Matinee Idol

Robert Bruce

This is the day
The day of the death
The death of the matinee idol
Still so beautiful as the angels
As the angels came down from on high
So sweet and so soft
So charmingly daft
So young was the matinee idol
Lips of crimson slightly open
As the flash and all fame put to rest
Walk, walk along that wall
No it is not from the academy
Walk, walk along that wall
From this moment you'll cease to be
The undying love of the public eye
So goes one more
Away from the maze
Away for to sit at the table
Above babel, far from this world
While standing on the boulevard
Walk, walk along that wall
No it is not from the academy
Walk, walk along that wall
From this moment on you'll cease to be
But still, whomever has looked at
Looked at beauty is marked out
Is marked out already by death
Whomever has looked at
Looked at beauty is marked out
Is marked out already by death
Still so beautiful as the angels
As the angels came down from on high

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