## 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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