

Billy Joel - Piano Man

Tom: C

^C ^{Em} ^{Am} ^C
it's nine o'clock on a Saturday

^F ^C ^{D7} ^G
the regular crowd shuffles in

^C ^{Em} ^{Am} ^C
There's an old man sitting next to me

^F ^G ^C ^F ^{C7M} ^G
Makin' love to his tonic and gin

^C ^{Em} ^{Am} ^C
He says Son can you play me a memory

^F ^C ^{D7} ^G
I'm not really sure how it goes

^C ^{Em} ^{Am} ^C
But it's sad and it's sweet and I knew it complete

^F ^G ^C
when I wore a younger man's clothes"

^{Am} ^{Am} ^{D7} ^F ^{Am}
Da da da de de da

^{Am} ^{D7} ^{D7} ^G ^G ^C ^{G7}
da da de de da da da

^C ^{Em} ^{Am} ^C
Sing us a song, you're the piano man,

^F ^C ^{D7} ^G
sing us a song to night

^C ^{Em} ^{Am}
Well we're all in the mood for a melody

^C ^F ^G ^C ^F ^{C7M} ^G
and you've got us feeling all right

^C ^{Em} ^{Am} ^C
Now John at the bar is a friend of mine,

^F ^C ^{D7} ^G
he gets me my drinks for free

^C ^{Em} ^{Am} ^C
And he's quick with a joke or to light up your smoke,

^F ^G ^C ^F ^{C7M} ^G
but there's some place that he'd rather be

^C ^{Em} ^{Am} ^C

He says "Bill I believe this is killing me"

^F ^C ^{D7} ^G
As a smile ran away from his face

^C ^{Em} ^{Am} ^C
"Well I'm sure that I could be a movie star

^F ^G ^C
If I could get out of this place"

{c:Chorus}

^C ^{Em} ^{Am} ^C
Now Paul is a real estate novelist

^F ^C ^{D7} ^G
who never had time for a wife

^C ^{Em} ^{Am} ^C
And he's talking with Davy, who's still in the Navy,
^F ^G ^C ^F ^{C7M} ^G
and probably will be for life

^C ^{Em} ^{Am}
And the waitress is practicing politics,

^C ^F ^C ^{D7} ^G
as the businessmen slowly get stoned

^C ^{Em} ^{Am} ^C
Yes they're sharing a drink they call loneliness,

^F ^G ^C
but it's better than drinking alone

^C ^{Em} ^{Am} ^C
It's a pretty good crowd for a Saturday

^F ^C ^{D7} ^G
and the manager gives me a smile

^C ^{Em} ^{Am} ^C
'Cause he knows that it's me that they've been coming to see

^F ^G ^C ^F ^{C7M} ^G
To forget about life for a while

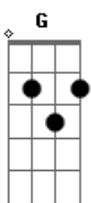
^C ^{Em} ^{Am} ^C
And the piano sounds like a carnival

^F ^C ^{D7} ^G
and the microphone smells like a beer

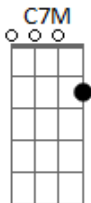
^C ^{Em} ^{Am} ^C
And they sit at the bar and put bread in my jar

^F ^G ^C
and say "Man what are you doing here ?

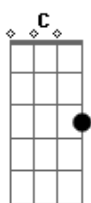
Acordes



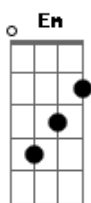
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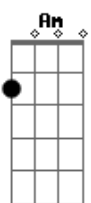
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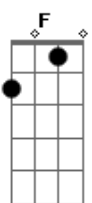
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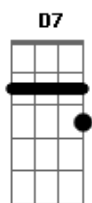
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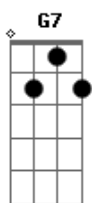
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