

# 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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