

## **Bumblefoot**

# **"Brooklyn Steakhouse"**

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My reservation was for 9  
All heads look down  
There was no clock around

I tried but couldn't make it on time  
Couldn't find a lie  
Watches stopped, broken clocks

My, my hands are tied  
And I can't hold the lie  
And I know I can never eat here again

Hey, Peter Luger, let me in  
It's all my fault  
Father Time - I have sinned

I missed my plate of splatterfat ribs  
No one forgives  
Traffic costs dirty bibs

My, my hands were tied  
And I had crossed the line  
And I know I can never eat here again

(I don't know what to do, nobody care 'bout no fair  
Share  
Yeah, I'm comin' up on a meat beat down  
Service with a frown - cause I was late I get a cold  
Plate  
You punish me - that's not how it was supposed to be)

(I screw you and I screw me too - it's not what I meant

To do  
But my actions didn't live up to my intentions or my  
Expectations  
The reservation was for 4 but they just wanna show me  
The door  
And get me outta there)

My, my hands are tied  
And I can't hold the lie

And I know I can never eat here again

And I'll starve till I die

(I should have went to Vegas diner 'round the corner  
Where the price is good, the food is worse, and it's in  
Bensonhurst)

My, my hands were tied

(You murdered my night - the food was not right  
The bill was bigger than my wallet, and bigger than my  
Appetite)

And I had crossed the line

(Another time another night I could have been better  
Satisfied  
I tried, it's gonna be the last time)

And I know I can never eat here again

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