

James Cagney

Nik Kershaw

Talk tougher than James Cagney
Act smarter than Charlie Chan
Love longer than Valentino
Or you never will be a man

I saw him down at the drive-in Saturday
A forty five to blow away anyone who happens to disagree
With such panache and style, he wins the game
When all the while, I'm sitting here thinking that it could be me

Suddenly, in walks a criminologist
With too much knowledge to resist and plenty of answers
For the good at heart
No fear, no pain, no sweat, the teardrop on the serviette
Oh I could be a hero if I was that smart

Silver cloud, silver tongue on a silver screen
With the sweetest of the sweet and the meanest of the mean

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Back to the movies where
The lady, beset by his charms, falls faintly in the lovers arms
The fate of every watching woman in his hands
After the earth moves, musn't dwell, our hero bids a fond farewell
Upon his trusty camel 'cross desert sands

With bad guys in a fix and the ladies in a spin
Where does fantasy end and reality begin?

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When you take up the sword and you fight the good fight
With your ego in the red and your dreams in black and white

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