

Film Noir

Simon Carly

Got on in New Haven
Last car on the train.
Put my hat on the seat,
Wipe the tears from my eyes.

I watched my life go by,
Like a movie in my brain.
Scenes unreeling;
In a sceneless chain
On the window,
and a silver screen of rain!

And the opening title scroll,
and the score comes in and under.
And I'm in the starring role,
in a world of love-struck wonder;

It's a tale full of promise, about two crazy kids;
Falling in love, but in flashback.

And then the music,
that gorgeous music;
And I wake up,
Rattling down the railroad track.

He could be sweet,
But I stayed on my guard.
Just how good a liar
can a decent man be?

I always played my hand
Like I didn't have the cards.
Cause he held them all
So I could never see.
Yes, he played me for a fool,
and I agreed.

And the closing credits roll,
And the waves come in like thunder.
Cause the hero's lost control,
And I made a fatal blunder.

Just another sad story;
Two star-crossed kids,
Racing headlong up a cul-de-sac.

And then that music,
That mournful music.
And the train's disappearing
Down that railroad track.

And the long, slow dissolve,
As we fade to black.