

Waiter

Nellie McKay

Oh waiter bring me my check soon
I have a hectic schedule
I'm saddened by the news that we won
I wonder what I'd say to the bomb

Where are you now
Where are you going
Do you mind
And do you care
That you will die
Do you despair
And do you allow
For what you are choking
Do you know
Just what you do
The fickle snow
It's 'cause of you

Waiter
I need my change I need it now sooner not
Later
It may seem strange but have you seen the paper
Maybe it's victory
Maybe it's history
Maybe it's you

The scuds drop down like butterflies
They're loved and round and very wise
They're just like you and me
As they tend
Their incandescent need for a friend

Where are they now
Where are they headed
Do they see
The little ones
And do they flee
Or do they run
And do they feel proud
As they are embedded
Do they ask
Or do they tell
To mask the fact
They're going to hell

Waiter
I need my change I need it now sooner not
Later
It may seem strange but have you seen the paper
Maybe it's erotic
Maybe it's despotic
Maybe it's you

Waiter
I need my change I need it now sooner not
Later
It may seem strange but have you seen the paper

Maybe it's victory
Maybe it's history
Maybe it's you
Nothin could be finer than to be in Carolina in the mornin