

# All in the Timing: A Hollywood Romance in Seven Chapters

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bpm = 76      length = 27:26

CHAPTER ONE – Set-up:

**G Em D      G      C      G      D      Em**  
**Once upon a time: how a romantic fairytale starts.**  
**D      G      C      G      D      G**  
**Once upon a time, the confluence of two searching hearts.**  
**C   Em   Am   C   G**

Verse 1:

**G                      C                      G                      D**  
**Fade in on a tight irised-in shot, the first time he saw her;**  
**C                                      G**  
**An' his mouth filled with marbles,**  
**C                                      G**  
**His thoughts became garbled;**  
**C                                      G**  
**Surprised but attracted,**  
**C                                      G**  
**Off-guard so distracted,**  
**C                      G                      D**  
**When her face first impacted his brain.**

Verse 2:

**As if caught in the rain,**  
**Havin' just missed his train,**  
**Or like a late-arrived guest,**  
**Uncertainly dressed,**  
**Apprehensive, perplexed.**  
**With his face pressed up against the window pane.**

Release 1:

**G5 F#5 Em      C**  
**She a Lady from Shanghai;**  
**D                      Em**  
**The Belle Dame Sans Merci;**  
**C**  
**An Odyssean Siren;**

**D**                      **Em**  
**A Remedios the Beauty,**  
**C**  
**Innocently causing**  
**D**    **Em**  
**Inevitable, lemming-like, self-destructive catastrophe.**

Verse 3:

**He'd sang this role before;**  
**Played through the whole score. But**  
**Here's the bell tone once more.**  
**And love is like war, it's**  
**No zero-sum draw or**  
**Children's playground seesaw.**

(Hold for one measure after every six lines in all of the verses)

**Deaf to Newton's Third Law.**  
**Like a Clarke and Dawe skit,**  
**Or Bre'r Fox and Bre'r Rabbit—**  
**Love's Timing, not kismet.**  
**An' a battle of wit;**  
**From first gambit on through to the endgame.**

Verse 4:

**This Helen of Troy; femme**  
**Fatale in green corduroy.**  
**A Wicked Falina**  
**In an "El Paso" scene.**  
**A lit match and gasoline.**  
**What's she doin' here? Oh lord,**

(Hold for one measure)

**Darlin', please disappear.**  
**No drama, no Shakespeare.**  
**Won't this evenin' adjourn?**  
**'Cause t'was clear she could burn,**  
**If he veered too near to that flame.**



**The circus she knew, but  
That hokum outgrew. All  
The clowns she'd collected  
Rejected, deflected;  
She now expected more than penny-ante two-bit nickel-and-diming.**

Verse 2:

**But oh, the great truth about love  
Is it's not made up of  
The thoughts that ya hope  
Or the hopes that ya think.  
That don't make two lives link.  
Valentine's is just one day.**

(Hold for one measure)

**And romance it'll fade away,  
Or hell, maybe it'll stay;  
But the chessboard that'll play out on is Timing.**

Release 1:

**Social acrobat.  
Cool scenes and parties  
Her native habitat.  
She earned a PhD at  
Night school in "Oh lord god, been there—slash—done that!"**

Verse 3:

**Now him, he was way too easy to read.  
Carried banners and torches,  
Wore his heart on both sleeves.  
A lampless Diogenes,  
With two master's degrees,  
From some Harvard of Hard Knocks**

(Hold for one measure)

**In intent and intense, with**

**Platonic intelligence.  
Engrossed at his post, like  
A Whack-a-Mole Grey Ghost.  
Or a Japanese holdout;  
Never brought in or sold out, still free.**

Verse 4:

**A straight-arrow Boy Scout;  
Old school and without real  
Regard for real danger  
A vestigial Lone Ranger.  
So in these times a stranger.  
'Cause the world has long since changed**

(Hold for one measure)

**From Horatio Alger's.  
Hell, even nostalgia just ain't like to used to be.**

Release 2:

