

Amanda McBroom, Errol Flynn

In a hall, on a wall, in a house in Rosita
There's 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
"But that don't mean much"; he would say with a grin
But he'd hold 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 staying right up there, that's the business of art
And luck kisses some and 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, they took me from his side
He kissed me 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 Rosita
Watchin' the Late Show as the 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