

# Big Star

Adam Gregory

I work at the Big Star on old 405  
I make 6 bucks an hour and I work steady nights  
Well it might not be much but it's all that I need  
In that little glass booth in that highway to dreams  
I was not that good of a student at school  
But this life taught me lessons that made me no fool  
Oh my mom and dad raised me by that golden rule  
In a world that gets ruthless, a world that gets cruel  
Fill'er up, let me check your oil, sir  
Cash or card, let me get your change  
Just turn right when you see that big church sign  
Just go straight and you'll be on your way

I had me a girl once and my ring she wore  
But her father said, she could not see me no more  
Oh, I know it'd be different if I weren't so poor  
So I'm writing these songs, trying to open some doors  
Well that's enough, crying over used to be's  
Got to write these songs get that girl back to me  
I'm a man with conviction, I've got things to do  
When that sun starts a rising  
Oh, when that sun starts a rising my night shifts are through  
I work at the Big Star on ol' 405

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