

Nanci Griffith, Dollar Matinee

Ronnie stood beneath the movie marquee
His memories all curled up inside
He was trying to remember
was it August or September
He'd seen her for the last time

He'd heard that she'd become an actress
Lord, she always had the prettiest face
And he stood with his hands
in his pockets and waited
For the dollar matinee

Lord, she's bigger than life on the screen
There's a laugh from the balcony, good Lord
And the sun will burn you and blind you
When you step back into the street

The theater, she smelled so familiar
She was a smokey old velvet delight
Yes, and he sat down front
just like he'd always done
With his feet hanging out in the aisles

And he watched her with eyes disbelieving
Felt something like time on his brain
And he told himself
don't you remember it's only
Just a part that she's playing

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She stood by some window in Paris
While the captions translated the scene
Oh, and Ronnie stared back
at her body and breathed
"Christ, that's the first time I've seen it!"

Behind him the people were leaving
Well, the busses, they were humming outside
But old Ronnie never went
to the movies unless
He could stay and see it twice

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