

# Roll the Credits, Johnny

Tom Russell

Roll the credits, Johnny  
You up there in the projection booth  
Dream-time is over now  
Time to put our shoes on and hit the street  
But wasn't it beautiful? Didn't we forget  
About the sad times for a while?  
The good guys won  
The bad guys tasted bitterness and defeat  
We kissed the leading ladies  
Felt the warmth of their deep caress  
Drank with kings and prophets  
We rode rocket ships to the stars  
But it's dark now on the streets of life  
Christ, I think I lost my pocket knife in there  
Goddammit, Johnny, I can't even remember  
Where in hell we parked the car?  
But singin' keeps the fear away  
And whistlin' keeps the wolves at bay  
Remember'n all we might have been  
All the love that could have been  
Let's storm the old ramparts  
Let's sing those love songs  
From old movies in our heart  
The way she brushed her hair back with her hand  
Christ, I wish I was her leading man  
She knows more than you'll ever know, Johnny  
She talks to birds and animals, why won't she talk to me?  
Wish she could just step down off the screen  
That little blond in tight black jeans  
Christ, I'm losing my mind now, Johnny  
The crows are laughing at us, up in the trees  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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