

Rob Crow

"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 pinIt's my daddy
the actor 'bout to die with his boots onHe's the man
standing up there beside Errol FlynnHe got third or
fourth billing at the end of each picture"That don't
mean much," he would say with a grinBut he held my
hand tight as he pointed his name outOnly four or five
names down below Errol FlynnNow fame, it is fleeting,
and stars, they keep fallingAnd stayin' right up there,
that's the business of artAnd luck kisses some while
she passes by othersDisappointment and bourbon are
hard on the heartNow the women and beers and the
years with old ErrolThey took their toll and took me
from his sideI kissed him goodbye at the old Union
stationThat's the last time I saw him, the last time I
criedNow I'm sitting alone in a house in
RecedaWatching the late show as moonlight shines
inAnd up on the screen, well, here comes my daddyIt's
a sad, funny feeling, now I'm older than himSo you
daddies and daughters, you sons and you
mothersRemember life's over before it beginsSo love
one another, and stand close togetherAs close as my
dad did to old Errol Flynn

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