

# Dave Alvin, Black Haired Girl

Dave Alvin  
(Blue Horn Toad Music, BMI)

Theres a black-haired girl  
Sittin behind the bullet-proof glass  
And she takes my money  
Before I go and pump some gas  
As the cold rain falls on the parking lot  
The strip malls and housing tracts  
I smile at her  
But she dont smile back.

Well the black-haired girl  
Is starin at the gossip magazine  
And all the glossy pictures  
Of todays kings and queens  
But its nearly three a.m.  
And the whole world is dead, except for her and me  
And the sound of the rain  
And the smell of gasoline.

Well that black-haired girl  
Looks like a woman I used to know  
Back in some other world, several lifetimes ago  
Yeah, wed lay in her bed  
Drinkin wine and makin love  
And lettin time move slow  
Well we lost touch somehow  
But thats just the way things go.

Well that black-haired girl  
Catches me lookin her way  
And I feel a little uneasy  
Maybe theres something I should say  
Should I ask her name  
Or just warn her about all the tricks time can play  
But I dont say nothin  
Cause shes gonna find out anyway.

Theres a black-haired girl  
Sittin beneath a flourescent light  
Whatever fate has in store  
Well I hope that shell be alright  
I hope she finds real love  
And all her dreams come true  
Or at least she makes it through tonight  
Then I drive away as she fades out of sight.