Nellie McKay, Waiter

oh waiter bring me my check soon I have a hectic schedule I'm saddened by the news that we won I wonder what I'd say to the bomb

where are you now
where are you going
do you mind
and do you care
that you will die
do you despair
and do you allow
for what you are choking
do you know
just what you do
the fickle snow
it's cuz of you

(chorus)
waiter
I need my change I need it now sooner not later
it may seem strange but have you seen the paper maybe it's victory
maybe it's history
maybe it's you

the scuds drop down like butterflies they're loved and round and very wise they're just like you and me as they tend their incandescent need for a friend

where are they now where are they headed do they see the little ones and do they flee or do they run and do they feel proud as they are embedded do they ask or do they tell to mask the fact they're going to hell

(chorus)
waiter
I need my change I need it now sooner not later
it may seem strange but have you seen the paper maybe it's erotic
maybe it's despotic
maybe it's you

waiter
I need my change I need it now sooner not later
it may seem strange but have you seen the paper maybe it's victory
maybe it's history
maybe it's you
nothin could be finer than to be in Carolina in the mornin