

## 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