Western Star

Frank Black

Sun, she burns mean and big, I think I?ll go to Cafe Noir
Big screen turns me on, I'm gonna be your western star
How hard can it be? I get my freon bingo
Inside your cool and soft sarongRolling on the moquette inside a cul-de-sac kampong
How hard can it be? How hard can it be
When you're a western star shining and free?
Don't you know that a star burns best?
How hard can it be? I said now how hard can it be?she's so sentimental, she's got my picture in her head
The tool man is in her dreams, I was lifted when she saidHow hard can it be? How hard can it be
When you're a western star, shining and free?
Don't you know that a star burns best?
How hard can it be? I said now how hard can it be?Now he's headed skyward, standing up on piles of plywood
And all he thinks about is how he looks like Heroes-period Bowie
And his figure blocks the light and he takes away the night
And he's dancing to the new boleroYou soy un pistolero, I'm not shakin? in my boots
I'm ruler of this moon, boy, so if you move I shootHow hard can it be? How hard can it be
When you're a western star shining and free?
Don't you know that a star burns best?
How hard can it be? I said now how hard can it be?How hard can it be
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