

## White Rose

Fred Eaglesmith

Well the whole town came out to watch  
The day they paved the parking lot  
Somebody hung a ribbon up  
And then they cut it down  
And that big White Rose up on that sign  
Was innocence in all our lives  
And you could see it's neon lights  
Half a mile out  
Gas was fifty cents a gallon  
And they put it in for you  
And they pumped your tires and checked your oil  
And washed your windows too  
And we'd shine those cars as bright as bright  
And we'd go park underneath that light  
And stare out at the prairie sky  
There was nothing else to do  
But now there's plywood for glass  
Where the windows all got smashed  
And there's just a chunk of concrete  
Where those old pumps used to stand  
There's a couple of cars half out of the ground  
And that old sign still spins 'round and 'round  
But I guess the White Rose filling station's just a memory now  
And the girls would spend a couple of bucks  
Just to meet the boys working at the pumps  
They'd grow up and fall in love  
And they all moved away  
Strangers used to stop and ask  
How far they'd driven off the map  
But then they built that overpass  
And now they stay out on the highway  
And now there's plywood for glass  
Where the windows all got smashed  
And there's just a chunk of concrete  
Where those old pumps used to stand  
There's a couple of cars half out of the ground  
And that old sign still spins 'round and 'round  
But I guess the White Rose filling station's just a memory now  
And that neon sign was the heart and soul of this old one-horse town  
And it's like it lost it's will to live  
The day they shut it down  
And now there's plywood for glass  
Where the windows all got smashed  
And there's just a chunk of concrete  
Where those old pumps used to stand  
There's a couple of cars half out of the ground  
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