**TOM’S DINER by Suzanne Vega**

I am sitting

In the morning

At the diner

On the corner

I am waiting

At the counter

For the man

To pour the coffee

And he fills it

Only halfway

And before

I even argue

He is looking

Out the window

At somebody

Coming in

"It is always

Nice to see you"

Says the man

Behind the counter

To the woman

Who has come in

She is shaking

Her umbrella

And I look

The other way

As they are kissing

Their hellos

I'm pretending

Not to see them

Instead

I pour the milk

I open

Up the paper

There's a story

Of an actor

Who had died

While he was drinking

It was no one

I had heard of

And I'm turning

To the horoscope

And looking

For the funnies

When I'm feeling

Someone watching me

And so

I raise my head

There's a woman

On the outside

Looking inside

Does she see me?

No she does not

Really see me

Cause she sees

Her own reflection

And I'm trying

Not to notice

That she's hitching

Up her skirt

And while she's

Straightening her stockings

Her hair

Is getting wet

Oh, this rain

It will continue

Through the morning

As I'm listening

To the bells

Of the cathedral

I am thinking

Of your voice

And of the midnight picnic

Once upon a time

Before the rain began

I finish up my coffee

It's time to catch the train.