









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?"

Eggs and Sausage
Tom Waits











