



P1 – 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 da 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 all feelin' all right

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

He says, "Bill, I believe this is killing me." As his 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 da da - La la, di da da da dum

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

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

Instrumentaal

Refrein

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 their 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 da da - La la, di da da da dum

Refrein