

## **Barbara Cook**

### **"Errol Flynn"**

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"In the hall on the wall in a house in Receda"

Is a poster held up by two nails and a pin  
It's my daddy the actor 'bout to die with his boots on  
He's the man standing up there beside Errol Flynn  
He got third or fourth billing at the end of each picture  
"That don't mean much," he would say with a grin  
But he held my hand tight as he pointed his name out  
Only four or five names down below Errol Flynn  
Now fame, it is fleeting, and stars, they keep falling  
And stayin' right up there, that's the business of art  
And luck kisses some while she passes by others  
Disappointment and bourbon are hard on the heart  
Now the women and beers and the years with old Errol  
They took their toll and took me from his side  
I kissed him goodbye at the old Union station  
That's the last time I saw him, the last time I cried  
Now I'm sitting alone in a house in Receda  
Watching the late show as moonlight shines in  
And up on the screen, well, here comes my daddy  
It's a sad, funny feeling, now I'm older than him  
So you daddies and daughters, you sons and you mothers  
Remember life's over before it begins  
So love one another, and stand close together  
As close as my dad did to old Errol Flynn

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