

Rose was a waitress for twenty years or more
Bringing in the change, she was heaven sent
She taught me how to balance trays when I didn't know what to do
And I learned to turn tables to make my rent
She said keep your eye on the work clock, keep a dollar in the jukebox
And there's a bottle of whiskey behind the coffee machine
Don't talk to the boss, he's just trouble you don't want to cross
He's the walking definition of what it is to be mean
Well, I'm going out tonight on the streets of the city
Going to spend my money tonight
I'm going out on the streets of the city
Rose, you're pushing fifty, but you sure look all right
Well there's this guy who speaks no English, and he does the dishes by hand
You know his pace it never slacks
I said "Rose, he must be one of God's good children"
She just laughs and says "Yeah, God's got him doing the dishes all night in the back"
But he keeps smiling and those plates keep piling up so high
Seems he can't make a dent
Me I'm just bitchin' by the service station
So tired of waiting on all these jokers for a lousy ten percent
Well I'm going out on the streets of the city
Going to spend my money tonight
I'm going out on the streets of the city
Rose, you're pushing fifty, but you sure look all right
Now listen
I traveled once with this rock and roll band
And my baby was a hero at every small town bar
And I watched that summer of '88 pass through the rearview mirror of his rented car
But don't you learn hard and fast that the good times, they ain't meant to last
And that sweet love, ain't it the first to disappear
Rose, sometimes I get so frightened, I don't want to spend the rest of my life
Working on the graveyard shift here
Well I'm going out on the streets of the city
Going to spend my money tonight
I'm going out on the streets of the city
Rose, you're pushing fifty, but you sure look all right