

Watching through the dust
I'm trapped in a theatre of velvet and rust
With lonely shafts of light
And other ghosts drinking refreshments that's served up by skeletons
It's the spaces in the dark
Where shadows of dead souls dance on the wall
Where not only were you the star
But you were the bleak soundtrack to my film noire
Yeah that was you

And it's my job to be
embittered and constantly proving a mystery
But we're dismal in the roles
I'm scratchy and mono as Bogart
And you are a sepia Monroe -
Who's beneath the cobwebs and the chandeliers
With others who've been dead for years
Like heroes brought to life again
Like picture shows and Rocket-men
And the light that fills the room
Well it's the flicker from a paper moon
And when the film is run and through
Well that's when the darkness must win