

I am sitting in the \_\_\_\_\_  
At the diner on the corner  
I am \_\_\_\_\_ at the counter  
For the man to pour the coffee  
And he fills it only halfway  
And \_\_\_\_\_ I even argue  
He is looking out the \_\_\_\_\_  
At somebody coming in

"It is always nice to \_\_\_\_\_ "  
Says the man behind the counter  
To the \_\_\_\_\_ who has come in  
She is shaking her \_\_\_\_\_  
And I look the other way  
As they are kissing their hellos  
And I'm pretending not \_\_\_\_\_ them  
And instead I pour the milk

I open up the paper  
There's a \_\_\_\_\_ of an actor  
Who had died while he was \_\_\_\_\_  
It was no one I had heard of  
And I'm turning to the horoscope  
And \_\_\_\_\_ for the funnies  
When I'm feeling someone watching me  
And so I raise my head

There's a \_\_\_\_\_ on the outside  
Looking inside, does she see me?  
No, she does not \_\_\_\_\_ see me  
'Cause she sees her own reflection  
And I'm \_\_\_\_\_ 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 \_\_\_\_\_ as I'm listening  
To the \_\_\_\_\_ of the cathedral  
I am thinking of your voice