

# Amanda McBroom, Errol Flynn

In a hall, on a wall, in a house in Rosita  
There's a poster held up by two nails and a pin  
It's my Daddy, the actor, 'bout to die with his boots on  
He's the man standing up there, beside Errol Flynn

He got third or fourth billing at the end of each picture  
&quot;But that don't mean much&quot;; he would say with a grin  
But he'd hold my hand tight as he pointed his name out  
Only four or five names down below Errol Flynn

Now, fame, it is fleeting and stars, they keep falling  
And staying right up there, that's the business of art  
And luck kisses some and she passes by others  
Disappointment and bourbon are hard on the heart

Now, the women and beers, and the years with old Errol  
They took their toll, they took me from his side  
He kissed me goodbye at the old Union Station  
That's the last time I saw him, the last time I cried

Now I'm sitting alone in a house in Rosita  
Watchin' the Late Show as the moonlight shines in  
And up on the screen, well, here comes my Daddy  
It's a sad, funny feeling, now I'm older than him

So, you daddies and daughters, you sons and you mothers  
Remember life's over before it begins  
So love one another and stand close together  
As close as my Dad did to old Errol Flynn