

Piano Man

It's ten o'clock on a Monday
The regular crowd shuffles in
There's an old man sittin' 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"

Da, da-da, de-de-da
Da-da, de-de-da, da-da

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 some place that he'd rather be

He says, "Bill, I believe this is killing me"
As a 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"

Da, da-da, de-de-da
Da-da, de-de-da, da-da

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

It's a pretty good crowd for a Monday
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?"

Da, da-da, de-de-da
Da-da, de-de-da, da-da

Sing us the 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