

The Waifs, Waif Song

We drive an old beat up car
We play our out of tune guitars
Mother Nature keeps us safe
Even when we're off our face

A waif is all I want to be
Not better for you no worse for me
You've got a mobile phone and heaps of money
We ain't got much but at least we're free

You may sit and talk and stare
But he's not gonna cut his hair
Not gonna patch my jeans or wash my face
Going to keep on being a waif

A waif you see is an unloved child
A kid that's stray and gone kind of wild
You can change your name, change your look
You can even change your style
But why don't you come and live with us for a while

We pick up work when we can
Our clothes are all second hand
Harmonicas are old and abused
But she can still play the blues