

Tom Waits, The Ghosts Of Saturday Night (After

A cab combs the snake tryin' to rake in that last night's fare
And a solitary sailor
Who spends the facts of his life like small change on strangers
Paws his inside P-coat pocket for a welcome twenty-five cents
And the last bent butt from a package of Kents
As he dreams of a waitress with Maxwell House eyes
And marmalade thighs with scrambled yellow hair
Her rhinestone-studded moniker says, "Irene"
As she wipes the wisps of dishwater blonde from her eyes

And the Texaco beacon burns on
The steel-belted attendant with a 'Ring and Valve Special'
Cryin' "Fill'er up and check that oil"
"You know it could be the distributor and it could be your coil."

The early mornin' final edition's on the stands
And that town cryer's cryin' there with nickels in his hands
Pigs in a blanket sixty-nine cents
Eggs-roll 'em over and a package of Kents
Adam and Eve on a log, you can sink 'em damn straight
Hash browns, hash browns, you know I can't be late

And the early dawn cracks out a carpet of diamond
Across a cash crop car lot filled with twilight Coupe Devilles
Leaving the town in a-keeping
Of the one who is sweeping
Up the ghost of Saturday night