

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

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>