

Frank Black, Western Star

Sun she burns mean and big I think I'll go to cafe noir
Big screen turns me on I'm gonna be your western star
How hard can it be?
I get my freon bingo inside your cool soft sarong
Rolling on the moquette inside a cul-de-sac kampong
How hard can it be?
How hard can it be when you're a western star?
Shining and free don't you know that a star burns best?
How hard can it be?
I said now how hard can it be?
She's so sentimental she's got my picture in her head

The tool-man is in her dreams
I was lifted when she said how hard can it be?
And now he's headed skyward standing up on piles of plywood
And all he thinks about is how he looks like heroes-period bowie
And his figure blocks the light
And he takes away the night
And he's dancing to the new bolero
You soy un pistolero I'm not shakin' in my boots
I'm ruler of this moon boy so if you move I shoots
How hard can it be?