

# Invitation To the Blues

Jennifer Warnes

Well, she's up against the register  
An apron and a spatula  
With yesterday's deliveries  
And tickets for bachelors  
She's a moving violation  
From her conk down to her shoes  
But she's just an invitation to the blues But you feel like cagney  
And she looks like Rita Hayworth  
At the counter of the Schwab's drugstore  
You wonder if she might be single  
She's a loner, likes to mingle  
Got to be patience, try to pick up a clue  
She says how you gonna like'em  
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  
It's tired bus station  
And an old pair of shoes  
Ain't nothing 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  
Oh mercy, Mr. Percy!  
There ain't 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 blues Ah, but she's had a sugar daddy  
And a candy apple caddy  
A bank account and everything  
Accustomed to the finer things  
He left her for a socialite  
He didn't love her except at night  
And then he's 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 blues

Songwriters

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