

Waits Tom

"Diamonds On My Windshield"

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Diamonds on my windshield
Tears from heaven
Pulling into town on the Interstate
Pulling a steel train in the rain
The wind bites my cheek through the wing
Fast flying, freeway driving
Always makes me sing

There's a Duster tryin' to change my tune
Pulling up fast on the right
Rolling restlessly, twenty-four hour moon

Wisconsin hiker with a cue-ball head
Wishing he was home in a Wisconsin bed
fifteen feet of snow in the East
Colder than a welldigger's ass

Oceanside it ends the ride, San Clemente coming up
Sunday desperadoes slip by, gas station closed, cruise
with a dry back
Orange drive-in the neon billin'
Theatre's fillin' to the brim
Slave girls and a hot spurn bucket full of sin

Metropolitan area with interchange and connections
Fly-by-nights from Riverside
Black and white plates, out of state, running a little bit
late

Sailors jockey for the fast lane
101 don't miss it
Rolling hills and concrete fields
The broken line's on your mind

Eights go east and the fives go north
The merging nexus back and forth
You see your sign, cross the line, signalling with a blink

The radio's gone off the air
Gives you time to think
You ease it out and you creep across

Intersection light goes out
You hear the rumble
As you fumble for a cigarette
Blazing through this midnight jungle
Remember someone that you met
One more block; the engine talks
And whispers 'home at last'
It whispers, whispers, whispers 'home at last', home at
last

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