

# Tom Waits, The Piano Has Been Drinking

The piano has been drinking,  
My necktie is asleep,  
And the combo went back to New York,  
The jukebox has to take a leak,  
And the carpet needs a haircut,  
And the spotlight looks like a prison break,  
'Cause the telephone's out of cigarettes,  
And the balcony is on the make,  
And the piano has been drinking.

The piano has been drinking,  
And the menus are all freezing,  
And the light man's blind in one eye,  
And he can't see out of the other,  
And the piano tuner's got a hearing aid,  
And he showed up with his mother,  
And the piano has been drinking.

The piano has been drinking,  
As the bouncer is a Sumo wrestler,  
Cream-puff casper milktoast,  
And the owner is a mental midget,  
With the I.Q. of a fence post,  
'Cause the piano has been drinking.

The piano has been drinking,  
And you can't find your waitress,  
With a Geiger counter,  
And she hates you and your friends,  
And you just can't get served without her,  
And the box-office is drooling,  
And the bar stools are on fire,  
And the newspapers were fooling,  
And the ashtrays have retired,  
'Cause the piano has been drinking.

The piano has been drinking,  
The piano has been drinking,  
Not me,  
Not me,  
Not me,  
Not me,  
Not me.