

Betty's Diner (remix)

Carrie Newcomer

Miranda works the late night counter
In a joint called Betty's Diner
Chrome and checkered tablecloths
One steamy windowpane She got the job that shaky fall
And after hours she'll write till dawn
With a nod and smile she serves them all Here we are all in one place
The wants and wounds of the human race
Despair and hope sit face to face
When you come in from the cold Let her fill your cup with something kind
Eggs and toast like bread and wine
She's heard it all so she don't mind Arthur lets his earl gray steep
Since April it's been hard to sleep
You know they tried most everything
Yet it took her in the end Kevin tests new saxophones
But swears he's leaving quality control
For the Chicago scene, or New Orleans
Where they still play righteous horns Here we are all in one place
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Despair and hope sit face to face
When you come in from the cold Let her fill your cup with something kind
Eggs and toast like bread and wine
She's heard it all so she don't mind Jack studies here after work
To get past high school he's the first
And his large hands seem just as comfortable
With a hammer or a pen Emma leaned and kissed his cheek
And when she did his knees got weak
Miranda smiles at 'em and winks Here we are all in one place
The wants and wounds of the human race
Despair and hope sit face to face
When you come in from the cold Let her fill your cup with something kind
Eggs and toast like bread and wine
She's heard it all so she don't mind You never know who'll be your witness
You never know who grants forgiveness
Look to heaven or sit with us Deidre bites her lip and frowns
She works the stop and go downtown
She's pretty good at the crossword page
And she paints her eyes blue black Tristan comes along sometimes
Small for his age and he's barely five
But she loves him like a mama lion Veda used to drink a lot

Almost lost it all before she stopped
Comes in at night with her friend Mike
Who runs the crisis lineMichael toured Saigon and back
Hair the color of smoke and ash
Their heads are bowed and hands are clasped
One more storm has passedHere we are all in one place
The wants and wounds of the human race
Despair and hope sit face to face
When you come in from the coldLet her fill your cup with something kind
Eggs and toast like bread and wine
She's heard it all so she don't mind

Songwriters

CARRIE NEWCOMERPublished by

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