Here's Lookin' At You

Every Time I Die

Staring at a ghost across a table set for two
This is the last call before the credits roll
The charm of silver screen depression saturated in alcohol it's so seductive
Filtered through tobacco haze it's so fucking intoxicating
The way they glimmer through the grain
And make dysfunction such a fashion
Jimmy Stewart suicidal sex appeal
The alcoholic is the last true hopeless romantic
Stumbling and smelling of stale gasoline
Making James Dean speeches to an empty room
Audrey left some lipstick on her cigarette in the ashtray
With a note scrawled on a napkin saying, "This is glamor"
This is where Hollywood cues the delusion
That everything looked this blue through Sinatra's eyes
What America needs is another worthwhile overdose
Celestial bodies constructed on set destined to explode in the headlines
Another dry martini and a methamphetamine Godspeed
Norma Jean, I hope you saved us one last sleeping pill
Play it again for me
The tragedy of a track marked beauty queen
The starlet in the magazine
She looks all right to me
Oh she looks so good to me
But there's something in the way she moves
Like I want to make me want you
Tonight I feel like fame, dreary and estranged
I'd scratch through glass not to be without you, without you
Whole lotta shakin' going on
Whole lotta shakin' going on
Whole lotta shakin' going on
Chicago

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