

Gadjits, Waffle House Is Not A Home

I'm the only one who ever sits here
So thank God for me
You're the lonley one with the waffle house apron
Who gets of on me
You're the apron string that's tied so tight
Around my middle
Truckers, drunks and cowboys come to beg for seconds
from your griddle

How can they think to judge us
They don't even know who we are
In the future i see us running
Somewhere other than a parked car

Three o'clock there's only empty seats and orthapedic shoes
Sit down in my booth and tell me about country dancing
and what else you like to do
You're the only one in this town who can look down on me
No matte rhow you feel all you done and where you been
Come and sit down with me