

Eat At Joe's

Matraca Berg

I go to work from 10:30 until 6 a.m.
Raking up those dimes and quarters
Slinging eggs and ham
Scrambled, poached, or over easy
Coffee black and strong
Jukebox of scratchy records
I play 'em all night long

Eternal blue neon, we're never closed
When the world is asleep
Darling, come take a seat
You can always eat at Joe's (eat at Joe's)

Here comes old Frank Taylor, smelling like old gin
Guess his wife couldn't get him sober
It's up to me again
Here's a hot top on your coffee
Honey, you're a mess
I ain't your wife, I ain't your momma
But I'll do, I guess

Eternal blue neon, we're never closed
When the world is asleep
Darling, come take a seat
You can always eat at Joe's (eat at Joe's)

Hello, Prince Charming, where are you, dear?
When will you come in and order biscuits here?
Truck drivers, musicians with no place to go
I can be your domestic goddess
For an hour or so

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Darling, come take a seat
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