

## Evening Star

Blitzen Trapper

You're a broken-hearted party girl  
Your skirt's on fire, your hair's uncurled  
Your dancing days are at an end  
Yeah, you've got no one to call your friend  
All you've got left is a silhouette,  
An empty bed, and a cheap Corvette  
You're a long way from your sweet sixteen  
You need some stonewashed jeans  
And a time machine

To take you back  
To that railroad track  
Where you first took flight  
In the morning light  
So take me back  
To that first romance  
When you made your stand  
You were hand-in-hand  
With the black-eyed angel of the evening star

When you came to the city in your cheap perfume,  
And you ran through the room,  
But you grew up soon  
Always dressed like a killer in the afternoon  
Sipping warm champagne from a silver spoon  
In the night you would travel in your lover's car  
With your jewels so bright, like a shooting star  
But your nightmares must have caught up with you  
And all the pills and the prophets couldn't get you  
through

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So take me back

You were found on the ground in a lonely town  
At the end of the world, in a dressing gown  
Your hair was on fire, your shoes were misplaced  
On your face was a trace of a distant place  
It's a long way home back to Wichita  
Where they put you back together,  
Filled your head with straw  
Now all you've got left is a silhouette,  
And a cheap Corvette, but girl, you ain't dead yet

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With the black-eyed angel of the evening star