

Tom Waits

"Diamonds On My Windshield"

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Diamonds on my windshield
Tears from heaven
Pullin' in town on the Interstate
Pullin' a steel train in the rain

Wind bites my cheek
Through the wing
Fast flyin' freeway drive
It always makes me sing

Duster tryin' to change my tune
Pullin' up fast on the right
Rollin' restlessly
Twenty-four hour moon

Wisconsin hiker with a cue-ball head
Wishin' he's home in a Wisconsin bed
Fifteen feet of snow in the East
Colder than a well digger's ass

And oceanside it ends the ride
San Clemente comin' up
Sunday desperadoes slip by
Check station close and you cruise by with a dry back

Orange drive-in the neon billin'
Theater's fillin' to the brim
Slave girls and hot spurn
Bucket full of sin
Metropolitan area
Interchange and connections
Fly-by-nights from riverside
Black and white planes out of state, runnin' a little late

Sailors jockey for the fast lane
One O one don't miss it
Rollin' hills and concrete fields
Broken line on your mind

The eights go east and the fives go north
And the merging nexus back and forth
You see your sign, you cross the line

Signal with a blink

Radio's gone off the air and it gives you time to think
Ease it out and you creep across
In a section lights froze out
Hear the rumble as you fumble for a cigarette

Blazin' through this neon jungle
Remember someone that you met
And one more block, the engine talks in
whispers, "Home at last"
Whispers, whispers, whispers, "Home at last, home at
last"

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