

Mitchell Joni

"BARANGRILL"

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Three waitresses all wearing
Black diamond earrings
Talking about zombies
And Singapore slings
No trouble in their faces
Not one anxious voice
None of the crazy you get
From too much choice
The thumb and the satchel
Or the rented Rolls-Royce
And you think she knows something
By the second refill
You think she's enlightened
As she totals your bill
You say "Show me the way
To Barangrill"

Well some say it's in service
They say "Humble Makes Pure"
You're hoping it's near Folly
'Cause you're headed that way for sure
And you just have to laugh
'Cause it's all so crazy
Ah, her mind's on her boyfriend
And eggs over easy
It's just a trick on you
Her mirrors and your will
So you ask the truck driver
On the way to the till
But he's just a slave
To Barangrill

The guy at the gaspumps
He's got a lot of soul
He sings Merry Christmas for you
Just like Nat King Cole
And he makes up his own tune
Right on the spot
About whitewalls and windshields
And this job he's got
And you want to get moving

And you want to stay still
But lost in the moment
Some longing gets filled
And you even forget to ask
"Hey, Where's Barangrill?"

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