

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