

## The Hanks

### "The Waitress"

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You walk into the room, poured into your dress,  
detached in dull routine, but beautiful nonetheless.  
I can't stop staring, and when you speak I'm gone.  
I watch your lips make circles, and I clumsily respond.  
My efforts win the smile given many times before.  
It's a small comfort to be namelessly adored.

And you know far too well just why all the jaws drop.  
And you've shown that it sells,  
so why stop? I know that it's weak to go along,  
but I'm too lonely to be strong.

I walk into your room, sit down on your bed,  
attempt to underplay that I'm completely over my head.  
Seven in the morning, you wake me up,  
want me out the door. Thought we'd last longer,  
but what am I fooling myself for?

And you know far too well just why all the jaws drop.  
And you've shown that it sells, so why stop?

You demand to be the center of space and time,  
and if you had any empathy, then that'd all be fine,  
fine, fine.

And you know far too well just why all the jaws drop.  
And you've shown that it sells,  
so why stop? I look in your eyes and see what you think  
I want you to be. Do you even really see anything at all?

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