**So she thought him sweet  
But recklessly anachronous.  
He thought her pleasant  
Though probably vacuous.  
Expecting a match here at all  
Would be in reality rather radically ridiculous.**

Summation:

**She was now a head-turning swan who'd been happier as plain Ugly Duckling.  
And he simply plain Cassius Clay, happy if he could just one day meet  
Muhammad Ali.**

Pre-chorus instrumental:

Chorus:

**She knew she could be a stronger woman.  
An' he knew he could be a better man.  
But love—love is All in the Timing.**

CHAPTER THREE – Set-up:

**This curtain arose out in Hollywood—that simple and innocent slum.  
A vaunted vast vista of vacancy—and vagrancy, ad infinitum.  
Ground zero for zero integrity—reductio ad absurdum.**

Verse 1:

**Where a salesman is hailed as a true living god.  
And con men are kings  
An' since “No one knows anything”,  
Unctuous hucksters  
Just keep failing upwards,  
And everyone has awards in a while.**

Verse 2:

**Alpha-dog weasels, self-  
Entitled and pleased'll  
Circle-jerk doing lunch  
'Cause each one in the bunch  
Made careers out of garbage;  
Too clueless to judge,  
(Hold for one measure)  
But wink-wink and nudge-nudge,  
'Cause yo, Dawg, out here sludge is always in style.**

Verse 3:

**Yer right to suspect  
Any fool can direct,  
An' correct to deduce  
Any tool can produce  
All the reeking an' obtuse  
Rank re-recycled refuse; the  
(Hold for one measure)  
Repugnant remakes an'  
Redundant half-baked  
Repeats of retarded**

**Re-run reality**

**Game shows for yo-yos,**

**An' fifteen-minute fame ho's.**

(Hold for one measure)

**The spin-offs and knock-offs an'**

**Gaudy an' god-awful**

**Sequels of sequels**

**And pretentious prequels;**

**An' all it all equals is**

**A complete dearth of original ideas, intelligence, taste or substance.**

Verse 4:

**Shot through with rot, under-**

**Thought, over-wrought, most**

**Ripped off but worth squat;**

**Then all dunked in cheap lacquer,**

**And slathered in blather.**

**Farcically flatulent ineptitude**

(Hold for one measure)

**Of *Titanic* magnitude.**

**In hot steaming piles of crude clumsy cognitive dissonance.**

**Continually lowering the bottom-end of what's pawned off as competence.**

**And all conflated and confused with actual significance.**

Release 1:

**Pollyanna and Pangloss**

**Tuxedoed and gowned,**

**Histrionically hustle**

**Phony frenzied renown**

**At cluster-fuck auctions for**

**Every panicked an' petrified, pee-in-his-pants mama's boy in town.**

Verse 5:

**In that daily deluge of delirious dayglow self-delusions**

**A vast wasteland of posers**

**In a sea of brown-nosers.  
Monkeys do what they see,  
And all monkeys see is  
Media mediocrities,**

(Hold for one measure)

**An' canned-spam celebrities,  
Never was or will-be's.  
Norma Desmond an' Rupert Pupkin  
Dress up for their close-ups in  
Emperor's new clothing,  
Baring sheer fear and loathing.**

(Hold for one measure)

**Ponzi schemes all imploding,  
While armies of fleas and  
The smarmiest wannabes  
Groupthink to appease the  
Bland preening nonentities so blithely anointed.**

Verse 6:

**Well-rehearsed and well-versed  
In licensing the worst;  
There's no there really there,  
But everyone's just so nice, and they're  
All such big fans, an'  
Hey, have you lost weight? And I just love what you've done with your hair. Yech...**

**So they a *Bande á Part*  
In this bizarre bazaar;  
Naïve in the quagmire,  
Applyin' for work to jerks  
They'd damn never hire.  
So sure t'end just tired out, burned up, beat down and plain disappointed.**

