

Juliana Hatfield

"Table for one"

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Table for one
Next to the window
Where I can see reflections of
A table for two
He's breaking the moves
And I'm watching her come undone.

Can you take away
The other person's place
I was always late
I guess they got tired of waiting

Table for one
Down near the back
Where I can relax
With a book in my face.

I got what I wanted, my freedom
So I raise this glass to myself and celebrate.
Two for one is what they're offering
And when you come, don't promise me anything
And still I wait, where is my dessert
I think I've been forgotten

A single rose from a fresh bouquet
A stomach pain and when I go it's all I will
Take away from this God-forsaken place.

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