clock on a saturday,
the regular crowd shuffle's in.

It's nine o'

And there's an old man
sitting next to me
making love to his
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 youngerman's clothes.
80

"song, you're the pian-o man, sing us a song to-night."

86

"Well, we're all in the mood for a mel-o-dy, and you've got us feeling al-right."

92

"feeling al-right."
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 a
light up your smoke, but there's some-place that he'd rather be.

Hesays, "Bill, I believe this is killing me," as a smile ran a-

way from his face. "Well, I'm sure that I could be a movie star,
if I could get out of this place." Oh-oh la, la-la, la-la.

Now Paul is a real estate novelist, who ne-ver had
time for a wife. And he's talking with Davy, who's still in the

Na-vy, and probably will be for life.

And the waitress is
practicing politics as the business men slowly get stoned.

Yes, they're sharing a drink they call loneliness, but it's better than drinking alone.
Sing us a song, you're the pian-o man, sing us a song to-night. 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,

Because he knows that it's me they've been coming to see to forget about

life for a while. And the piano sounds like a carnival, i
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 doing here?" Oh oh

la-la, la-la la-a. La-la, la-la - la.
Sing us a song, you're the pianist, sing us a song to-night. Well, we're all in the mood for a melody, and you've got us feeling all right.