

## COZY CORNER

My father worked an early day  
He laid concrete across L..A.  
When he knocked off he liked to play  
Down at the Cozy Corner  
Construction stiffs and hired hands  
In khaki pants with Oakie tans  
They wiped the days work from their hand  
Down at the Cozy Corner

So Lalo might say, "Hey Pelone!  
We've both got wives and kids at home.  
It's almost five now, Ay carone!  
Let's hit the Cozy Corner"

If Dad was home for dinnertime  
Then everything with Mom was fine  
And up into his lap I'd climb  
To find my cozy corner  
His whisper held the scent of beer  
And like a seashell to my ear  
Far away I thought that I could hear  
The Cozy Corner

And if he had no appetite  
And if he snored through Dick Van Dyke  
Mom said, "Just leave him be tonight,  
He's sleeping off the Cozy Corner"

Now there's nothing on these streets to see  
No maps of how it used to be  
It's one of life's great mysteries  
Where was the Cozy Corher?  
For though I've never seen the place  
It's just a bar without a face  
Pour me a beer I swear that I can taste  
The Cozy Corner

And if my dad was still around  
He's help me find my way through town  
We'd hoist a few and knock 'em down  
Down at the Cozy Corner