

Tom's Diner

Moroder Giorgio

I am sitting
In the morning
At the diner
On the corner
I am waiting
At the counter
For the man
To pour the coffee

And he fills it
Only halfway
And before
I even argue
He is looking
Out the window
At somebody
Coming in

It is always
Nice to see you
Says the man
Behind the counter
To the woman
Who has come in
She is shaking
Her umbrella

And I look
The other way
As they are kissing
Their hellos
And I'm pretending
Not to see them
And Instead
I pour the milk

I open
Up the paper
There's a story
Of an actor
Who had died
While he was drinking
He was no one
I had heard of

And I'm turning
To the horoscope
And looking
For the funnies
When I'm feeling
Someone watching me
And so
I raise my head

There's a woman
On the outside
Looking inside

Does she see me?
No she does not
Really see me
'Cause she sees
Her own reflection

And I'm trying
Not to notice
That she's hitching
Up her skirt
And while she's
Straightening her stockings
Her hair
Is getting wet

Oh, this rain
It will continue
Through the morning
As I'm listening
To the bells
Of the cathedral
I am thinking
Of your voice

And of the midnight picnic
Once upon a time
Before the rain began

And I finish up my coffee
And it's time to catch the train