

# The Ghosts of Saturday Night (After Hours at Napol

Tom Waits

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 a distributor and it could be a coil"  
The early mornin' final edition's on the stands  
And 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

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