

## Gregory Alan Isakov

### "Evelyn"

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All the tables nice and clean  
Evelyn's asleep  
On the grave yard shift again  
Selling gasoline

And there's kids smoking on south first  
See high-school was just a blur, to her  
And everything just found their place it seemed

There's an old folk song on the radio  
Sounding thin and dark and haunted  
There's 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 ain't 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

There's 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, just to say hey.

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