

**Invitation To The Blues**  
**Tom Waits**

**Ebm Bm**

Well she s up against the register with an apron and a spatula,

**F# Cdim**

With y esterday s deliveries and the t ickets for the bachelors

**G#m7 Bb7sus4 Bb7**

She s a mov ing violation from her c onk down to her sh oes,

**Ebm G#m Bb7 Ebm**

But it s j ust an invit ation to the b lues

**G#m C#7**

And you f eel just like Cagney, she lo oks like Rita Hayworth

**F#**

At the co unter of the Schwab s drugstore

**G#m C#7**

You wonder if she might be single, she s a lon er and likes to mingle

**F# Bb Bb7 Ebm Bb7**

Got to be patient, try and pi ck up a clu e

**Ebm Bm**

She said H ow you gonna like em, over m edium or scrambled? ,

**F# G#**

You say A nyway s the only way , be c areful not to gamble

**G#m7 Bb7sus4 Bb7**

On a g uy with a suitcase and a ticket getting out of here

**Ebm Bm**

In a t ired bus station in an o ld pair of shoes

**Bb7sus4 Bb7 Ebm**

This ain t no thing but an invit ation to the bl ues

**G#m C#7**

But you can t t ake your eyes off her, get an other cup of java,

**F#**

And it s jus t the way she pours it for you, joking with the customers

**G#m C#7**

Mercy mercy, Mr. Percy, there ain t no thing back in Jersey

**F# Bb Bb7**

But a bro ken-down jalopy of a m an I left beh ind

**Ebm**

And a d ream that I was chasing,

**Bm**

a b attle with booze

**Bb7sus4 Bb7 Ebm**

And an open invit ation to the b lues

**G#m C#7**

But she used to h ave a sugar daddy and a c andy-apple Caddy,

**F# F#**

And a bank account and everything, accumulated to the finer things

**G#m C#7**

He probably left her for a socialite, and he didn't love her except at night,

**F# Bb**

And then he's drunk and never even told her that he cared

**Ebm**

So they took the registration,

**Bm**

And the car-keys and her shoes

**Bb7sus4 Bb7 Ebm**

And left her with an invitation to the blues (...solo sax)

**G#m C#7**

Cause there's a Continental Trailways leaving local bus tonight, good evening

**F# F#**

You can have my seat, I'm sticking around here for a while

**G#m C#7**

Get me a room at the Squire, the filling station's hiring,

**F# Bb**

And I can eat here every night, what the hell have I got to lose?

**Ebm**

Got a crazy sensation,

**Bm**

Go or stay? now I gotta choose,

**Bb7sus4 Bb7 Ebm**

And I'll accept your invitation to the blues