

Piano Man

It's nine o'clock on a Saturday, the regular crowd shuffles in
There's an old man sitting next to me makin' love to his tonic and gin

He says, "Son, can you play me a memory I'm not really sure how it goes
But it's sad and it's sweet and I knew it complete when I wore a younger man's clothes"

La la la, di di da La la, di di da da dum

**Sing us a song, you're the piano man, sing us a song tonight
Well, we're all in the mood for a melody and you've got us feelin' alright**

Now John at the bar is a friend of mine, he gets me my drinks for free
And he's quick with a joke or to light up your smoke but there's someplace that he'd rather be

He says, "Bill, I believe this is killing me", as the smile ran away from his face
"Well I'm sure that I could be a movie star If I could get out of this place"

Oh, la la la, di di da La la, di di da da dum

Now Paul is a real estate novelist, who never had time for a wife
And he's talkin' with Davy, who's still in the Navy and probably will be for life

And the waitress is practicing politics, as the businessmen slowly get stoned
Yes, they're sharing a drink they call loneliness, but it's better than drinkin' alone

**Sing us a song you're the piano man, sing us a song tonight
Well we're all in the mood for a melody and you got us feeling alright**

It's a pretty good crowd for a Saturday and the manager gives me a smile
'Cause he knows that it's me they've been comin' to see to forget about life for a while

And the piano, it sounds like a carnival and the microphone smells like a beer
And they sit at the bar and put bread in my jar and say, "Man, what are you doin' here?"

Oh, la la la, di di da La la, di di da da dum

**Sing us a song you're the piano man, sing us a song tonight
Well we're all in the mood for a melody and you got us feeling alright**