

## Hitting On The Waiter

Heatmiser

I'm so sick of having hope,  
Pushing the envelope  
With empty threats and false teeth  
My drink's been poured by a cannibal  
And my corpse ain't even cold  
And you want to take it away from me

I know you'll take the blue ribbon  
I shop myself with the starting gun

You're more cop than speeder  
Hitting on the waiter  
And eating off the plate of the enemy  
But I'd rather just forget about the jerking in my sleep  
And the hollow words under me

But I've got second thoughts again  
Second thoughts again  
Or am I second guessing  
Or just in second place

I've got a one year old hangover  
Feels like I never will recover  
But I can keep a poker face  
For the rest of the chase