

Cliff Richard, The Golden Days Are Over

She locks the bedroom door - lies face down on the bed
Hears voices down the hall - are they real or in her head
Pictures on the wall - reminders every one
Just memories of the past - of a time that's
Been and gone
All those wild and crazy nights - they still
Dance before her eyes
(those crazy nights - her name in lights)

Look at her now the golden days are over
Look at her now no leading man to hold her
She was one in a million now she's that
Forgotten face
Look at her now the golden days are over

Applauded by the press - an overnight success
A favourite with the fans - had them eating
From her hands
But stars fall from the sky - in the twinkle
Of an eye

There's no more silver screen just another
Broken dream
Still she strikes a classic pose - just in case
The cameras roll
(she steals the scene - relieves the dream)

Look at her now the golden days are over
Look at her now no leading man to hold her
She was one in a million now she's that
Forgotten face
Look at her now she needs someone to hold her
To feed her lines - someone to co-star
Someone to shine

Look at her now the golden days are over
(the golden days are over - they're over)
Look at her now no leading man to hold her
(no m.g.m. - no paramount - no 20th century)
Look at her now the golden days are over
(decline and fall - no curtain call)