

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
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