

# Waitress

Beccy Cole

Bar on the East side,  
The way fair and lonely girls,  
I took a table solo,  
And I scanned the other world,  
I sat there drinking Bourbon,  
And trying to belong,  
When somebody at the bar yelled,  
Let the waitress sing a song.  
Well she, pushed her change into her jeans,  
And she, set down her tray,  
She took that corner stage,  
And everybodys breath away,  
Cause she sang like it was Sunday,  
And we all got hight for free,  
And bless her broken heart,  
Laying right there on her sleeve,  
And I suppose I'll hear the angles sing like her someday,  
And the dreams she's searching for is just four little words away.  
Let the waitress sing,  
Let that golden voice be heard,  
Let ten thousand more of me sit there,  
And hang on every word.  
And let the reason not be money,  
Yeah, no word that isn't fair,  
Or let a bigshot with a dotted line,  
And a million bucks to spare,  
Walk right out of that bar with the next big thing,  
Let the waitress sing. Well I ordered songs and Bourbon,  
Till she had to close the bar,  
And incase she didn't know,  
I said "You outta be a star"  
And I tipped from every pocket,  
Like a few bucks change to the world,  
And she called my cab and called me crazy,  
Drunkin' ramblin' girl.  
And my timing could be questioned,  
But I told her 'bout my songs.  
That I made my living on the road,  
And that's all I've ever done,  
She looked at me bewildered,  
As I slurred my last remark,  
I said, "I should be the one that stays and,

Cleans up this old bar,"  
Cause a dream is still a dream,  
No matter how long it's been true,  
And a girl should count her blessings,  
And wish on someone new.Let the waitress sing,  
Let that golden voice be heard,  
Let ten thousand more of me sit there,  
And hang on every word.  
And let the reason not be money,  
Yeah, no word that isn't fair,  
Or let a bigshot with a dotted line,  
And a million bucks to spare,  
Walk right out of that bar with the next big thing,  
Let the waitress sing.  
And I still hear that voice,  
From ten thousand miles away,  
I'm waiting for that bigshot,  
To walk in the bar and say...Let the waitress sing,  
Let that golden voice be heard,  
Let ten thousand more of me sit there,  
And hang on every word.  
And let the reason not be money,  
Yeah, no word that isn't fair,  
Or let a bigshot with a dotted line,  
And a million bucks to spare,  
Walk right out of that bar with the next big thing,  
Yeah, walk right out of that bar with the next big thing,  
Let the waitress sing,  
Let her sing,  
She should sing,  
Oh, let her do her thing,  
Let the waitress sing!

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