

Dining Alone

Shakey Graves

Same old shoes on the same old feet
Same colored tie, every day of the week
Shampoo, conditioner, rinse and repeat
Drip, dry, do it again

I tell my woes to the knife and the spoon
Dining alone at a table for two
One glass of wine, is plenty of time
To dream about all of the things that I'll never do

Oh, I wonder what it's like
To fly a plane
Or to meet a girl on Friday night
And wake up next to her on Saturday
Oh to swim across the ocean blue
To walk a mile upon the moon
To wear the crown and sit upon the throne
But it's getting late, this restaurant is closing
I guess I better go

I wander through the city, whistle a tune
Walk into a bar and ruin the mood
A dirty martini with an olive or two
Shake, pour, do it again

Oh with a couple more drinks, now they're kicking me out
I always get in trouble when I open my mouth
Stumble on home, fall into bed
Then drift off into my head

Oh, I wonder what it's like
To fly a plane
Or to meet a girl on Friday night
And wake up next to her on Saturday
Oh to swim across the ocean blue
To walk a mile upon the moon
To wear the crown and sit upon the throne
But it's getting late, the sun is coming off to work I go

Same old shoes on the same old feet
One tracked mind, one way street
Well nothing's gonna change for the same old me
Eat, sleep, do it again
Eat, sleep, do it again