stewart

It seems to me as though I've been upon this stage before
And juggled away the night for the same old crowd
These harlequins you see with me, they too have held the floor
As here once again they strut and they fret their hour
I see those half-familiar faces in the second row
Ghost-like with the footlights in their eyes
But where or when we met like this last time I just don't know
It's like a chord that rings and never dies
For infinity.

And now these figures in the wings with all their restless tunes
Are waiting for someone to call their names
They walk the backstage corridors and prowl the dressing-rooms
And vanish to specks of light in the picture-frames
But did they move upon the stage a thousand years ago
In some play in Paris or Madrid?
And was I there among them then, in some travelling show
And is it all still locked inside my head
For infinity.

And some of you are harmonies to all the notes I play;
Although we may not meet still you know me well
While others talk in secret keys and transpose all I say
And nothing I do or try can get through the spell
So one more time we'll dim the lights and ring the curtain up
And play again like all the times before
But far behind the music you can almost hear the sounds
Of laughter like the waves upon the shores
Of infinity.