

# 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.