

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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