

Waitress

The Waifs

I thought I'd move to Sydney to get a little piece Of the city life they talk about in the 90's. Where everyone I meet don't want to know my name They want to know what I do for a living My songs don't earn me money or fill my pockets with cash Every time I go busking I make more in hash Everything I want is getting further out of reach Like that funky little apartment down on bondi I've been getting cozy with a kiwi boy He'd kill me if I said he was sweet as apple pie He's going to leave me and hit the road He's touring with the theater if you see him say I said hello All the birthday money my parents sent Was spent on the phonebill and paying the rent
Frijole, guacamole anything you want I'm working as a waitress in a mexican restaurant

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