He said I want to grow up
And look like Robert Mitchum
And I hope that when I'm gone
There'll be some say that I miss him
He must have been romantic
He must have sensed adventure
And I feel the steel of his strong will
In the frame around his picture

And he's one more arrow flying through the air One more arrow landing in a shady spot somewhere Where the days and nights blend into one And he can always feel the sun Through the soft brown earth that holds him Forever always young

He could have been a boxer
But the fight game seemed so dirty
We argued once he knocked me down
And he cried when he thought he'd hurt me
Strictly from the old school
He was quiet about his pain
And if one in ten could be that brave
I would never hate again

One more arrow
One more arrow
Forever always young