

# Diner

Martin Sexton

You might have seen one out in Minnesota  
Or maybe down by the sea in Sarasota.  
They were made back in Worcester, Mass.  
Of aluminum, bakelite and glass

Like a locomotive, they were streamlined  
And the blueprints were drawn up from a dream of mine  
Slap 'em up, put 'em on the train  
Out to Michigan, up to Maine

You may find a diner down in Georgia or Carolina,  
Off the twenty by the Piggly Wiggly  
In the country out of Waynesboro

When it's getting late and rainy out in New York State  
You hang a louie off the throughway  
And you go and grab yourself a cheeseburger  
At a Little Gem Diner, off six-niner

Diner my shiny, shiny love  
In the night you're all I'm thinking of  
Diner my shiny, shiny love

The cruiser pulls in where the troopers always stop  
As we dine over the chrome and formica table top

The cashier she always squints  
By the gum and the bowl of mints  
She's tapping her toe  
To the Dean Martin on the consolette  
Booth service and a cigarette  
We're loving it so

Side of fries a dollar  
Or the haddock plate two ninety-five  
A rootbeer float, a Pepsi  
And be sure to save some room for some apple pie  
Better make it a-la-mode

Diner my shiny, shiny love  
In the night you're all I'm thinking of  
Diner my shiny, shiny love

Dean Martin, God rest his soul  
Talkin' to me from the cereal bowl  
There's a couple from the Show-Me State  
Knockin' back a little meatloaf plate

Diner my shiny, shiny love  
Diner my shiny, shiny love  
Diner my shiny, shiny, shiny love

Chicken and biscuits  
With a side of gravy