

The Waifs, The Waitress

I thought I'd move to Sydney to get a little piece
Of the city life they talk about in the 90's.
Where everyone I meet don't want to know my name
They want to know what I do for a living

My songs don't earn me money or fill my pockets with cash
Every time I go busking I make more in hash
Everything I want is getting further out of reach
Like that funky little apartment down on bondi

I've been getting cozy with a kiwi boy
He'd kill me if I said he was sweet as apple pie
He's going to leave me and hit the road
He's touring with the theater if you see him say I said
All the birthday money my parents sent
Was spent on the phonebill and paying my rent
Frijole, guacamole anything you want
I'm working as a waitress in a mexican restaurant