## 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.