

Tom Waits

"The Ghosts Of Saturday Night (After Hours At Napoleones Piz"

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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 your distributor and it could be
your 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
Deviles,
Leaving the town in the keeping
Of the one who is sweeping
Up the ghosts of Saturday night...

