

# Taking My Business Elsewhere

Richard Thompson

If she's not here by now  
Then I guess she's not coming  
If she's not here by now  
Then I guess I don't care

Waiter, I won't waste your time anymore  
You've already started to sweep down the floor  
I guess she's not coming, I'll head for the door  
I'll be taking my business elsewhere

It wasn't for me  
That spark in her eyes  
It wasn't for me  
That halo in her hair

When she touched me a lump rose up in my throat  
But she must act that way with any old soak  
And waiter, you don't seem to share in the joke  
So I'll be taking my business elsewhere

She called me her fantasy  
Boldly she kissed me  
I'll never get over  
The sheer surprise of her

Acting that way  
And I'm healing okay  
But for the eyes of her  
It's cold in the rain

And it's dark and it's sad  
And I'll miss her tonight  
On my lonely back stair  
I'm sorry I took up so much of your space

I'll move down the street to a friendlier place  
'Cause I guess she's not coming and you're sick of my face  
I'll be taking my business elsewhere