

# Tom's Diner

## Karmah

I am sitting  
In the morning  
    At the diner  
On the corner  
    I am waiting  
At the counter  
    For the man  
To pour the coffeeAnd he fills it  
    Only halfway  
        And before  
    I even argue  
        He is looking  
    Out the window  
        At somebody  
Coming inIt is always  
    Nice to see you  
        Says the man  
    Behind the counter  
        To the woman  
    Who has come in  
        She is shaking  
Her umbrellaAnd I look  
    The other way  
        As they are kissing  
        Their hellos  
    And I'm pretending  
        Not to see them  
        And Instead  
I pour the milkI 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 ofAnd I'm turning  
    To the horoscope  
        And looking  
        For the funnies

When I'm feeling  
Someone watching me  
And so  
I raise my headThere's a woman  
On the outside  
Looking inside  
Does she see me?  
No she does not  
Really see me  
'Cause she sees  
Her own reflectionAnd I'm trying  
Not to notice  
That she's hitching  
Up her skirt  
And while she's  
Straightening her stockings  
Her hair  
Is getting wetOh, this rain  
It will continue  
Through the morning  
As I'm listening  
To the bells  
Of the cathedral  
I am thinking  
Of your voiceAnd of the midnight picnic  
Once upon a time  
Before the rain beganAnd I finish up my coffee  
And it's time to catch the train

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