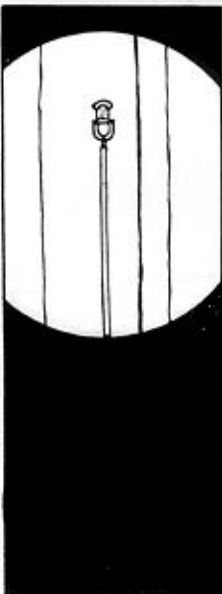


**OLD
GANGSTERS
NEVER
DIE**





HEH!

EXCEPT THE FEW THAT PASS AWAY IN CINEMAS AT MIDNIGHT...



"LAY THERE SPRAWLING IN THE FOOTLIGHTS FOR THE LISHERETTE OR ICE-CREAM GIRL TO FIND."



AND IF / DIE...

... GOD KNOWS, I MIGHT...

DON'T LET ME DIE IN BLACK AND WHITE...



"DON'T MAKE ME SHARE A HAUNTED SCREEN WITH EVERY OTHER GHOSTBOY WHO STOOD TREMBLIN' IN THE FOYER SIPPIN' WINE..."



"THEN COUGHED, AN' SHOT HIS CUFFS, AN' CHECKED THE TIME..."



... AN' STEPPED OUTSIDE AN' GOT CUT DOWN BY DEAD POLICEMEN, FACES STROBIN' IN THE PANIC-LIGHT..."

"THEIR LONG DARK CARS PARKED OUT THE BACK, THEIR HALOES BLACK AGAINST THE NIGHT."



"AND JOHN DILLINGER'S NAME IN FINEST BULLETSILVER ETCHED UPON THEIR HEARTS A COLD TATOO UPON THEIR SKIN..."

... RIGHT NEXT TO WHERE THE BADGE IS PINNED.

I COULD DIE CAREFULLY.



AT DUSK.



'CAUSE BUDDY I
ONCE OWNED A PAIR
O' DIAMOND COLLAR
STUDS, AN' AS I LIVE
AN' BREATHE I SWEAR
THAT THAT'S NO LIE...

"DO YOU KNOW, SO MANY
MOONS AND MITTEN GOT
SENT DOWN TO TREAD
THE RIVER BED FOR ALL
ETERNITY..."



...AND
MEN LIKE ME
DESERVE TO CASH
THEIR CHIPS MORE...
ELEGANT THAN THOSE
WITHOUT A SHIRT UPON
THEIR BACK, OR SHINE UPON
THEIR DANCIN' SHOES!



LIKE
DROWNIN'...



"THAT NOW THEY LOOK
LIKE STATUES IN
SOME COLD
SUBMERGED ART
GALLERY..."



AND I WOULD GLADLY KISS
THE HAND OF ANY MAN WHO'D
BIND MY WRISTS AND
SEND ME DOWN TO
BE IN SUCH GOOD
COMPANY!



OR
PLAYIN'
POKER...



"BEING DEALT THE ACE OF
FLAMES, YOU STAND..."



"... AND WHISPERING ONCE
YOUR MOTHER'S NAME
PITCH HEADLONG DEAD ACROSS
THE ROULETTE TABLE."



"BULLETHOLES PINNED
LIKE ARMISTICE POPPIES
IN NEAT ROWS ACROSS
YOUR BACK."



"DURCH SCHULTZ..."

"CAPONE..."



"...AND WHEN
THEY WALKED IN
GROUPS OF MORE
THAN THREE THEY
MUSTA LOOKED LIKE
GROUNDED CONSTELLATIONS
TORN DOWN FROM A
B-MOVIE SKY."

"WHY MEN
LIKE THAT HAD
HELLSTARS IN
THEIR EYES"



"OLD GANGSTERS
NEVER DIE."



HEH, HEH!

SAY...



WOULDN'T IT BE NICE TO FALL ASLEEP FOREVER IN SOME OLD SPEAKEASY IN THE 1920S



WHERE THEY NEVER PULLED ASIDE THE BLIND AND LOOKED OUTSIDE TO FIND...



...THAT FIFTY YEARS HAD WASHED AWAY THE LEGENDS...



...AND THE ZOOT SUITS...



...AND THE BLOODSTAINS...



...LIKE A DEAD ROSE...



...SOMEONE LEFT WITH THE MATCHBOX GIRL...



"THEN DROVE OFF INTO OLD CHICAGO..."



"WINDOWS WOUND AND RADIO TURNED DOWN TO KEEP THEIR HOLOTERED SHOULDERS COLD AND DRY..."



OLD GANGSTERS NEVER DIE.



HEY! HEY, JOHN!



I GOT THE TICKETS FOR THE SHOW, HERE, IN MY VERY HAND...

ENJOY THE SHOW...



... AND WHEN YOU KISS THAT GIRL GOODNIGHT, THERE IN HER RED DRESS STREAMING, DO IT CAREFULLY...

CARLOFF FENSTEIN



... GOOD BURGUNDY UPON THE TONGUE. FOR SHE WILL KILL YOU, JOHN...



... AND ONE MUST ALWAYS KISS ONE'S KILLER...



... AIN'T THAT SO?



"WHO FELL SO SWEET TO HEAR THE FINAL POETRY OF COBITE IN THE AIR..."

"...OR TURNED THEIR FACES UP..."

RECEIVING DEATH AS IF IT WERE A MOTHER'S KISS...





HEY, FELLAS.
IS IT COLD THERE
IN THAT MOVIE-HOUSE
TONIGHT?



C'MONNNN...

LET'S
PASS OUT
THAT JACK
DANIELS...



...AND
WE'LL TALK
ABOUT OLD
MURDERS...
...DOUBLE-
CROSSES...
...AND DEAD
BLONDES...



...AND SAY
"HERE'S LOOKIN'
ATCHA!"

"HERE'S
BLOOD IN
YA EYE!"



OLD
GHOSTS
SIT IN THE
BACKROOM.



OLD
BODIES
DON'T TELL
STORIES.



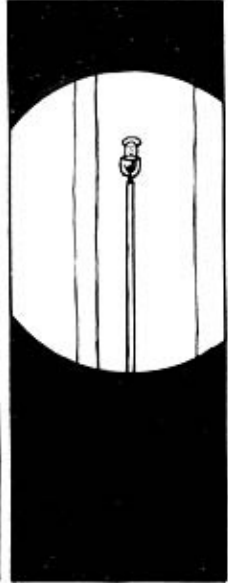
OLD
DREAMS
WEAR
DUSTY
CLOTHING.



OLD
GANGSTERS...



...NEVER
DIE.



CLICK!