It's nine o'clock on a Saturday
the regular crowd shuffles in
There's an old man sitting next to me
Makin' 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

La la la de de da la la de de da da dum

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 feelin' 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 someplace that he'd rather be

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

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 doin' here?"

Oh la la la de de da la la de de da da dum

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 feelin' alright.