

# Waitress (Acoustic 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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