

The Popes "Waitress"

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As I drove out toward Dublin
On a warm September day
I stopped for a cold beer
At a smokey pub in Bray
I spied a pretty waitress, standing with a tray
She could not believe her ears, when she heard me say

Waitress, oh waitress, come sit on my face
Eating ain't cheating, it's no disgrace
Bring me a cold beer, make it a case
Waitress, oh waitress, sit on my face

Walked over to the jukebox, I was feeling kind of mean
The waitress said "hey stupid, that's a cigarette
machine"
I turned to the waitress, who was standing by the bar,
"If that ain't a jukebox honey you can smoke my cigar."

Waitress, oh waitress, come sit on my face
Eating ain't cheating, it's no disgrace
Bring me a cold beer, make it a case
Waitress, oh waitress, sit on my face

Yes I come from Wicklow, Wicklow is my home
And I'm on my way to Dublin and I'm feeling so alone
I got me a job playing guitar, I play a bit on TV
Put down your tray, get your pay, come sing along with
me
All aboard, this face leaves in 5 minutes

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