

Piano Man

Auteur : Billy Joel — (sans accords)

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 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 younger man's clothes

Da da da de de Da dada dede da da 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

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 to light up your smoke but there's some place that he'd rather be

He says Bill I believe this is killing me as the smile ran away from his face
Well, I'm sure that I could be a movie star if I could get out of this place

Da da da de de Da dada dede da da da

Now Paul is a real estate novelist who never had time for a wife
And he's talking with Davy who's still in the navy and probably will be for life

And the waitress is practising politics as the businessmen slowly get stoned
Yes, they're sharing a drink they call loneliness but it's better than drinking alone

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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 me they've been coming to see, to forget about life for a while

And 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 say man what are you doing here?

Da da da de de Da dada dede da da da

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