

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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In the morning light
So take me back
To that first romance
When you made your stand
You were hand-in-hand
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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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Where you first took flight
In the morning light

So take me back
To that first romance
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With the black-eyed angel of the evening star