## **Diamonds on My Windshield**

**Tom Waits** 

Diamonds on my windshield Tears from heaven Pulling into town on the Interstate Pulling a steel train in the rain The wind bites my cheek through the wing Fast flying, freway driving Always makes me sing

There's a Duster tryin' to change my tune Pulling up fast on the right Rolling restlessly, twenty-four hour moon

Wisconsin hiker with a cue-ball head Wishing he was home in a Wiscosin bed Fifteen feet of snow in the East Colder then a welldigger's ass

Oceanside it ends the ride, San Clemente coming up Sunday desperadoes slip by, gas station closed, Cruise with a dry back Orange drive-in the neon billin' Theatre's fillin' to the brim Slave girls and a hot spurn bucket full of sin

Metropolitan area with interchange and connections Fly-by-nights from Riverside Black and white plates, out of state, Running a little bit late

Sailors jockey for the fast lane 101 don't miss it Rolling hills and concrete fields The broken line's on your mind

Eights go east and the fives go north The merging nexus back and forth You see your sign, cross the line, Signalling with a blink

The radio's gone off the air Gives you time to think You ease it out and you creep across Intersection light goes out You hear the rumble As you fumble for a cigarette Blazing through this midnight jungle Remember someone that you met One more block; the engine talks And whispers 'home at last' It whispers, whispers, whispers 'home at last', home at last