

There's a restaurant  
In the east village  
Where all the waiters  
Are celebrities  
My first love waited hours  
In the back  
Making brazen advances  
Towards waverly

There is lore of a  
Movie star leaving  
His number for her  
On an old receipt  
All I know is  
That she didn't call him  
What a mystery, waverly

Hey I live across the street and  
Wanted to know  
If you'd be my friend  
Won't call again

I'm a patron dressed up  
Like a person  
I'm a creature instead of me  
Dark at night and  
Sunlight in the morning decide  
That I'll try aging gracefully  
Here are all of my friends  
And my parents  
This is my birthday party  
You can push all  
The tables together  
But you can't pull one over  
On waverly

Hey I live across the street and  
Wanted to know  
If you'd be my friend  
Don't call again