

Those Old Black And White Movies Were True

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The street glistens like the stars in the sky
The frost christens every car that drives by
And then I know
Those old black and white movies were true

A slow taxi through the twinkling glitz
Takes us past the megastores
The whores, the poor, the rich in the Ritz
Then I know
Those old black and white movies were true

Is there enough change in your pocket
For another gin and tonic?
And a moment when the conscience explodes
The snow upon the bonnet
The picture
The song
The sonnet
The morning light as she puts on your clothes

The steps up out of the subway to the cold
Your cute face, dumb hat, runny nose

Yeah I know
Those old black and white movies were true