

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 night 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 covers, I say Black cars look better in the shade
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 Black cars look better in the shade
Black cars look better in the shade

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