

Two dollars, twenty-seven cents
January seventeenth, 2006
Here in a diner with my friends
Talking about how the year went
A few years later I walk in
Patty knew my drink
And she asks where the hell we've been
You used to come here every night
It's not the same without you kids
I cut my hand on a piece of glass
The time we found Dave half dead in the parking lot
Spent the rest of the night in the ER
I cut my hand on a piece of glass
And I hope the scar lasts
So I don't forget that

There's been a table for me there
Through coffee eyes and blank stares
Our late night affairs
There's always been a table for me there
So you can try to forget or say it's the past
You know you'll always end up right back where you left

I ended up here late at night on Thanksgiving
The fall that Colleen left
This was the place to call home
When it felt like the world didn't want us
I watched Mike slash Mon's tires
We laughed about it later
I watched friendships dissolve
In the booth on the back wall
I cut my hand on a piece of glass
And I hope the scar lasts

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There's always been a table for me there
There's always been a table for me there
There's always been a table for me there
Through all of the years
There's always been a table for me there
Through all of the years
There's always been a table for me there
Through all of the years
There's always been a table for me there