

Jon & Vangelis, The Friends Of Mr Cairo

She came, as in the book, Mickey Spillane
That Saturday night dark masquerade
Had filled his friend with lead, the same, sweetheart
But then, as nothing happens quite the same
Investigation is the game
He had to check her story right away-he dead
Sam Space his buddy Archer first to go he got it
She spelt it out, how could they know the 'Fatman' got it
-he dead
Her sister didn't really live at all-confusion-he dead
His chase led to the Fatman, to face the friends of
Mr. Cairo
That night, the double crosser got it right
Pretending he was really dim
He slipped to Sam a double gin (Mickey Finn)
He woke, the boys had gone, but not his gun
They'd left a note to lead him on
The chase to find the Maltese Falcon-you bet-
Early thirties gangster movies
Set to spellbind population
From Chicago to Hong Kong
Via Istanbul the Talking Tong
Dirty rats thru' prohibition
Money flowed thru gangsterism
Acting out his fantasy
In Hollywoods vicinity
The best part for the best rendition
Al Capone he sent to prison
Citizen Kane came fast and quickly
Conquerin ol' New York City
Poking fun at superstition
Media became television
Give me Cagney anyday
Or Jimmy Stewart for President
Or Edward 'G' and all those guys
Who always shoot between the eyes
Between the eyes
Between the eyes
Father love do you work, do you work for Mother
Chances could call, and accept that, be no other
Science as it might, disappear correspond with colour
Chance is the fruit, will outlive, what is now the brother
Call for total wealth to distribute like a picture
In black and white, give it joy, give it, let it hit you
Spoil our existence by extreme gift to population
Father love do you work, do you work for Mother
Tell me straight be the Godfather be no other
Media Kings give us now give us total movie
Now being here, being now, being here believing
One on one to talk to you
Like film stars they get close to you
You've mirrored his appeal
He wants you so, he wants to be beside you
Then you pass by giving him the other side of you
Like the mystics do
So that every time he moves, he moves for you
Soul and light can always see
The metting of true love and she
This silent night and I,
I guess a lonely mind might see
I've seen love on the screen
I've seen a screen goddesss and me-oh
How often this, how often, this the power of you
And so, I must confess

Whatever I see
I'm meant to be there with you
With you with you With you, with you
Silent golden movies, talkies, technicolour, long ago
My younger ways stand clearer, clearer than
my footprints
Stardom greats I've followed closely
Closer than the nearest heartbeat
Longer than expected-they were great-
Oh love oh love just to see them
Acting on the silver screen, oh my
Clark Gable, Fairbanks, Maureen O'Sullivan
Fantasy would fill my life and I
Love fantasy so much
Did you see in the morning light
I really talked, yes I did, to Gods early dawning light
And I was privileged to be as I am to this day
To be with you. To be with you