Release 2:

**All the come-ons and scams,**

**An' beggars can't be choosers.  
But real work's for suckers  
And sweat's just for losers  
At this craft-service luau  
For pimps, frauds, hacks, pirates and oleaginous schmoozers.**

Summation:

**If Paris is the City of Light, and Rome is Eternal,  
An' New York City's still the Big Apple, LA...is furniture.**

**D7**

**But I digress....**

CHAPTER FOUR – Set-up:

**'Cause love ain't no real estate deal—ain't location, location, location.  
Great loves can begin just through letters, when two hearts lock in  
synchronization.**

Verse 1:

**So while he honestly tried really hard to stand back  
An' admire from a distance,  
Like a sneak attack when  
Yer low on resistance;  
It's no fair contest, 'cause  
Desire's just too insistent.**

(Hold for one measure)

**Sure, he knew what was best;  
East is east, west is west;  
But a mind can't arrest a heart's conspiracies.**

Verse 2:

**He'd be framed in a cowboy;  
She in a three-T's,  
Bringin' guys to their knees.  
Still she wasn't his type,  
And he wasn't her type.  
And she needed a friend,**

(Hold for one measure)

**But she wanted a saviour;  
She yearned for a saviour;  
So much, in the end,  
It was hard to pretend.  
Like an escaping slave her  
Near-desperate behaviour was clear to see.**

Release 1:

**He usually gave more of  
Himself than agreed.  
And she'd learned to withdraw a  
Bit more than she'd need.  
So an eventual screaming five-spiral  
Crash is probably—hell—it's guaranteed.**

Verse 3:

**Him oil and her water,  
First son and last daughter,  
So at first just slightly  
But building in time  
They began to rhyme;  
Became comrades in crime.**

(Hold for one measure)

**Like Holly Golightly  
An' the new guy upstairs.  
Innocent and unaware;  
Her Abbott and Rogers,  
His Costello an' Astaire.  
Yeah "The Dance", it was happenin'.**

(Hold for one measure)

**His princess / her paladin:  
Her *City Lights* Chaplin;  
His Biograph Girl.**

**Their LA-LA Land worlds just began to dovetail.**

Verse 4:

**She hoped he was different;**

**Prayed he was different.**

**But her life a mess, this**

**Damsel in distress, with**

**No margin for error;**

**He could see, M.O.S.**

(Hold for one measure)

**His best first contribution**

**Might just be refusin'**

**To engage her confusion;**

**And tough love solutions**

**Might just make her mad;**

**So like Buck Owens, he had himself "A Tiger by the Tail".**

Release 2:

**What her parents had sown**

**Was the life that she'd reaped.**

**An' gettin' past that neglect**

**Was a mountain so steep.**

**S'now she sold herself short,**

**An' she always sold herself—way too damn cheap.**

Summation:

**When a man meets a woman, it's a chemistry set free-for-all.**

**But ain't hard mixin' oil and water—hell, just add a few shots of alcohol.**

Pre-chorus instrumental

Chorus:

**She hoped he'd make her a stronger woman.**

**He hoped she'd make him a better man.**

**As for love; that's All in the Timing.**

CHAPTER FIVE – Set-up:

**A sober Sunday mornin' homily follows each Saturday night rowdy fling.**

**Don't hope to keep much that'll matter, without the imprimatur right  
Timing'd bring.**

**There's a first time for everything. And there's a last time...for everything.**

Verse 1:

**She'd become ever vigilant in the haze,  
Navigating the maze;  
An' the compounding years  
Convinced her her fears  
Weren't made out of thin air;  
So it got to be where they all defined and confined her.**

Verse 2:

**But ain't no quick solutions,  
Magic resolutions, or  
Sure-fire conclusions. An'  
They both cast aspersions  
On deific incursions;  
Trite Pauline conversions.**

(Hold for one measure)

**Still they had summer fun,  
Confidants in the sun;  
Curious and wide-eyed  
Wondered what they'd begun,  
Like two children inside  
On an E-ticket ride toward a blind curve.**

A Bridge:

**A7**

**Each too close to observe.**

**E**

**A**

**Too involved for reserve or wise moderation.**

**D**

**A**

**Warm summer days and halcyon twilights, adventurous evenings of anticipation,**

**E** **A**  
flirtation, admiration and revelation.

**D** **A**  
Meteor showers deep in the dark night, fascination, elation, exhilaration,  
**E** **A**  
concealed insights now revealed affirmations.

