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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