**FRONT ROW**

I Got Here Two Minutes To Showtime

The Subway Was On A Delay

So I Ran From The Train Like Ussain Bolt-ing Some Place

Untouched By The Damn MTA

They’re Dimming The House Lights With Fury

And Scanning My Ticket Like Mad

I’m Here Just In Time, That’s No Crime—

But There’s Sadly Just One Seat That’s Left To Be Had

Tiptoe Down The Aisle As I’m Holding my Breath

The Chair That Remains Is A Fate Worse Than Death

So, Now I’m

Sitting In The Front Row At A Friend’s Cabaret

It’s What They Gave Me

Pretending From The Front Row That A Friend Is Going To Slay

Someone Please Save Me

Im Forced To Wear A Smile As They They Try To Act

And Suffer Through Uncomfortable Eye Contact

This Is Hell

What A Plight

Lord, It’s Gonna Be A Long, Long Night

God, Somebody Tell Me Why I Had To Be The Guy Stuck With This Horrible Job

The Whole of the Crowd Can Watch Me As I Down A Scotch Wondering If I’ve Got A Problem

It’s Hard Feeling Low When Your Plate of Risotto Balls Can’t Be Devoured In Peace

Cus There’s Somebody Standing Two Inches In Front Of You

Squawking Thru “Love Me Do” Like They’re A Gaggle of Geese

Completely Helpless To The Humiliation

Of Audience Participation

And Having To Cheer, As We Hear The Worst Piano Solo I’ve Heard In At Least The Last Year, Oh!

You look like you’re having so much fun up there!

This is Hell

What A Plight

Someone Tell Me

I’m Right

And Then Free Me From The Harm, Before I Pull The Fire Alarm And End This

Sitting In The Front Row At A Friend’s Cabaret

My Outlook’s Dark Now

Sitting In The Front Row While A Friend Just Warbles Away

On Meadowlark Now

When You’ve Got A Friend, Support You Show Em—

But Now I Don’t Remember How I Even Know Em

Was It School? Can’t Recall.

Or the Gym.

Fuck It All

It’s Been Fun

What A Show,

Girl, I’m Done

Gotta Go

Cus Life’s Too Short To Waste Away

At Someone’s Shitty Cabaret Full of Spite

It’s Not Gonna Be A Long, Long, Long, Long Night