

# Black Haired Girl

Dave Alvin

There's 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 don't smile back

Well, the black-haired girl  
Is starin' at the gossip magazine  
And all the glossy pictures  
Of today's kings and queens

But it's 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, we'd lay in her bed  
Drinkin' wine and makin' love  
And lettin' time move slow  
Well, we lost touch somehow  
But that's just the way things go

Well, that black-haired girl  
Catches me lookin' her way  
And I feel a little uneasy  
Maybe there's something I should say

Should I ask her name or just warn her  
About all the tricks time can play?  
But I don't say nothin'  
?Cause she's gonna find out anyway

There's a black-haired girl  
Sittin' beneath a fluorescent light  
Whatever fate has in store  
Well, I hope that she'll 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