

# Tom Waits - Invitation To The Blues

Tom: F

**Dm Bbm**  
Well she's up against the register with an apron and a spatula,  
**F Bdim**  
With yesterday's deliveries and the tickets for the bachelors  
**Gm7 A7sus4 A7**  
She's a moving violation from her conk down to her shoes,  
**Dm Gm A7 Dm**  
But it's just an invitation to the blues

**Gm C7**  
And you feel just like Cagney, she looks like Rita Hayworth  
**F**  
At the counter of the Schwab's drugstore  
**Gm C7**  
You wonder if she might be single, she's a loner and likes to mingle  
**F A A7 Dm A7**  
Got to be patient, try and pick up a clue

**Dm Bbm**  
She said "How you gonna like 'em, over medium or scrambled?",  
**F G**  
You say "Anyway's the only way", be careful not to gamble  
**Gm7 A7sus4 A7**  
On a guy with a suitcase and a ticket getting out of here  
**Dm Bbm**  
In a tired bus station in an old pair of shoes  
**A7sus4 A7 Dm**  
This ain't no thing but an invitation to the blues  
**Gm C7**  
But you can't take your eyes off her, get another cup of java,  
**F**  
And it's just the way she pours it for you, joking with the customers  
**Gm C7**  
Mercy mercy, Mr. Percy, there ain't no thing back in Jersey  
**F A A7**

But a broken-down jalopy of a man I left behind

**Dm**  
And a dream that I was chasing,  
**Bbm**  
a battle with booze

**A7sus4 A7 Dm**  
And an open invitation to the blues

**Gm C7**  
But she used to have a sugar daddy and a candy-apple Caddy,  
**F F**  
And a bank account and everything, accumulated to the finer things  
**Gm C7**  
He probably left her for a socialite, and he didn't love her 'cept at night,  
**F A**  
And then he's drunk and never even told her that he cared  
**Dm**  
So they took the registration,  
**Bbm**  
And the car-keys and her shoes  
**A7sus4 A7 Dm**  
And left her with an invitation to the blues (...solo sax)

**Gm C7**  
'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  
**Gm C7**  
Get me a room at the Squire, the filling station's hiring,  
**F A**  
And I can eat here every night, what the hell have I got to lose?  
**Dm**  
Got a crazy sensation,  
**Bbm**  
Go or stay? now I gotta choose,  
**A7sus4 A7 Dm**  
And I'll accept your invitation to the blues

## Acordes

