

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 toward Waverly
There's 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

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