

The Waitress

Atmosphere

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

A city full of people and my favorite is that waitress
And she treats me like some type of common vagrant
I see her everyday, but there's nothing to say
Unless I decide to step inside of that cafe
I only get to sit if I buy something to eat
Otherwise it's best to keep my feet moving down that street
And god damn she's a hard bitch
Talks at me like I'm the bad dog that got into the garbage
Yeah I know that the toilet is for customers
You ain't got to tangle up the strings to make this puppet work
It doesn't have to be a game of patty cake
But it ain't like you don't know I sleep in that alleyway
And by the way, I can see it in your eyes
You're angry with your life, not a stranger to the fight
I bet you hate every man that you date
And you're probably addicted to all types of escape
You take it out on me that you're all alone
When you know you got your own closet full of hollow bones
Watch the tone when you speak to old folks
I'm grown, just trying to get out of this Minnesota cold
Look lady, I'm homeless, I'm crazy
I'm so hopeless I'm suicidal daily
If you and I can't coexist, let's fake it
'Cause I ain't got the energy it takes for this relationship
I'm waiting for a city bus to flatten me
And transport me to the ever after happily
Maybe reincarnated with luck
Come back to Earth as a cockroach in your tip cup
She said she's had it up to here
She's gonna call authorities if I don't disappear
I love her threats, it rejuvenates my breath
I give her stress for the reaction that it gets
I got a pocket full of clean, handled money
On a cup of bad coffee and a stale honey bun

In front of everyone she calls me bum
But she notices my absence on them afternoons I don't come
So here I am, thorn in her hip
Holding down the corner table all morning with some corn chips
Ignoring the insults and evil eyes
I feed off of 'em, I wonder when she'll realize
That she's the only reason I visit
The only woman in my world that acknowledges my existence
And if my ship ever comes, I'll miss it
Because I'm getting old and I ain't got much left to give it
So there it is and I have to live with it
I had the chance to make a difference, but I didn't
In the cafe bathroom drinking free tap water
Thinking, damn, I should have been a better father to my daughter

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