

## Waitress

Boy

They walk in and sit down,  
With their mood of the day.  
They read books over tea,  
They give tips when they pay.  
Butter and bread, diet Coke and cake,  
She takes notes, she makes no mistakes.

Well daylight is fading  
While traders are trading  
While the jukebox is playing  
The lovers are dating,  
The waitress is waiting

For a thing to explode,  
For a light to go on,  
For some sign to show  
Her time has yet to come.  
She's counting the days  
Until real life arrives.  
She's counting two three four five

And every minute feels  
Just like the one before  
No surprise, no twist  
She wants so much more

Well daylight is fading  
While traders are trading  
While players are playing  
And lovers are dating,  
The waitress is waiting

For a thing to explode,  
For a light to go on,  
For some sign to show  
Her best has yet to come.  
She's counting the days  
Until real life arrives.  
She's counting two three four five

When will that thing explode  
When will that light go on  
Just to assure her she's not wrong.  
She's counting the days  
Until real life arrives.  
She's counting, from nine to five  
She's counting two three four five.