

Brooklyn Steakhouse

Bumblefoot

My reservation was for 9
All heads look down
There was no clock around

I tried but couldn't make it on time
Couldn't find a lie
Watches stopped, broken clocks

My, my hands are tied
And I can't hold the lie
And I know I can never eat here again

Hey, Peter Luger, let me in
It's all my fault
Father Time - I have sinned

I missed my plate of splatterfat ribs
No one forgives
Traffic costs dirty bibs

My, my hands were tied
And I had crossed the line
And I know I can never eat here again

(I don't know what to do, nobody care 'bout no fair
share
Yeah, I'm comin' up on a meat beat down
Service with a frown - cause I was late I get a cold
plate
You punish me - that's not how it was supposed to be)

(I screw you and I screw me too - it's not what I meant
to do
But my actions didn't live up to my intentions or my
expectations
The reservation was for 4 but they just wanna show me
the door
And get me outta there)

My, my hands are tied
And I can't hold the lie
And I know I can never eat here again

And I'll starve till I die
(I should have went to Vegas diner 'round the corner
Where the price is good, the food is worse, and it's in
Bensonhurst)

My, my hands were tied
(You murdered my night - the food was not right
The bill was bigger than my wallet, and bigger than my
appetite)

And I had crossed the line
(Another time another night I could have been better
satisfied
I tried, it's gonna be the last time)

And I know I can never eat here again