

The Waitress Song

Seth Sentry

Hi, how're you doing?
Just a, ah... big breakfast and a large black coffee, thanks
Cheers
I love you

And there's a place I go for breakfast every afternoon
The coffee's rubbish and the bacon's always hard to chew
And the toast is always soggy
But I hardly notice
And the food takes such a long time to get made
Even when I'm the only person in the café
And my table's always wobbly
But I hardly notice

Yeah
You're probably thinkin' why would I even bother
Eatin' there on a daily basis, there's heaps of other places on offer
Why not change to another place if the bacon is rubber
And the taste of the cuppa makes you pull faces and splutter?
It's the waitress, I love her, the way she clears plates with a clutter
Makes my heart race and it flutters, I know it's crazy to love a
Lady that's basically just a stranger with an apron down her
Brother, I don't need to ask her name and number

'Cause this relationship is built on breakfast
I'm waiting on her just to wait on me

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She says "Hi" to me, "Bye" to me, "That'll be five-ninety-five" to me
I don't really mind, that's all right with me
I just smile and eat, sometimes we mightn't speak for like a week
She knows during my quiet times I like to be alone
And write a poem with my headphones
Newspaper, bacon fried up, poached egg, slice of toast
A long black, but the beans are always burnt
And if the cup is dirty, she just cleans it with her shirt
I wonder if she's my ideal girl
And what would happen if we dated in the real world
Nah, I don't think it would work
I wouldn't wanna risk what we have and have to tip 'cause of that

Besides, this relationship is built on breakfast
I'm waiting on her just to wait on me

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And it don't matter that the bacon I eat's cold
And it's okay the newspapers are weeks old
But I don't mind, no, it's fine 'cause she's all
That I'm there for
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And it's okay the newspapers are weeks old
But I don't mind, no, it's fine 'cause she's all
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