

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 de de da, La-la De De Da, De 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 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"

La La-La de de da, La-la De De Da, De Da

Now Paul is a real estate novelist, who never had time for a wife
And he's talking 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

Piano Solo

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 Saturday, And the manager gives me a smile
'Cause he knows that it's me they've been coming to see
To forget about life for awhile
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?"

La La-La de de da, La-la De De Da, De 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