

# Stan Ridgway, Classic Hollywood Ending

Hear the wind blow back those sycamore trees  
There's a screen test haunting my memories  
I've been driving down the boulevard, not much change  
It's the same old town, just rearranged  
But by the time our feature ended, fear still stood  
Like an old time movie, like a film from Hollywood  
Oh, my screen goes up, and my lights go down  
My picture starts but there is no sound  
The only thing I hear is a guitar play  
From a lonesome place so far away  
And I'd let you do the rewrite now, if I only could  
Like an old time movie, like a film from Hollywood  
Now when that scene starts to fade out fast  
The one where I exit, stage right  
And then we cut to the boxing match

Inside the colosseum, with that crowd so ugly  
And by the time we see dreams disappear  
The audience has learned to cheer  
But then fashion changed that underground  
It's the same old circus with brand new clowns  
And I'm lookin' out this window now on the corner where we stood  
Like an old time movie, like a film from Hollywood  
Now I never knew how your curtain came down  
Or what was backstage in your mind  
We never played that lost reel we found  
The lights went up, and we'd run out of time  
Out of time  
And it's only when the curtain's down that the ending's understood  
Like an old time movie, like a film from Hollywood