Diamonds On My Windshield

Tom Waits

Diamonds on my windshield
Tears from heaven
Pullin' in town on the Interstate
Pullin' a steel train in the rain
Wind bites my cheek
Through the wing
Fast flyin' freeway drive
It always makes me sing
Duster tryin' to change my tune
Pullin' up fast on the right
Rollin' restlessly
Twenty-four hour moon
Wisconsin hiker with a cue-ball head
Wishin' he's home in a Wiscosin bed
Fifteen feet of snow in the East
Colder than a well digger's ass
And oceanside it ends the ride
San Clemente comin' up
Sunday desperadoes slip by
Check station close and you cruise by with a dry back
Orange drive-in the neon billin'
Theater's fillin' to the brim
Slave girls and hot spurn
Bucket full of sin
Metropolitan area
Interchange and connections
Fly-by-nights from riverside
Black and white planes out of state, runnin' a little late
Sailors jockey for the fast lane
One O one don't miss it
Rollin' hills and concrete fields
Broken line on your mind
The eights go east and the fives go north
And the merging nexus back and forth
You see your sign, you cross the line
Signal with a blink
Radio's gone off the air and it gives you time to think
Ease it out and you creep across
In a section lights froze out

Hear the rumble as you fumble for a cigarette
Blazin' through this neon jungle
Remember someone that you met
And one more block, the engine talks in whispers,"Home at last"
Whispers, whispers, whispers, "Home at last, home at last"

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