

I'm waiting for a service, waiting in vain.
She's waiting on another man, No one drank again.
She flashed me the menu, working smell on her lips.
Led me just enough. I shouldn't have tipped.
I say 'well', the food there was crap.

The other one there, I didn't give two glances.
She's in love with my soul - She think's I'm attractive.
She foraged a smile, I saw the floor.
She tried again, I examined the ashtray.
I say 'well'.
But I still make the mistake of eating where the food is crap.