

They said that Hollywood was
never gonna be the same without you,
still, you're gone.

How could we forget that face
and all that silver, flickering grace
that died with the silent age?
When everybody knew your name;
they all knew your name.

Born wild like a prairie flower,
she was sown by the wind and blown for miles.
Kansas couldn't keep the child.

Hell-bound for the Great White Way,
for the tawdry-bawdy burlesque stage
and Wichita was miles and miles away.

Everybody knew your name.
Everybody knew your name,
they knew your name.

So you burned the candle,
burned it at both ends.
So love ends in scandal.
You burned it brief; you burned it bright.
And the light in your immortal eyes
is the light that will never die.

Christened in straight-up gin,
Pandora was born in Weimar Berlin
and that was the rise before the fall!

Everybody sat in the dark, dark, black as night.
Everybody wanted to go where the light was so bright
and your shining face was gonna lead the way.

Homecoming like a heroine-bride
but the honeymoon was over before you arrived
and now they all cursed your name.
Everybody cursed your name.

Cold winds of Gotham howled
and the princess pawned her celluloid crown
in the glass castle walls.

Where nobody knew your name.
Nobody knew your name.