

Latin Quarter, Acid

Their star-light shone bright in the blackout
Like the beams of the usherette
But when the Big Bear bit deep after Yalta
There were those that came to forget.
They went out West for the screening
And they carried a sharp-tooth comb
In search of the double meaning
They were making the fur fly at home.

So get up! Go on! Grip that stand!
And press your hand to your heart
Big Mac is asking the questions
And this is only the start.

Now Mac came on hot and noisy
In his search for aid Uncle Joe
As he tracked him down to Tinsel Town
For Boise, Idaho.
And the folks that queued up for Coogan
Now queued up for the end of a myth
To sit open-mouthed at the newsreel
The night that Chaplin took the Fifth.

And the offers packed up for so many
Dropped like a Wurlitzer into the pit
And what we got for the pain was more John Wayne
And anything else that they saw fit.
Because when they needed to break resistance
And they could not go on using a fist
They took the cameras into the court-house
They circulated a list.