

Billy Joel

"Scenes From An Italian Restuarant"

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A bottle of white, A bottle of red
Perhaps a bottle of rose instead
We'll get a table near the street
In our old familiar place
You and I--Face to face
A bottle of red, a bottle of white
It all depends upon your appetite
I'll meet you any time you want
In our Italian Restaurant

Things are okay with me these days
Got a good job, got a good office
Got a new wife, got a new life
And the family's fine
We lost touch long ago
You lost weight I did not know
you could ever look so nice after so much time
You remember those days hanging out at the village
green
Engineer boots, leather jackets and tight blue jeans
Drop a dime in the box play the song about New
Orleans
Cold beer, hot lights
My sweet romantic teenage nights

Brenda and Eddie were the popular steadies
And the king and queen of the prom
Riding around with the car top down and the radio on
Nobody looked any finer
Or was more of a hit at the Parkway Diner
We never knew we could want more than that out of life
Surely Brenda and Eddie would always know how to
survive
Brenda and Eddie were still going steady in the
summer of '75
When they decided the marriage would be at the end
of July
Everyone said they were crazy
"Brenda you know you're much too lazy,
Eddie could never afford to live that kind of life"
But there we were wavin' Brenda and Eddie goodbye

They got an apartment with deep pile carpet
and a couple of paintings from Sears
A big waterbed that they bought with the bread
they had saved for a couple of years
They started to fight when the money got tight
and they just didn't count on the tears

They lived for a while in a very nice style
But it's always the in the end
They got a divorce as a matter of course
And they parted the closest of friends
Then the king and the queen went back to the green
But they can never go back there again
Brenda and Eddie had had it already by the summer of
'75
From the high to the low to the end of the show
for the rest of their lives
They couldn't go back to the greasers
The best they could do was pick up the pieces
We always knew they would both find a way to get by
That's all I heard about Brenda and Eddie
Can't tell you more than I told you already
And here we are wavin' Brenda and Eddie goodbye

A bottle of red, A bottle of white
Whatever kind of mood you're in tonight
I'll meet you anytime you want
In our Italian Restaurant

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