

# 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  
You're probably thinking, why would I even bother eating there  
On a daily basis? There's heaps of other places on offer  
I won't 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 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  
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 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  
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  
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  
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  
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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