

Rosalie's Good Eats Cafe

Bobby Bare

It's two in the morning on Saturday night
At Rosalie's Good Eats Cafe
The onions are frying the neon is bright
And the jukebox is startin' to play.

And the sign on the wall says In God We Trust
All others have to pay
And it's two in the morning on Saturday night
At Rosalie's Good Eats Cafe.

The short order cook with the momma tattoo
He's a turnin' them hamburgers slow
Eggs over easy whole wheat down
They all want that coffee to go.

He never once dreamed as a rodeo star
That he'd wind up here today
At two in the morning on Saturday night
At Rosalie's Good Eats Cafe.

There's a tall skinny girl in the booth in the back
Wearin' jeans and a second hand fur
She's been to the doctor then called up her man
And now wonders just where she could turn.

She stares at her coffee then looks toward the ceiling
But Lord it's a strange place to pray
At two in the morning on Saturday night
At Rosalie's Good Eats Cafe.

There's a guy in a tux and he stands in the corner
Feedin' the jukebox his dimes
He just had a woman and thought that he'd bought her
But found he'd just rented some time.

And he couldn't sleep so he came back to see
If anyone else wants to play
At two in the morning on Saturday night
At Rosalie's Good Eats Cafe.

Now there's an old dollar bill in the frame on the wall
The first one that Rose ever made
It was once worth a dollar a long time ago
But like Rose it's beginnin' to fade.

She's back off the riched dreamin' of someone
And how things would be if he'd stay
But it's two in the morning on Saturday night
At Rosalie's Good Eats Cafe.

The stoop shouldered man and his frizzy haired woman
It's strange how their eyes never meet
He's playin' the pinball she's fixin' the blanket
Of the baby asleep on the seat.

He's out of work she's puttin' on weight
And they never did have too much to say

It's two in the morning on Saturday night
At Rosalie's Good Eats Cafe.

The waitress Darlene she sits at the counter
Paintin' her fingernails blue
And the short order cook he yells move it or lose it
And pick up an order of stew.

But someday a rich handsome man'll walk in
And carry her far far away
From two in the morning on Saturday night
At Rosalie's Good Eats Cafe.

The shaggy haired hippie he's finished his meal
And he's countin' the change in his jeans
Burger and coffee are eighty-five cents
And he's only got twenty-three.

He smiles at Rose and she winks back at him
But Lord that's a high price to pay
At two in the morning on Saturday night
At Rosalie's Good Eats Cafe.

The baby faced sailor he leans on the phone
And dials the number again
While the guy in the tux tells the girl in the jeans
Bout wonderful places he's been.

And a wino comes in off the street and starts shoutin'
Bout fortunes that he threw away
And Rosalie's asking the shaggy haired hippie
If he's got a warm place to stay.

And the short order cook takes a five from the till
While Rosie's looking away
And the onions keep frying the neon is bright
And the jukebox continues to play.

And it's two in the morning on Saturday night
At Rosalie's Good Eats Cafe...