

# Billy Joel, Scenes From An Italian Restaurant

A bottle of white, a bottle of red  
Perhaps a bottle of rose instead  
We'll get a table near the street  
In our old familiar place  
You and I-face to face

A bottle of red, a bottle of white  
It all depends on your appetite  
I'll meet you any time you want  
In our Italian Restaurant.

Things are okay with me these days  
Got a good job, got a good office  
Got a new wife, got a new life  
And the family's fine  
We lost touch long ago  
You lost weight I did not know  
You could ever look so good after  
So much time.

I remember those days hanging out  
At the village green  
Engineer boots, leather jackets  
And tight blue jeans  
Drop a dime in the box play the  
Song about New Orleans  
Cold beer, hot lights  
My sweet romantic teenage nights

Brenda and Eddie were the  
Popular steadies  
And the king and the queen  
Of the prom  
Riding around with the car top  
Down and the radio on  
Nobody looked any finer  
Or was more of a hit at the  
Parkway Diner  
We never knew we could want more  
Than that out of life  
Surely Brenda and Eddie would  
Always know how to survive.

Brenda and Eddy were still going  
Steaday in the summer of '75  
when they decided the marriage would  
Be at the end of July  
Everyone said they were crazy  
"Brenda you know you're much too lazy  
Eddie could never afford to live that  
Kind of life."  
But there we were wavin' Brenda and  
Eddie goodbye.

They got an apartment with deep  
Pile carpet  
And a couple of paintings from Sears  
A big waterbed that they bought  
With the bread  
They had saved for a couple  
Of years  
They started to fight when the  
Money got tight  
And they just didn't count on

The tears.

They lived for a while in a  
Very nice style  
But it's always the same in the end  
They got a divorce as a matter  
Of course  
And they parted the closest  
Of friends  
Then the king and the queen went  
Back to the green  
But you can never go back  
There again.

Brenda and Eddie had had it  
Already by the summer of '75  
From the high to the low to  
The end of the show  
For the rest of their lives  
They couldn't go back to  
The greasers  
The best they could do was  
Pick up the pieces  
We always knew they would both  
Find a way to get by  
That's all I heard about  
Brenda and Eddie  
Can't tell you more than I  
Told you already  
And here we are wavin' Brenda  
And Eddie goodbye.

A bottle of red, aa bottle of white  
Whatever kind of mood you're in tonight  
I'll meet you anytime you want  
In our Italian Restaurant.