

Pat McGee Band, Piano Man

Well it's nine o'clock on a Saturday,
The regular crowd shuffles in.
There's an old man sitting next to me,
Making love to his tonic and gin.
He says "son can you play me a melody?
But I'm not really sure how it goes,
It's sad and it's sweet and I knew it complete
When I wore a younger man's clothes."

La da de da 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 feeling all right.

The John at the bar, he's a friend of mine,
Gets me my drinks for free,
And he's quick with a joke, or a light of your smoke,
But there's someplace that he'd rather be.

He says "Jonathan I believe this is killing me,"
As a smile ran away from his face.
"Well I'm sure that I could be a porno star,
If I could get out of this place."

La da de da 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 feeling alright.

Paul's a real estate novelist,
Who never had time for a wife.
And he's talking with Davey,
Who's still in the Navy,
And that's probably why.

And the waitress is practicing politics,
While everybody in Rochester slowly gets stoned.
Yes they're sharing a drink they call loneliness,
But it's better than drinking 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've 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 Pat McGee they been coming to see
To forget about life for a while.

The Piano sounds like a carnival,
And the microphone smells like a beer.
And they sit at the bar, and put bread in my jar
And they say "can I get you a beer?"

La la la de da 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 feeling alright.