

Abandoned Luncheonette

Hall & Oates

They sat in an Abandoned Luncheonette
Sipping imaginary cola
And drawing faces in the tabletop dust
His voice was rusty from years
As a sergeant on this man's army
He was old and crusty

She was twenty when the diner was a baby
He was the dishwasher, busy in the back
His hands covered with gravy
Hair black and wavy
Brilliantine slick, a pot cleaning dandy
He was young and randy

Day to day, to day today
Then they were old, their lives wasted away
Month to month, to year to year
They all run together, all run together
Time measured by the peeling of paint
On the luncheonette wall

They all sat together in the empty diner
Filled with cracked China
Old news was blowing across the filthy floor
And the sign on the door read this way out
That's all it said, that's all it said
That's all it said

Day to day, day today
Then they were old, their lives wasted away
Month to month, and year to year
And month to month to month, and year to year

Day to day, day to day
Day to day, day to day
Day to day, day to day
Day to day, day to day
Day to day, day to day
Day to day, day to day