Piano Man by Billy Joel (1973)

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C
          Em/B
                   Am
                           C/G
It's nine o'clock on a Saturday
           C/E
                               G
The regular crowd shuffles in
                                     C/G
                  Em/B
                           Am
There's an old man
                     sitting next to me
                          C F/C Cma7 G11
                G11
Makin' love to his tonic and gin
         C
                      Em/B
                                Am
                                        C/G
He says, "Son, can you play me a memory
            C/E
                       D7
I'm not really sure how it goes
       С
                  Em/B
                              Am
                                        C/G
But it's sad and it's sweet and I knew it complete
              G
                             C
                                   C
When I wore a younger man's clothes"
       Am
           Am/G
                        D7/F# F
       La la la.
                 de de da
       Am Am/G
                       D7/F#
                                D7
                                      G
                                           G/F C/E G7/D
       La la,
                de de da
                                  da dum
                       Em/B
                                      Am
                                               C/G
              Sing us a song, you're the piano man
                       C/E
                                    G
                              D7
              Sing us a song tonight
                                            Am
                                                      C/G
                        C
                                 Em/B
             Well, we're all in the mood for a melody
                               G11
                                        C F/C Cma7 G11
             And you've got us feelin' all right
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Now John at the bar is a friend of mine
He gets me my drinks for free
And he's quick with a joke or to light up your smoke
But there's someplace that he'd rather be
He says, "Bill, I believe this is killing me."
As the smile ran away from his face
"Well I'm sure that I could be a movie star
If I could get out of this place

Now Paul is a real estate novelist Who never had time for a wife And he's talkin' with Davy, who's still in the navy And probably will be for life And the waitress is practicing politics As the businessmen slowly get stoned Yes, they're sharing a drink they call loneliness But it's better than drinkin' alone

It's a pretty good crowd for a Saturday
And the manager gives me a smile
'Cause he knows that it's me they've been comin' to see
To forget about life for a while
And the piano, it sounds like a carnival
And the microphone smells like a beer
And they sit at the bar and put bread in my jar
And say, "Man, what are you doin' here?"