Crooked Scars (Richard Evans and Buddy Mondlock)

The guy at the counter
is watching the waitress's legs.
At the All Night Diner,
he orders coffee and scrambled eggs.
Wearing faded blue Levis
that have seen better days, better times.
He's got a half pack of Luckies
and a pocket full of jukebox dimes.

The guy at the counter
Has done everything once – most things twice.
He's played with them marked cards
and he's rolled them crooked dice.
He's seen the fireworks
blow up on the fourth of July.
And he's watched the lightning
chase itself across the sky.

CHORUS

We all know that life leaves such
crooked scars don't it?
Spends half his time
tryin 'like hell not to show it.
And I guess he flew to her
like a moth to a flame.
Looks like her memory's trying to burn him once again.

The guy at the counter
is smokin 'his last cigarette.
It tastes hot and bitter
but they haven't killed him yet.
He smiles at the waitress
then he pays up his check and he leaves.
The door gives a jingle
and he brushes some ashes off his sleeve.

(CHORUS)

The guy at the counter...