

Classic Hollywood Ending

Stan Ridgway

Hear the wind blow back those sycamore trees
There's a screen test haunting my memories
I've been driving down the boulevard, not much change
It's the same old town, just rearranged
But by the time our feature ended, fear still stood
Like an old time movie, like a film from Hollywood
Oh, my screen goes up, and my lights go down
My picture starts but there is no sound
The only thing I hear is a guitar play
From a lonesome place so far away
And I'd let you do the rewrite now, if I only could
Like an old time movie, like a film from Hollywood
Now when that scene starts to fade out fast
The one where I exit, stage right
And then we cut to the boxing match
Inside the colosseum, with that crowd so ugly
And by the time we see dreams disappear
The audience has learned to cheer
But then fashion changed that underground
It's the same old circus with brand new clowns
And I'm lookin' out this window now on the corner where we stood
Like an old time movie, like a film from Hollywood
Now I never knew how your curtain came down
Or what was backstage in your mind
We never played that lost reel we found
The lights went up, and we'd run out of time
Out of time
And it's only when the curtain's down that the ending's understood
Like an old time movie, like a film from Hollywood