

Eggs and Sausage (In a Cadillac With Susan Michels)

Tom Waits

Nighthawks at the diner
Of Emma's 49er, there's a rendezvous
Of strangers around the coffee urn tonight
All the gypsy hacks, the insomniacs
Now the paper's been read
Now the waitress said
Eggs and sausage and a side of toast
Coffee and a roll, hash browns over easy
Chile in a bowl with burgers and fries
What kind of pie?
In a graveyard charade, a late shift masquerade
Two for a quarter, dime for a dance
With Woolworth rhinestone diamond
Earrings, and a sideways glance
And now the register rings
And now the waitress sings
(chorus) the classified section offered no direction
It's a cold caffeine in a nicotine cloud
Now the touch of your fingers
Lingers burning in my memory
I've been 86ed from your scheme
I'm in a melodramatic nocturnal scene
I'm a refugee from a disconcerted affair
As the lead pipe morning falls
And the waitress calls
(chorus)

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written by TOM WAITS

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