Evangeline

Los Lobos

Evangeline is on the roam
Just barely seventeen
When she left home
Don't know where she is
Or where she's going
She is the queen of make believe, EvangelineI can still remember this little girl
Black eyes just starin'
At this big old world
Ran off to find some American dream
Train ticket in one hand
In her new blue jeansEvangeline is on the roam
Just barely seventeen
When she left home
Don't know where she is
Or where she's going
She is the queen of make believe, EvangelineShe went out dancin' on a Saturday night
Silk stockings and high heels
Blue liner on her eyes
But on Sunday mornin', she's all alone
Head lyin' on the nightstand
By the telephone

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