

I Eat Out

Loudon Wainwright III

I can cook a little
But it's not a lot to shout about
It's kinda mean cuisine
So, I eat out

Hey, they know me at the Greek and the Chink
And the Italian and the Indian, too
And they all say
"Here comes that sad American man again
What are we gonna do?"
Well, you can put me at the table
In the corner in the back
Unless you got one in a telephone booth

I'm here and I'm alone again
It's sad but it's the truth
No, I'm not expecting anyone
Is that beyond belief
Give me the menu
Take away the candle
Never mind the aperitif

They got a couple of couples
A trio and a foursome
They even got a party of eight
I'm getting that look
I wish I'd brought a book
Better yet, I wish I'd already ate

Ooh, don't you know that's impolite
What's the matter with you people
Your telling jokes and your holding hands
And you're talking with your mouth's full

Well, the waiter comes up and he asks me
"How it is Sir, is everything alright?"
The foods fine but I feel like a fool
'Cause I'm eating alone tonight

Don't say I was here at all
What would all my loved-one's think
I'll take the check, no sweet, no coffee
No after dinner drink

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