

# James Cagney

Nik Kershaw

Talk tougher than James Cagney  
Act smarter than Charlie Chan  
Love longer than Valentino  
Or you never will be a man

I saw him down at the drive-in Saturday  
A forty five to blow away anyone who happens to disagree  
With such panache and style, he wins the game  
When all the while, I'm sitting here thinking that it could be me

Suddenly, in walks a criminologist  
With too much knowledge to resist and plenty of answers  
For the good at heart  
No fear, no pain, no sweat, the teardrop on the serviette  
Oh I could be a hero if I was that smart

Silver cloud, silver tongue on a silver screen  
With the sweetest of the sweet and the meanest of the mean

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Back to the movies where  
The lady, beset by his charms, falls faintly in the lovers arms  
The fate of every watching woman in his hands  
After the earth moves, musn't dwell, our hero bids a fond farewell  
Upon his trusty camel 'cross desert sands

With bad guys in a fix and the ladies in a spin  
Where does fantasy end and reality begin?

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When you take up the sword and you fight the good fight  
With your ego in the red and your dreams in black and white

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