

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

Led 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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