

## Gadjits

# "Waffle House Is Not A Home"

Visit "[Waffle House Is Not A Home](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com)

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

Visit [Gadjits](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com), to get more lyrics and videos.