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| Colin the cockney cowboy,  Fast asleep in his bed,  Dreaming of making movies,  Trailered in his head.  Rows of Saturday morning heroes,  Come alive all as one,  Energy being created,  Got them on the run.  Top gunslinger Ringo,  Holstered left and right,  Ultra-whitened Stetson,  Acting the big gunfight.  Outlaw notorious,  On the imaginary horse,  Followed by the local boys,  The ready to enforce.  Gunsmoke a swirling,  A bellyful of lead,  Laying horizontal,  Releasing from the dead.  “I want to play Geronimo”,  Bravest of the brave,  Avoiding invisible bullets,  To dodge an early grave. | “Circle the cardboard boxes”,  Director ten years old,  They died with their boots on,  As he had foretold.  “Colin, I’ve called you once already,  Your tea is getting cold.” |