

Two dollars, twenty-seven cents  
January seventeenth, 2006  
Here in a diner with my friends  
Talking about how the year went  
A few years later I walk in  
Patty knew my drink  
And she asks where the hell we've been  
You used to come here every night  
It's not the same without you kids  
I cut my hand on a piece of glass  
The time we found Dave half dead in the parking lot  
Spent the rest of the night in the ER  
I cut my hand on a piece of glass  
And I hope the scar lasts  
So I don't forget that

There's been a table for me there  
Through coffee eyes and blank stares  
Our late night affairs  
There's always been a table for me there  
So you can try to forget or say it's the past  
You know you'll always end up right back where you left

I ended up here late at night on Thanksgiving  
The fall that Colleen left  
This was the place to call home  
When it felt like the world didn't want us  
I watched Mike slash Mon's tires  
We laughed about it later  
I watched friendships dissolve  
In the booth on the back wall  
I cut my hand on a piece of glass  
And I hope the scar lasts

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There's always been a table for me there  
There's always been a table for me there  
There's always been a table for me there  
Through all of the years  
There's always been a table for me there  
Through all of the years  
There's always been a table for me there  
Through all of the years  
There's always been a table for me there