

## Compliments of Your Waitress

Chumbawamba

The day drags on and stumbles  
I'm far too tired to smile  
From the kitchen to the tables  
I must've walked a thousand miles  
The man at table number seven  
He's not where he wanted to be  
He's far too tired, or he's just been fired,  
So he takes it all out on me  
Takes it all out on me

Pretty young couple in the corner  
With much too much to say  
They don't like a thing that I bring them,  
And they send it all away  
They look in my eyes when I apologise  
Say they want it all for free  
They've got the guilt of easy money,  
and they take it all out on me  
Take it all out on me

The dignity of labour  
It never rang true to me  
Where's the pride in the nine to five  
And the crook of the bended knee?  
And a man wants my telephone number  
So drunk he can hardly see  
And I know in the haze of rejection  
That he'll take it all out on me  
Take it all out on me

So take advice from a girl who knows  
The next time you complain  
There's a hallway from the kitchen  
Where I know I can't be seen  
That's where I flavour the food I bring you:  
Your steaks and your soups and your stew  
Compliments of your waitress  
I can take it all out on you  
Take it all out on you.