

# Evelyn

Gregory Alan Isakov

all the tables nice and clean evelyn's asleep on the grave yard shift again selling gasoline  
and theres kids smoking on south first see high-school was just a blur, to her and everything  
just found their place it seemed

theres an old folk song on the radio sounding thin and dark and haunted theres a bag of weed in  
the back beneath the books

and she can't stand the sight of this coldasac like an old crow, king of the lamp-post and this  
window hasn't been this clean since it last rained

well she pictures up a different day driving west to east L.A and there aint no sign of a dime,  
but hey anyone can dream...anyone can dream

and all the college girls come in when the bars let out and they're hungry making such a mess,  
evelyn just talks trash, as she's sweeping up

theres a thin dark cloud in the evening air after every sunny day there's a bum who lives in the  
parking lot wash the windows just to say hey.

all the tables nice and clean evelyn's asleep on the grave yard shift again selling gasoline

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>