

Tom Waits, Eggs And Sausage

nighthawks at the diner
of Emma's 49er, there's a rendezvous
of strangers around the coffee urn tonight
all the gypsy hacks, the insomniacs
now the paper's been read
now the waitress said
eggs and sausage and a side of toast
coffee and a roll, hash browns over easy
chile in a bowl with burgers and fries
what kind of pie?
In a graveyard charade, a late shift masquerade
2 for a quarter, dime for a dance
with Woolworth rhinestone diamond

earrings, and a sideways glance
and now the register rings
and now the waitress sings
(chorus) the classified section offered no direction
it's a cold caffeine in a nicotine cloud
now the touch of your fingers
lingers burning in my memory
I've been 86ed from your scheme
I'm in a melodramatic nocturnal scene
I'm a refugee from a disconcerted affair
as the lead pipe morning falls
and the waitress calls
(chorus)