

Cook Barbara **"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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