

Jenifer Bartoli

"Tom's Diner"

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Do do do do, do do do do, do do do do, do do do do

I am sitting in the morning at the diner on the corner
I am waiting at the counter for the man to pour the
coffee

And he fills it only halfway and before I even argue
He is looking out the window at somebody coming in

It is always nice to see you, says the man behind the
counter

To the woman who has come in, she is shaking her
umbrella

And I look the other way as they are kissing their hellos
And I'm pretending not to see them and instead I pour
the milk

Do do do do, do do do do, do do do do, do do do do

I open up the paper, there's a story of an actor
Who had died while he was drinking, it was no one I
had heard of

And I'm turning to the horoscopes and looking for the
funnies

When I'm feeling someone's watching me and so I
raise my head

There's a woman on the outside, looking inside, does
she see me?

No she does not really see me, she sees her own
reflection

And I'm trying not to notice that she's hitching up her
skirt

And while she's straightening her stockings, her hair
has gotten wet

Oh this rain it will continue, through the morning as I'm
listening

To the bells of the cathedral... And I'm thinking of your
voice

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