

Rose was a waitress for twenty years or more  
Bringing in the change, she was heaven sent  
She taught me how to balance trays when I didn't know what to do  
And I learned to turn tables to make my rent  
She said keep your eye on the work clock, keep a dollar in the jukebox  
And there's a bottle of whiskey behind the coffee machine  
Don't talk to the boss, he's just trouble you don't want to cross  
He's the walking definition of what it is to be mean  
Well, I'm going out tonight on the streets of the city  
Going to spend my money tonight  
I'm going out on the streets of the city  
Rose, you're pushing fifty, but you sure look all right  
Well there's this guy who speaks no English, and he does the dishes by hand  
You know his pace it never slacks  
I said "Rose, he must be one of God's good children"  
She just laughs and says "Yeah, God's got him doing the dishes all night in the back"  
But he keeps smiling and those plates keep piling up so high  
Seems he can't make a dent  
Me I'm just bitchin' by the service station  
So tired of waiting on all these jokers for a lousy ten percent  
Well I'm going out on the streets of the city  
Going to spend my money tonight  
I'm going out on the streets of the city  
Rose, you're pushing fifty, but you sure look all right  
Now listen  
I traveled once with this rock and roll band  
And my baby was a hero at every small town bar  
And I watched that summer of '88 pass through the rearview mirror of his rented car  
But don't you learn hard and fast that the good times, they ain't meant to last  
And that sweet love, ain't it the first to disappear  
Rose, sometimes I get so frightened, I don't want to spend the rest of my life  
Working on the graveyard shift here  
Well I'm going out on the streets of the city  
Going to spend my money tonight  
I'm going out on the streets of the city  
Rose, you're pushing fifty, but you sure look all right