

# Peter Hammill, Film Noir

He casts himself as an adventurer,  
all foot on floor and hell for leather;  
she never told him what he meant to her  
perhaps that's for the better.  
She's never clearly seen dividing lines  
between real life and parts she's chosen,  
confuses character and rising sign,  
sex and emotion.

She waits in the caravan  
at the side of the set  
for the scene with her leading man  
that he'll not forget...

Things get crazy on location  
and they had their little swing;  
only yesterday he told her  
that it didn't mean a thing.

She's in love with the hero of the movie  
but she's lost herself on some dark trip;  
she's in love with being in the movie.  
Call for action!  
This is it: the method actress  
and the shooting script.

So she waits in the caravan  
for the film's final scene  
and her love/hate for the action man  
will fill the silver screen...

On the dresser is the pistol,  
in the chamber are the blanks,  
in her pocket are the bullets  
with his name upon the shanks.

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