

# Adam Gregory, Big Star

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 in 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

(Chorus)  
Fill'er up  
Let me check you oil sir  
Cash or card  
Let me get you 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

(Chorus)  
Well thats enough crying  
Over used-to-be's  
Got to write me some songs  
Get that girl back to me  
I'm a man with conviction  
I've got things to do  
When that sun starts rising  
My night shifts are through

(Chorus)  
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