

Evangeline

Los Lobos

Evangeline is on the road
Just barely seventeen
When she left home
Don't know where she is
Or where she's goin'
She is the queen of make believe, Evangeline
I can still remember that little girl
Black eyes just starin' at this big old world
Went off to find some American dream
Train ticket in one hand and her new blue jeans

CHORUS

She went out dancin' on a Saturday night
Silk stockings and high heels
Blue liner on her eyes
Come Sunday mornin'
She's all alone
Head lyin' on the night stand
By the telephone

CHORUS

she is the queen of make believe, Evangeline