**And the Band Played On**

*Nancy McCallion*

Life is too hard to not get along

To feel so lonesome when everyone’s gone

If you’d paid attention you might have a friend

But what does it matter we’re alone in the end

And the band plays on…

Sometimes I picture you there in your room

Cold in the evening but lovely at noon

Perhaps if you’d kept it all under your sleeve

The boys wouldn’t laugh and the girls wouldn’t leave

And the band plays on…

How lovely she sways

As the memory plays

A love so divine

To last throughout all time

We all got caught in the muck of the day

Night caps at sundown to wash it away

By three in the morning you toss and you turn

The cure isn’t working but you never learn

And the band plays on…

The old speakers rattle in the new concert hall

The moon is replaced by a bright disco ball

The clink of the glasses the liquor’s perfume

The loneliness waiting at home in your room

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