

I work at the Big Star on old 405
I make 6 bucks an hour
And I work steady nights
Well it might not be much
but it's all that I need
In that little glass booth
in that highway to dreams

I was not that good of a student at school
But this life taught me lessons
that made me no fool
Oh my mom and dad raised me
by that golden rule
In a world that gets ruthless
a world that gets cruel

Fill'er up
let me check your oil sir
Cash or card
let me get your change
Just turn right
when you see that big church sign
Just go straight
and you'll be on your way

I had me a girl once
and my ring she wore
But her father said she
could not see me no more
Oh I know it'd be different
if I weren't so poor
So I'm writing these songs
trying to open some doors

Well that's enough crying
over used to be's
Got to write these songs
get that girl back to me
I'm a man with conviction
I've got things to do
When that sun starts a rising
Oh, when that sun starts a rising
my night shifts are through
I work at the big star on ol' 405