**Dm** **A**  
But then in the sleepy dawn's early light, misinterpretations and recriminations,  
**E** **F E Am**  
alienation, renunciation, and disintegration....

Release 1:

**The solœptis had passed;**  
**Autumn rattled the door;**  
**Suddenly disagreements**  
**Turned hard either-or.**  
**Now they chose the wrong battles,**  
**And soon the two fools had declared the wrong damn war.**

Verse 3:

**All the synchrony lost.**  
**And their purposes crossed.**  
**Their Fragonard and Watteau,**  
**That idyllic Rococo,**  
**Now Bruegheled and Boschéd.**  
**The tableau they sat for suddenly went Vermeer—to infirmity.**  
**She yelled “You’re just weird!”**  
**He shot back “Yeah well you’re lazy!”**  
**Like two drunk field marshals**  
**Their tactics were crazy.**  
**Their objectives hazy;**  
**And so in just days the anger grew white-hot.**

Verse 4:

**No time to warn him an’**  
**No way to warn her, so**

**They painted themselves  
Into opposite corners.  
Throwin' verbal grenades.  
Like two doomed chargin' Light Brigades**

(Hold for one measure)

**Fightin' for a lost cause.  
With no game clock to pause.  
But all the king's horses,  
And all the king's men,  
Couldn't pull them apart  
No way to out-smart their hand- and home-made Gordian Knot.**

Release 2:

**Too late to stop, the  
Fault both his and hers.  
Like watchin' two great  
Grand-master chess wizards  
Play a childish, schoolyard, life-or-death match of  
Blind-folded rock-paper-scissors.**

Summation:

**Ain't many real rules in love, but there's a good one not to forget:  
Don't court someone who's a good shot if you happen to make a convenient  
target.**

CHAPTER SIX – Set-up:

**So revealed to reviled in a heartbeat; what dumb pride and frustration produces.  
Yeah, they each had their good reasons. But well reasons—ain't excuses.  
And contrition sure ain't redemption; hell in the end—does redemption exist....**

Verse 1:

**Everywhere, all throughout fable and history,  
From Pyramus and Thisbe,  
Or Petrarch and Laura,  
T'Albert and Victoria;  
Cleopatra and Antony**

**To Tarzan and Jane;**

(Hold for one measure)

**Or Clark Kent and Miss Lane—**

**Hell, even Barbie and Ken,**

**Th' only matter for fate's**

**Just the matter of when; c.f.**

**Josephine and Napoleon**

**Or Baucis and Philemon way back there in Greece.**

Verse 2:

**Love is all or nothin';**

***The Real Thing*, not MacGuffin.**

**And Timing's the end-all—**

**Ask Evangeline an' Gabriel**

**No tea leaves can read**

**An' no fortunes can tell**

(Hold for one measure)

**Things might work out well, like**

**For Ferdinand and Isabel.**

**No Development Hell;**

**But most times they won't**

**S.O.P. / S.O.L.**

**Yer just lost if ya don't**

(Hold for one measure)

**Have two lock-steppin' hearts;**

**Promisin' starts end up havin' been just a tease.**

Release 1:

**Hell, it's all pretty simple**

**Don't need no Einstein.**

**Even Adam and Eve,**

**The great paradigm,**

**Somehow got into that same garden—**

**Lookin' hot—at the exact precise perfect time.**

Verse 3:

