

Film Noir

Peter Hammill

He casts himself as an adventurer,
all foot on floor and hell for leather;
She never told him what he meant to her-
Perhaps that's for the better.
She's never clearly seen dividing lines
between real life and parts she's chosen,
confuses character and rising sign,
sex and emotions.
She waits in the caravan at the side of the set
for the scene with her leading man
that he'll not forget...
Things get crazy on location
and they had their little swing,
only yesterday he told her
that it didn't mean a thing.
Chorus:She's in love with the hero of the movie
but she's lost herself on some dark trip;
she's in love with being in the movie.
Call for action!
This is it:
The method actress and the shooting script.
So she waits in the caravan
for the film's final scene
and her love/hate for the action man
will fill the silver screen....
On the dresser is the pistol,
in the chamber are the blanks,
in her pocket are the bullets,
with his name upon the shanks
Chorus.