

## Old Movies

Amplifier

Watching through the dust  
I'm trapped in a theatre of velvet and rust  
With lonely shafts of light  
And other ghosts drinking refreshments that's served up by skeletons  
It's the spaces in the dark  
Where shadows of dead souls dance on the wall  
Where not only were you the star  
But you were the bleak soundtrack to my film noire  
Yeah that was you

And it's my job to be  
embittered and constantly proving a mystery  
But we're dismal in the roles  
I'm scratchy and mono as Bogart  
And you are a sepia Monroe -  
Who's beneath the cobwebs and the chandeliers  
With others who've been dead for years  
Like heroes brought to life again  
Like picture shows and Rocket-men  
And the light that fills the room  
Well it's the flicker from a paper moon  
And when the film is run and through  
Well that's when the darkness must win