

Invitation to the Blues

Tom Waits

Well she's up against the register
With an apron and a spatula
With yesterday's deliveries
And the tickets for the bachelors
She's a moving violation
From her conk down to her shoes
But it's just an invitation to the blues And you feel just like Cagney
She looks like Rita Hayworth
At the counter of the
Schwab's drug store
You wonder if she might be single
She's a loner and likes to mingle
Got to be patient and pick up a clue She says, "How you gonna like 'em
Over medium or scrambled?
You say "Anyway's the only way", be careful not to gamble
On a guy with a suitcase
And a ticket gettin' out of here
In a tired bus station and an old pair of shoes
But it ain't nothin' but an invitation to the blues But you can't take your eyes off her get another cup of java
And it's just the way she pours it for you
Joking with the customers mercy mercy Mr. Percy
There ain't nothin' back in Jersey
But a broken-down jalopy of a man I left behind
And a dream that I was chasin' and a battle with booze
And an open invitation to the blues But she's had a sugar daddy and a candy apple caddy
And a bank account and everything accustom to the finer things
He probably left her for a socialite
And he didn't love her except at night
And then he's drunk and never even told her that he cared
So they took the registration and the car-keys and her shoes
And left her with an invitation to the blues 'Cause there's a Continental Trailways leavin'
Local bus tonight, good evenin'
You can have my seat, I'm stickin' 'round here for a while
Get me a room at the squire the fillin' station's hirin'
And I can eat here every night what the hell have I got to lose
Got a crazy sensation go or stay and I've got to choose
And I'll accept your invitation to the blues

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