

Waitress

Boy

They walk in and sit down
With their mood of the day
They read books over tea
They give tips when they pay
Butter and bread, diet Coke and cake
She takes notes, she makes no mistakes Well daylight is fadin'
While traders are tradin'
While the jukebox is playin'
The lovers are datin'
The waitress is waitin'
For a thing to explode
For a light to go on
For some sign to show
Her time has yet to come
She's countin' the days
Until real life arrives
She's countin' two three four five And every minute feels
Just like the one before
No surprise, no twist
She wants so much more Well daylight is fadin'
While traders are tradin'
While players are playin'
And lovers are datin'
The waitress is waitin' For a thing to explode
For a light to go on
For some sign to show
Her best has yet to come
She's countin' the days
Until real life arrives
She's countin' two three four five When will that thing explode
When will that light go on
Just to assure her she's not wrong
She's countin' the days
Until real life arrives
She's countin', from nine to five
She's countin' two three four five

Songwriters

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