

Stan Ridgway, Beloved Movie Star Redux

My beloved movie star
There's more than cold cream in your jar
When eyebrows arch and lips are dry
When you're alone at night, you cry
Stuntmen make you feel secure
Wrap you up in soft allure
Your key light's bright, your close-up's now
This picture could tank, but you'll make out somehow
Manhattan calls
Ignore Hong Kong
Directors ring
But you stand strong
Drink champagne
And celebrate
The critics call
And they think you're great
My beloved movie star
I have watched you from afar
So confident and glamorous

Yeah you make it look so easy to us
Your agent calls, it's not your week
It's a younger one that now they seek
You are the part, why don't they know
Remember Tallulah, Janet, and Garbo
Behind you now
See someone there
She looks like you
With blonder hair
A newer one
With a younger glow
So you just cry all night
In your bungalow
My beloved movie star
Now I know just where you are
Up on a hill, in the backseat of a car
You're my beloved movie star