

# Waitress (Akustik Version)

## 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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