

Gourmet

Arab Strap

I'm waiting for a service, waiting in vain
She's waiting on another man, no one drank again
She flashed me the menu, working smell on her lips
Lied me just enough, I shouldn't have tipped I say, "Well, the food there was crap" The other one there, I didn't
give two glances
She's in love with my soul, she thinks I'm attractive
She foraged a smile, I saw the floor
She tried again, I examined the ashtray I say, "Well, but I still make the mistake of eating where the food is crap"

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