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 bluesBut 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 bluesBut 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 bluesAh, 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

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