

# The Ghosts of Saturday Night (After Hours at Napoleone's Pizza House)

Tom Waits

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 a distributor and it could be a 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 Devilles,  
Leaving the town in a-keeping  
Of the one who is sweeping  
Up the ghost of Saturday night