

Waitress

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 fading
While traders are trading
While the jukebox is playing
The lovers are dating,
The waitress is waiting

For a thing to explode,
For a light to go on,
For some sign to show
Her time has yet to come.
She's counting the days
Until real life arrives.
She's counting 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 fading
While traders are trading
While players are playing
And lovers are dating,
The waitress is waiting

For a thing to explode,
For a light to go on,
For some sign to show
Her best has yet to come.
She's counting the days
Until real life arrives.
She's counting 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 counting the days
Until real life arrives.
She's counting, from nine to five
She's counting two three four five.