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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