

## Dollar Matinee

Nanci Griffith

Ronnie stood beneath the movie marquee  
His memories all curled up inside  
He was trying to remember  
Was it August or September  
He'd seen her for the last time

He'd heard that she'd become an actress  
Lord, she always had the prettiest face  
And he stood with his hands  
In his pockets and waited  
For the dollar matinee

Lord, she's bigger than life on the screen  
There's a laugh from the balcony, good Lord  
And the sun will burn you and blind you  
When you step back into the street

The theater, she smelled so familiar  
She was a smokey old velvet delight  
Yes, and he sat down front  
Just like he'd always done  
With his feet hanging out in the aisles

And he watched her with eyes disbelieving  
Felt something like time on his brain  
And he told himself  
Don't you remember it's only  
Just a part that she's playing

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She stood by some window in Paris  
While the captions translated the scene  
Oh, and Ronnie stared back  
At her body and breathed  
"Christ, that's the first time I've seen it!"

Behind him the people were leaving  
Well, the busses, they were humming outside  
But old Ronnie never went  
To the movies unless  
He could stay and see it twice

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