

# 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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