

# Tom Waits, Eggs And Sausage (In A Cadillac With

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

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?

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

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? Ala mode!