

Darren Hanlon

"Eli Wallach"

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I've only known you for ten minutes
But I'd prefer you didn't die just yet
You're on a horse
Your hands are tied
And there's a rope around your neck

One of them's good
The other one's bad
And you're no oil painting
But you play the part of the holy rogue
Dance along like the desert's your stage
Your soul possess'd by the ghost of Stanislavski

Eli Wallach
Eli Wallach

Through his silver tooth
Before he shoots he speaks their epitaph
Loose scripts and unsynched lips
And he still makes us laugh
Like when he wears his gun
While he's in the bath

(But for all of your laughter
You're going crazy about this guy like he's your Zen
master)

I know!

But inspiration's rare as gold
Hidden in an unmarked grave
You find a hero where you least expect it
Mine's been in over fifty films
And I'd have thought by now
Somebody would have written a book about him

Eli Wallach
Eli Wallach
I want adventure in my pocket
Like Eli Wallach

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