**If they'd met last month, or  
Was it two years too soon?  
If it'd been Friday night,  
Not Monday afternoon.  
Would they've had fewer feuds  
And side-stepped all those mis-steps that ensued?**

Verse 4:

**Now past the last page,  
The ghost light center-stage,  
Each diminished alone  
The soundtrack just room tone.  
The wrong time for her,  
An' the wrong time for him;  
(Hold for one measure)  
They'd courted reflections  
In lighting too dim.  
And scopin' out love's  
Like a thief seeking loot;  
So lose candles and music;  
Get a parabolic mic an' use it with a carbon-arc brute.**

Release 2:

**Ain't paean nor plaint;  
Just life plain to see.  
Star-crossed schedules beget  
Mischief and enmity.  
Timing can be an Evil Thing;  
An' yeah, no joke, pal; *The Gods Must Be Crazy.***

Summation:

**You can't go back to page one, an' change the story that thenafter comes.  
Can't re-write the first chapter; there just ain't no trail of breadcrumbs,**

**D7**

**Leading on back...**

B Bridge:

**Cmaj7**

**To "Once upon a time."**

**Fmaj7**

**Or "Il était une fois."**

**Cmaj7**

**"Es war einmal."**

**Fmaj7**

**"Mukashi mukashi."**

**Cmaj7**

**"Hapo zamani za kale."**

**FDmaj7**

**"Eendag, lank gelede."**

**Or "Hajitek ma jitek."**

Pre-chorus instrumental

Chorus:

**Yeah, she'd wanted to be a stronger woman;**

**And he'd wanted to be a better man.**

**But love was lost in the Timing.**

CHAPTER SEVEN – Set-up:

**So sic transit gloria mundi; memento mori.**

**But hell, 'least they gave it a shot; and in the end, no guts no glory.**

**Yeah, sure, maybe less is more. But nothin'...is nothin'.**

Verse 1:

**Who knows where love goes,**

**Or what Timing it chose,**

**An' from whence it derives,**

**If it one day arrives**

**There's players who'll shout,  
Way too dumb for some self-doubt,**

(Hold for one measure)

**"I got it all figured out", to the rafters.  
Yeah sure, pal; cue the canned laughter.**

Verse 2:

**There's just Four Cardinal Virtues  
'Gainst Seven Deadly Sins;  
So we start off behind  
When this journey begins.  
And love's all a code; a  
Bomb set to explode.**

(Hold for one measure)

**On this serpentine road that's  
Pot-holed and wind-blowed.  
A rigged game of roulette,  
In an alien alphabet.  
Hell even me, if I could get,  
Without needin' a net,**

(Hold for one measure)

**Simply from A to B,  
And back again safely;  
Knew tricks to employ to—  
Avoid gettin' destroyed;  
To be frank and not coy—  
Hell, I'd be jumpin' for joy every day after.**

Release 1:

**You see lovers in love,  
Think they're rare an' exotic;  
Serene in the storm;  
Grounded not quixotic.**

**But lose the rose-colored optics, it's  
Just two more reciprocally-enabling, mutually-compatible neurotics.**

Verse 3:

**Ain't really nobody right.  
An' ain't really nobody wrong.  
Timing's up to luck,  
An we're easily stuck  
Singin' the hard parts in  
A real-life Tim Rice-written song.**

Verse 4:

**So ends this disquisition  
For actress and musician.  
With all they know now, an'  
With all they were wishin', from  
Smitten to bitten, there just  
Ain't no way how to**

(Hold for one measure)

**T'alleviate mistakes, or  
Abbreviate the heart breaks. They  
Lost the whole enchilada  
Like Quinn in *La Strada*;  
Or a punch-drunk no-longer  
Invincible Armada.**

(Hold for one measure)

**Timing, it defies,  
Teases and denies; it's  
Fruitless t'analyze.  
All anyone knows**

**C D  
Is this old world just goes on and on and on and on and on.**

