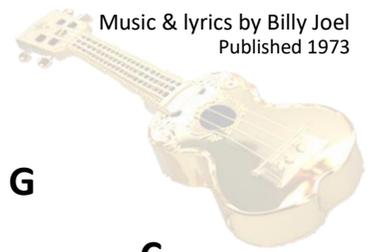


Key:C 3/4 time
Sing:G ♩=178

Piano Man



Intro:

C G F C F C D G
It's nine o'clock on a Saturday. The regular crowd shuffles in
C G F C F G C
There's an old man sitting next to me making love to his tonic and gin

C G F C F C D G
It's nine o'clock on a Saturday. The regular crowd shuffles in
C G F C F G C
There's an old man sitting next to me making love to his tonic and gin

Optional harmonica or ukulele: C G F C F G C C F F

C G F C F C D G
He says, "Son, can you play me a memory I'm not really sure how it goes
C G F C F G C
But it's sad and it's sweet and I knew it complete when I wore a younger man's clothes."

Interlude:

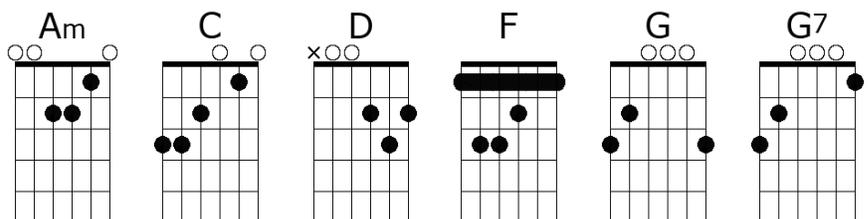
Am D Am D G F C G7
La, la la, di di da La la, di di da Da

Chorus: (Uku-lele Man)

C G F C F C D G
Sing us a song, you're the pi-ano man. Sing us a song to-night
C G F C F G C
Well, we're all in the mood for a melody and you've got us feeling al-right

Optional harmonica or ukulele: C G F C F G C C F F

C G F C F C D G
Now John at the bar is a friend of mine. He gets me my drinks for free
C G F C
And he's quick with a joke or to light up your smoke
F G C G
But there's some place that he'd rather be
C G F C F C D G
He says, "Bill, I be-lieve this is killing me." as the smile ran a-way from his face
C G F C F G C
"Well I'm sure that I could be a movie star if I could get out of this place"



Piano Man (pg 2)



Guitar

<Interlude>

C G F C F C D G
 Now Paul is a real estate novelist who never had time for a wife

C G F C F G C G
 And he's talking with Davy who's still in the Navy, and probably will be for life

Optional harmonica or ukulele: C G F C F G C C F F

C G F C F C D G
 And the waitress is practicing politics as the businessman slowly gets stoned

C G F C F G C G
 Yes, they're sharing a drink they call loneliness but it's better than drinking a-lone

<Chorus>

C G F C F C D7 G
 It's a pretty good crowd for a Saturday and the manager gives me a smile

C G F C
 'Cause he knows that it's me they've been coming to see

F G C G
 To for-get about life for a while

(Uku-lele)

C G F C F C D G
 And the pi-ano, it sounds like a carnival and the microphone smells like a beer

C G F C
 And they sit at the bar and put bread in my jar

F G C G
 And say, "Man, what are you doing here?" Oh,

<Interlude>

<Chorus>

