

The Waitress

The Waifs

I thought I'd move to Sydney
To get a little piece
Of the city life they talk about
In the nineties.
Where everyone I meet
Don't want to know my name
They want to know what I do for a living

My songs don't earn me money
Or fill my pockets with cash
Every time I go busking
I make more in hash
Everything I want is getting
Further out of reach
Like that funky little apartment
Down on Bondi

I've been getting cozy with a Kiwi boy
He'd kill me if I said
He was sweet as apple pie
He's going to leave me and hit the road
He's touring with the theater
If you see him say I said hello
All the birthday money my parents sent
Was spent on the phone bill and paying the rent
Frijole, guacamole anything you want
I'm working as a waitress
In a Mexican restaurant