

Ari Koivunen, Piano Man

Its nine oclock on a saturday
The regular crowd shuffles in
Theres an old man sitting next to me
Makin love to his tonic and gin
He says, son, can you play me a memory?
Im not really sure how it goes
But its sad and its sweet and I knew it complete
When I wore a younger mans clothes
La la la, de de da
La la, de de da da da

Chorus:

Sing us a song, youre the piano man
Sing us a song tonight
Well, were all in the mood for a melody
And youve got us feelin alright
Now john at the bar is a friend of mine
He gets me my drinks for free
And hes quick with a joke or to light up your smoke
But theres someplace that hed rather be
He says, bill, I believe this is killing me.
As the smile ran away from his face
Well Im sure that I could be a movie star
If I could get out of this place
Oh, la la la, de de da
La la, de de da da da

Now paul is a real estate novelist
Who never had time for a wife
And hes talkin with davy whos still in the navy
And probably will be for life
And the waitress is practicing politics
As the businessmen slowly get stoned
Yes, theyre sharing a drink they call loneliness
But its better than drinkin alone

Chorus

Its a pretty good crowd for a saturday
And the manager gives me a smile
cause he knows that its me theyve 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, de de da
La la, de de da da da

Chorus