

The Shadow

Robbie Robertson

We were gathered in the front room
Round the old RCA
For another episode of mystery
And suspense

Orson Welles at The Shadow
Comin' over the airwaves
In search of the Black Opal
All he found was bloodstains

I saw a reflection
In a broken mirror
And that's when I knew
The Shadow was here

Way back in the radio days
The Shadow was here

The Black Opal
Had been stolen
If I'm a princess
In Zanzibar
Lives have been lost
In this ruthless escapade

They called upon Lamont Cranston
Otherwise known as The Shadow
They cracked down this killer thief
And reserved the precious stones

I saw a reflection
In a broken mirror

And that's when I knew
The Shadow was here

From way back in the day
Of the radio years
Fighting crime and injustice
The Shadow was here

What evil lurks in the hearts of men?
The Shadow knows
When he returned from Bombay
With a stop in Tibet

Where he studied with the masters
Learned the secrets of the dead
He made himself invisible
And captured this killer thief
Recovered the Black Opal
And some of them for real

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In a broken mirror
That's when I knew
The Shadow was here

From back in the days
Of the radio years
Fighting crime and injustice
The Shadow was here