

Tom's Diner

Bingo Players

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

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