

Western Star

Frank Black & The Catholics

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

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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