

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 light 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 corners... I say

Black cars look better in the shade
Black cars

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

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