

Western Star

Frank Black & The Catholics

Sun, she burns mean and big, I think I? Il 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

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

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

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