

Waits Tom

"The Ghosts Of Saturday Night"

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(AFTER HOURS AT NAPOLEONE'S PIZZA HOUSE)

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 that 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
Deville's,
Leaving the town in a-keeping
Of the one who is sweeping
Up the ghost of Saturday night...

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