# *The Hamburger Ballet*

Words & Music: **Pat Drummond**
**For the lady who ran the Hamburger stand on Liverpool Rd, Sydney,**
**for over 15 years and for all the Vaudevillians, troubadours and itinerant showman**
**who have enriched our lives acoss the centuries.**
**Dateline: Friday, February 3rd, 1989**

**It's four in the morning on Liverpool Road**
**and I'm sharing a take away stand**
**With the truckies and the cabbies and the ragged remains**
**of itinerent Rock 'n' Roll bands**
**and the waitress is wearing a sigh on her face**
**as she stares through the caravan door**
**I've seen that look somewhere before**
**I've worn it myself on nights when I swore**
**That I just couldn't take anymore.**

**And we stand there in silence and watch while she works**
**It's got some of the air of a show**
**as she juggles the plates and delivers the steaks**
**and orders the buns into rows**
**but she moves like a verse that's been over rehearsed**
**till the words have no meaning at all**
**She's made all these movements before**
**and it shows in her soul that she's tired of the role**
**and frantically, desperately bored**

**Chorus: And I know how she feels but then**
**there's lots of us condemned**
**to live out our dreams as a series of scenes**
**performed again and again, done over and over again**

**But there once was a time when she first crossed the line**
**and she rolled the grey raincovers down;**
**when her pride was her wealth and she prided herself**
**on the best take away show in town.**
**I suppose we grow old and our best dreams grow cold**
**to a shadow of what they once were**
**The story's as much mine as hers**
**Some dreams survive where most of them die**
**But the sparkle is never preserved**
**Chorus :**
**It's four in the morning on Liverpool Road.....**