

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