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The Detective

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The Detective

I went to the movie house tonight
I thought I'd see some old friends
I saw one grinning back as he
handed me my jujubes
A nostalgic prize in every pack

I put my feet up and
waited for the buxom blond to enter and swoon,
but today her hair is butched out
Gone the seductive smiles
Magnum at her hip,
her heart full of vile

I want my Philip Marlow
Where's my Sam Spade
Can't do without my
Charlie Chan, Man

But he's the anti-hero of today
Bigger than life,
but what kind of life?
All that's left is
the shadow of a genre
A poor celluloid imitation
of the glory Colorization
will never know

So

Just Play it, Sam
You played it for her
You can play it for me
If she can take it, so can I

Lindsey Grant