

## Eggs and Sausage (In a Cadillac With Susan Michelson)

Tom Waits

nighthawks at the diner  
of 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  
2 for a quarter, dime for a dance  
with Woolworth rhinestone diamond  
earrings, and a sideways glance  
and now the register rings  
and 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?

the classified section offered no direction  
it's a cold caffeine in a nicotine cloud  
now the touch of your fingers  
lingers burning in my memory  
I've been 86ed from your scheme  
I'm in a melodramatic nocturnal scene  
I'm a refugee from a disconcerted affair  
as the lead pipe morning falls  
and the waitress calls

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coffee and a roll, hash browns over easy  
chile in a bowl with burgers and fries  
what kind of pie?