

Waiter

Nellie McKay

Oh, waiter bring me my check soon
I have a hectic schedule
I'm saddened by the news that we won
I wonder what I'd say to the bomb Where are you now, where are you going?
Do you mind and do you care that you will die?
Do you despair and do you allow
For what you are choking? Do you know
Just what you do?
The fickle snow
It's 'cuz of you Waiter, I need my change, I need it now sooner not later
It may seem strange but have you seen the paper?
Maybe it's victory, maybe it's history
Maybe it's you The scuds drop down like butterflies
They're loved and 'round and very wise
They're just like you and me as they tend
Their incandescent need for a friend Where are they now, where are they headed?
Do they see the little ones
And do they flee or do they run?
And do they feel proud as they are embedded? Do they ask
Or do they tell
To mask the fact
They're going to hell Waiter, I need my change, I need it now sooner not later
It may seem strange but have you seen the paper
Maybe it's erotic, maybe it's despotic
Maybe it's you Waiter, I need my change, I need it now sooner not later
It may seem strange but have you seen the paper
Maybe it's victory, maybe it's history
Maybe it's you Nothin' could be finer than to be in Carolina in the mornin'

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