

Untitled

A E D A  
It's nine o'clock on a Saturday  
D A B7 E  
The regular crowd shuffles in  
A E D A  
There's an old man sitting next to me  
D E A E  
Making love to his tonic and gin

A E D A  
He says, "Son, can you play me a memory  
D A B7 E  
I'm not really sure how it goes  
A E D A  
But it's sad and it's sweet and I knew it complete  
D E A  
When I wore a younger man's clothes."

F#m B7  
la la la, di da da  
F#m B7 E D A E7  
La la, di di da da dum

A E D A  
Sing us a song, you're the piano man  
D A B7 E  
Sing us a song tonight  
A E D A  
Well, we're all in the mood for a melody  
D E A E  
And you've got us all feeling alright

A E D A  
Now John at the bar is a friend of mine  
D A B7 E  
He gets me my drinks for free  
A E D A  
And he's quick with a joke and he'll light up your smoke  
D E A E  
But there's some place that he'd rather be

A E D A  
He says, "Bill, I believe this is killing me."  
D A B7 E  
As the smile ran away from his face  
A E D A  
"Well I'm sure that I could be a movie star  
D E A

Untitled

If I could get out of this place"

F#m                    B7  
la la la, di da da  
F#m                    B7    E D A E7  
La la, di di da da dum

          A            E            D    A  
Now Paul is a real estate novelist  
          D            A            B7 E  
Who never had time for a wife  
          A            E            D            A  
And he's talking with Davy, who's still in the Navy  
          D            E            A    E  
And probably will be for life

          A            E            D    A  
And the waitress is practicing politics  
          D            A            B7 E  
As the businessman slowly gets stoned  
          A            E            D            A  
Yes, they're sharing a drink they call loneliness  
          D            E            A    E  
But it's better than drinking alone

          A            E            D    A  
Sing us a song, you're the piano man  
          D            A            B7 E  
Sing us a song tonight  
          A            E            D    A  
Well, we're all in the mood for a melody  
          D            E            A    E  
And you've got us all feeling alright

          A            E            D    A  
It's a pretty good crowd for a Saturday  
          D            A            B7 E  
And the manager gives me a smile  
          A            E            D            A  
'Cause he knows that it's me they've been coming to see  
          D            E            A    E  
To forget about life for a while

          A            E            D    A  
And the piano, it sounds like a carnival  
          D            A            B7 E  
And the microphone smells like a beer  
          A            E            D            A

Untitled

And they sit at the bar and put bread in my jar

And say, "Man, what are you doing here?"

F#m B7

la la la, di da da

F#m B7 E D A E7

La la, di di da da dum

A E D A

Sing us a song, you're the piano man

D A B7 E

Sing us a song tonight

A E D A

Well, we're all in the mood for a melody

D E A

And you've got us all feeling alright