

# The Piano Has Been Drinking (Not Me)

Tom Waits

The piano has been drinking,  
My necktie is asleep  
And the combo went back to New York,  
The jukebox has to take a leak  
And the carpet needs a haircut,  
And the spotlight looks like a prison break  
And the telephone's out of cigarettes,  
And the balcony is on the make  
And the piano has been drinking,  
The piano has been drinking And the menus are all freezing,  
And the light man's blind in one eye  
And he can't see out of the other  
And the piano-tuner's got a hearing aid,  
And he showed up with his mother  
And the piano has been drinking,  
The piano has been drinking  
As the bouncer is a Sumo wrestler  
Cream puff casper milk toast  
And the owner is a mental midget  
With the I.Q. of a fence post  
'Cause the piano has been drinking,  
The piano has been drinking And you can't find your waitress  
With a Geiger counter  
And she hates you and your friends and you  
Just can't get served without her  
And the box office is drooling,  
And the bar stools are on fire  
And the newspapers were fooling,  
And the ash-trays have retired  
'Cause the piano has been drinking,  
The piano has been drinking  
The piano has been drinking,  
Not me, not me, not me, not me, not me

Songwriters

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