

## Abandoned Luncheonette

Hall & Oates

They sat in an Abandoned Luncheonette  
Sipping imaginary cola  
And drawing faces in the tabletop dust  
His voice was rusty from years  
As a sergeant on this man's army  
He was old and crusty

She was twenty when the diner was a baby  
He was the dishwasher, busy in the back  
His hands covered with gravy  
Hair black and wavy  
Brilliantine slick, a pot cleaning dandy  
He was young and randy

Day to day, to day today  
Then they were old, their lives wasted away  
Month to month, to year to year  
They all run together, all run together  
Time measured by the peeling of paint  
On the luncheonette wall

They all sat together in the empty diner  
Filled with cracked China  
Old news was blowing across the filthy floor  
And the sign on the door read this way out  
That's all it said, that's all it said  
That's all it said

Day to day, day today  
Then they were old, their lives wasted away  
Month to month, and year to year  
And month to month to month, and year to year

Day to day, day to day  
Day to day, day to day  
Day to day, day to day  
Day to day, day to day  
Day to day, day to day  
Day to day, day to day