

Judy

Dr. Hook

The waitress with the orange hair keeps motionin' me to hurry u
p and leave
So I gulp my coffee - burn my mouth - grab up my coat and slipp
in' out
I smear a streak of mustard down my sleeve
And the guy behind the register takes my bread and shakes his h
ead
And looks at me as though I've blown his mind
Hey, I just come here for some coffee