

Waiting Tables

Don Henley

She grew up tall in a timber town
Where trees were not the only things
That were fallin' down
The breezes through the pines were blowin' bittersweet
They blew the papers down the dead-end street
She married a boy as soon as she got out of school
But he turned out to be a reckless fool
Gone are the days when she was worry-free
Now she's a single mom, she's only twenty-three
And she's waiting tables, she's just waiting tables
She's learned a lot about people, more than she
Ever wanted to know
She's just waiting tables, waiting tables
Biding her time until there's somewhere else to go
When her workin' day is done, she tallies up her tips
And she sighs, dear Lord above,
There must be more than this
Someday she'll see this misery in her rear-view mirror
But for today she'll find a way to get along right here
And she's waiting tables, she's just waiting tables
She's learned a lot about people, more than she
Ever wanted to know
She's just waiting tables, waiting tables
Biding her time until there's somewhere else to go
One rainy night, a handsome man came in
Said he was bound for parts unknown
They talked and talked until the moon went down
But in the mornin' he was gone
Waiting tables, she's just waiting tables
Another year or two and she'll be movin' on
She's just waiting tables, waiting tables
Holding her own till somethin' better comes along
Waiting tables, she's just waiting tables
Biding her time till somethin' better comes along

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