

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