

I amin the morning
At the diner on the corner
I amat the counter
For the to pour the coffee
And he fills it halfway
And I even argue
He is looking out the window at somebody
Coming in
"It is nice to see you"
Says the man behind the counter
To the who has come in
She is shaking her
And I look the other way
As they aretheir hellos
And I'm pretending not to see them
And instead I pour the
I open up the
There's a story of an
Who had died while he was drinking

It was no one I had heard of
And I'mto the horoscope
And looking for the funnies
When I'msomeone watching me
And so I raise my head
There's a woman on thelooking inside
Does she see me?
No she does not really see me
'Cause she sees her reflection
And I'm not to notice
That she's hitching up her skirt
And while she's straightening her stockings
herhas gotten wet
Oh this rain,it will continue
Through the.....
As I'mto the bells of the cathedral
I amof your voice