

Red Rose Cafe

Demis Roussos

They come from the farms and the factories too
And they all soon forget who they are
The cares of the day are all soon washed away
As they sit at a stool by the bar
The girl with green eyes in the Rolling Stones shirt
Doesn't look like she works on the land
The man at the end, he's a very good friend
Of a man who sells cars second hand

Down at the Red Rose Cafe in the harbour
There by the port just outside Amsterdam
Everyone shares in all the songs and the laughter
Everyone there is so happy to be there

The salesmen relax with a few pints of beer
And they try not to speak about trade
The poet won't write any verses tonight
But he may sing a sweet serenade
The grey haired old man at the piano will play
Any song that you're wanting to hear
That pretty young thing doesn't know how to sing
But the customers give her a cheer

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Outside in the real world the race is still on
It's all gone just a little bit mad
In circles we go and so it's good to know
Of the place where good times can be had
So pull up a chair and forget about life
It's a good thing to do now and then
And if you like it here I have an idea
Tomorrow let's all meet again

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