

# Invitation to the Blues

Jennifer Warnes

Well, shes up against the register, an apron and a spatula  
With yesterdays deliveries and tickets for bachelors  
Shes a moving violation from her conk down to her shoes  
But shes just an invitation to the bluesBut you feel like Cagney  
And she looks like Rita Hayworth  
At the counter of the Schwabs drugstore  
You wonder if she might be singleShes a loner, likes to mingle  
Got to be patience, try to pick up a clue  
She says how you gonna likeem  
Medium or scrambled?Any way is the only way, be careful not to gamble  
On a guy with a suitcase and a ticket getting out here  
Its tired bus station and an old pair of shoes  
Aint nothing but an invitation to the bluesBut you cant take your eyes off her  
Get another cup of java  
And its just the way she pours it for you  
Joking with the customersOh mercy, Mr. Percy, there aint nothing back in jersey  
But a broken down jalopy of a man I left behind  
And a dream that I was chasing, a battle with booze  
An open invitation to the bluesAh, but shes had a sugar daddy and a candy apple caddy  
A bank account and everything  
Accustomed to the finer things  
He left her for a socialiteHe didnt love her except at night and then hes drunk  
And never even told her that he cared  
So she took the registration, car keys and her shoes  
Left with an invitation to the bluesNow theres continental railways leaving  
Local bus tonight, good evening  
You can have my seat, Im sticking 'round here for a while  
Get a room at squireThe filling stations hiring and I can cat here every night  
What the hell have I got to lose?  
Got a crazy sensation, go or stay, I gotta choose  
Ill accept your invitation to the blues

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