

# 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