

Tom Waits

"Eggs & Sausage"

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Nighthawks at the diner, 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
And it's two for a quarter, dime for a dance
With Woolworth Rhinestone diamond earrings
And a sideway's glance and now the register rings

Now the waitress sings
"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?"

Now, the classified section offers no direction
It's a cold caffeine in a nicotine cloud
As the touch of your fingers
Lingers burning in my memory

I've been 86ed from your scheme
Now I'm in a melodramatic nocturnal scene
Now I'm a refugee from a disconcerted affair
Now I lead pipe morning falls

Now the waitress calls
"Eggs and sausage and a side of toast
Coffee and a roll, hash browns over easy
Chile in a bowl with burgers and fries, now what kind of
pie?"

[Incomprehensible] if you will
Just come in to join the crowd
Had some time to kill

See, I'd just come in to join the crowd

Had some time to kill
Just come in to join the crowd
'Coz I had some time to kill

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