# White Rose

Fred Eaglesmith 1996

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**INTRO: / 1 2 3 4 /**

**[D] / [D] / [Bm] / [Bm] / [F#m] / [F#m] / [G] / [G] /**

**[D] / [D] / [Bm] / [Bm] / [F#m] / [F#m] / [G] / [G]**

Well the **[D]** whole town came out to watch

The **[Bm]** day they paved the parking lot

Some-**[F#m]**body put a ribbon up

And **[G]** then they cut it down **[G]**

And that **[D]** big White Rose up on that sign

Was the **[Bm]** innocence in all our lives

And **[F#m]** you could see its neon lights

From **[G]** half a mile out **[G]**

Gas was **[D]** fifty cents a gallon

And they’d **[Bm]** put it in for you

And they’d **[F#m]** pump your tires and check your oil

And **[G]** wash your windows too **[G]**

And we’d **[D]** shine those cars as bright as bright

And we’d **[Bm]** go park underneath that light

And **[F#m]** stare out at the prairie sky

There was **[G]** nothing else to do **[G]**

**CHORUS:**

But now there’s **[Bm]** plywood for glass

Where the **[F#m]** windows all got smashed

And there’s **[G]** just a chunk of concrete

Where those **[A]** old pumps used to stand

There’s a **[Bm]** couple of cars half out of the ground

And that **[F#m]** oil sign still spins round and round

But **[G]** I guess the White Rose filling station’s just a

**[A]** Memory **[Bm]** now **[Bm]**

And the **[D]** girls would spend a couple of bucks

Just to **[Bm]** meet the boys working at the pumps

And **[F#m]** they’d grow up and fall in love

And **[G]** they’d all move away **[G]**

**[D]** Strangers used to stop and ask

How **[Bm]** far they’d driven off the map

But **[F#m]** then they built that overpass

And now they **[G]** stay out on the highway **[G]**

**CHORUS:**

But now there’s **[Bm]** plywood for glass

Where the **[F#m]** windows all got smashed

And there’s **[G]** just a chunk of concrete

Where those **[A]** old pumps used to stand

There’s a **[Bm]** couple of cars half out of the ground

And that **[F#m]** oil sign still spins round and round

But **[G]** I guess the White Rose filling station’s just a

**[A]** Memory **[Bm]** now **[Bm] / [Bm] / [Bm]**

**BRIDGE:**

And that **[G]** neon sign was the heart and soul

Of **[D]** this old one horse town

And it’s **[A]** like it lost its will to live

The **[G]** day they shut it down **[G] / [G]**

**CHORUS:**

But now there’s **[Bm]** plywood for glass

Where the **[F#m]** windows all got smashed

And there’s **[G]** just a chunk of concrete

Where those **[A]** old pumps used to stand

There’s a **[Bm]** couple of cars half out of the ground

And that **[F#m]** oil sign still spins round and round

But **[G]** I guess the White Rose filling station’s just a

**[A]** Memory **[Bm]** now **[Bm]**

But **[G]** I guess the White Rose filling station’s just a

**[A]** Memory **[Bm]** now **[Bm]↓**

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