

Waverly

Samia

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