

Tom Waits, A Nickel's Worth Of Dreams

Well, the shoeshine boy's got lines around the block
The bloodhound's let the convicts get away
And after you're asleep, all the cheerleaders weep
And the ham-and-egggers win the Irish Sweepstakes every day

The paper boys make headlines and the janitors are winking
As they're filling up their dustpans full of hundred dollar bills
The never-do-wells and stingy-pins all ride around in taxis
In the style that they have grown accustomed to

And the parking lot attendants leave the money in the drawer
And take that Corvette Stingray with a four-on-the-floor
And pull into the filling station and instead of gasoline
Say, 'Hey buddy, can you fill it with a nickel's worth of dreams?'