

## 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...