

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!