

Ellis Paul "River"

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While hollywood sleeps,
A young man is dying
On the concrete of a sidewalk downtown.

As his brother weeps,
The sirens come calling
And the medics feed him lines on the ground.

Run, river, run...

The director speaks,
The cameras are rolling.
A boy steps between the backdrop and the lights.
And he's stealing the scene,
With the crew as his witness.

The whole industry will judge him come academy night

Now the tabloids will say what they want to,
And the cameras will re-enact his fall.
His legacy speaks, but no one can hear it,
'cause his death has made critics of us all.
His legacy speaks

In the canister rooms,
In the archives of great studio halls.
And there it will keep like a secret that's whispered
between lovers
And those who never knew him at all.

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