Waitress

The Chess Club

When the waitress is sliding down the wall
You can see her chest rise and fall
Her mascara runnin' thin
And the pay phone is swinging against the wall
Don't ask her 'bout the call
You know she only trying to begin again
And the manager is yelling
Something about her hair being in her face
Customer complainin' but he really has no case
And the counter queens don't even lookup from their magazines
But oh, and the waitress, oh, she stares straight ahead
Saying something she never said
And the waitress has them backing
Has them backing against the wall till they white in the face
She got 'em going now, oh, them praying

But they never know of the role they play
And the manager is quiet as she f-f-fumbles with the drawer
No, he said no, he said, you will never get away with this
No, she said, you will never get away with this
'Cause today when the door opens
The rain slants in
There's water all over the floor
Busser waves to the meter maid
Who don't waive back no more
We're all searching for something
We'll all find a place to stay
Though we may have next to nothing
Oh Lord, we'll find a way

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