

Boy, Waitress

They walk in and sit down,
With their mood of the day.
They read books over tea,
They give tips when they pay.
Butter and bread, diet Coke and cake,
She takes notes, she makes no mistakes.

Daylight is fadin'
While traders are tradin'
While the jukebox is playin'
The lovers are datin',
The waitress is waitin'...

For a thing to explode,
For a light to go on,
For some sign to show
Her time has yet to come.
She's countin' the days
Until real life arrives.
She's countin': two three four five

And every minute feels
Just like the one before
No surprise, no twist
She wants so much more

Daylight is fadin'
While traders are tradin'
While players are playin'
And lovers are datin',
The waitress is waitin'...

For a thing to explode,
For a light to go on,
For some sign to show
Her best has yet to come.
She's countin' the days
Until real life arrives.
She's countin': two three four five

When will that thing explode
When will that light go on
Just to assure her she's not wrong.
She's countin' the days
Until real life arrives.
She's countin', from nine to five
She's countin': two three four five.