

All the tables nice and clean
Evelyn's asleep
On the grave yard shift again
Selling gasoline

And theres kids smoking on south first
See high-school was just a blur, to her
And everything just found their place it seemed

Theres an old folk song on the radio
Sounding thin and dark and haunted
Theres a bag of weed in the back beneath the books

And she can't stand the sight of this coldasac
Like an old crow, king of the lamp-post
And this window hasn't been this clean since it last rained

Well she pictures up a different day
Driving west to east L.A
And there ain't no sign of a dime, but hey
Anyone can dream...anyone can dream

And all the college girls come in when the bars let out and the
y're hungry
Making such a mess, evelyn just talks trash, as she's sweeping
up

Theres a thin dark cloud in the evening air
After every sunny day
There's a bum who lives in the parking lot
Wash the windows just to say hey.

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