

## Tip That Waitress

Loudon Wainwright III

She's been on her feet nearly half the damned night  
Bringing your beverage and your late night bite  
She remains cheerful, when you're nasty and tight  
Makes change for a 50 in dim candle light  
Ignoring the groping hoping you might  
Come across with a tip and sympathize with her plight  
Tip that waitress

She's getting her masters, supporting her mom  
Amidst the confusion she remains cool and calm  
She knows exits in case of a fire or bomb  
She knows all the words to the 23rd Psalm  
She handles her tray with pnash and aplomb  
Her brother's a Quaker, her dad was in Nam  
Tip that waitress

Tip that waitress, she's been waiting on you  
Skip the small change slap down a dollar or two  
Her arches are aching her lower back shot  
Her varicose veins hurt like hell when it's hot  
Her uniform' too tight, tasteful it's not  
She knows the specials, and they are not a lot  
The cook is on qualudes the busboy deals pot  
If she had a real job she'd quit on the spot  
So tip that waitress

This plea for gratuity's gone on way too long  
there's a time and a place where them things belong  
The stage and a soapbox, this is only a song  
To dwell on the matter much longer would be wrong  
And people get by, she'll get along  
But I think she gets off when I come on strong  
So tip that waitress

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