

# 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 sarong Rolling 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 said 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? 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 bolero You soy un pistolero, I'm not shakin' in my boots  
I'm ruler of this moon, boy, so if you move I shoot 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? 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? Dancing to the new bolero  
Dancing to the new bolero  
Dancing to the new bolero  
Dancing to the new bolero  
Dancing to the new bolero

Songwriters

THOMPSON, CHARLES Published by

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