

## Black Cars

Gino Vannelli

Under the cover of night  
She crawls into sight  
Her skin is cold china white  
She's a dark angel wearing dark glasses  
Dark shadows under long false lashes

The light exposes the cracks  
She wears her makeup like wax  
To hide every scratch  
'Cause she a dark angel riding dark horses  
Sitting pretty in her dim lit corners... I say

Black cars look better in the shade  
Black cars

She smears her lipstick on right before she sleeps  
For all those phantom lovers in her dreams

She smokes them French cigarettes  
In cocktail gloves and a strapless dress  
She cuts a perfect silhouette

But she's a dark angel wearing dark glasses  
A fading beauty as the night time passes... I say

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Shade