

Tom Russell, The Evangeline Hotel

Well, she moves like Betty Grable
She's an actress waitin' tables
And all her tips are kept inside a wishin' well
She's got an agent down the hall
He's got her photo on his wall
She's got a room at the Evangeline Hotel

And from the tenth floor fire escape
She can see the Great White Way
But not the street and not the eyes of those who fell
She dreams she sees her name in lights
She dreams that dream every night
Room 10-04 at the Evangeline Hotel

It's "Rock of Ages cleft for thee..."
She's just a child of Tennessee
Her daddy's girl, her golden curls locked in a spell
Where you don't play your music loud
And there ain't no men allowed
On Friday nights at the Evangeline Hotel

You make it here, so they declare
Then you can make it anywhere
Those old cliches ring through the hall just like a bell
But tell it to the ones who wait
Behind the 23rd street gate
On Friday nights at the Evangeline Hotel

It's "Rock of Ages cleft for thee..."
She's goin' back to Tennessee
She's got a watch and winter coat that she can sell
She learned the hard unspoken rules
And things you'll never learn in school
All down the halls of the Evangeline Hotel

And you can knock on any door
Any room on every floor
It's all the same at the Evangeline Hotel
The House of Dreams called the Evangeline Hotel