## The Ben Taylor Band "Film Noir"

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Got on in New Haven Last car on the train. Put my hat on the seat, Wipe the tears from my eyes.

I watched my life go by, Like a movie in my brain. Scenes unreeling; In a sceneless chain On the window, And a silver screen of rain!

And the opening title scroll, And the score comes in and under. And I'm in the starring role, In a world of love-struck wonder;

It's a tale full of promise, about two crazy kids; Falling in love, but in flashback.

And then the music, That gorgeous music; And I wake up, Rattling down the railroad track.

He could be sweet, But I stayed on my guard.

Just how good a liar Can a decent man be?

I always played my hand Like I didn't have the cards. Cause he held them all So I could never see. Yes, he played me for a fool, And I agreed.

And the closing credits roll, And the waves come in like thunder. Cause the hero's lost control, And I made a fatal blunder.

Just another sad story; Two star-crossed kids, Racing headlong up a cul-de-sac.

And then that music, That mournful music. And the train's disappearing Down that railroad track.

And the long, slow dissolve, As we fade to black

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