

Latin Quarter

"Modern Times"

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Their star-light shone bright in the blackout

Like the beams of the usherette

But when the Big Bear bit deep after Yalta

There were those that came to forget

They went out west for the screening

And they carried a sharp-tooth comb

So get up! Go on! Grip that stand!

And press your hand to your heart

Big Mac is asking the questions

And this is only the start

Now Mac came on hot and noisy

In his search for old Uncle Joe

As he tracked him down to Tonsel Town

For Boise, Idaho

And the folks that queued up for Coogan

Now queued up for the end of a myth

To sit open-mouthed at the newsreel

The night that Chaplin took the fith

And the offers packed up for so many

Dropped lika a Wurlitzer into the pit

And what we got for the pain was more John Wayne

And anything else that they saw fit

Because when they needed to break resistance

And they could not go on using a fist

They took the cameras into the court-house

They circulated a list

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