

Boy "Waitress"

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They walk in and sit down,
With their mood of the day.
They read books over tea,
They give tips when they pay.
Butter and bread, diet Coke and cake,
She takes notes, she makes no mistakes.
Well daylight is fading
While traders are trading
While the jukebox is playing
The lovers are dating,
The waitress is waiting
For a thing to explode,
For a light to go on,
For some sign to show
Her time has yet to come.
She's counting the days
Until real life arrives.
She's counting: two, three, four, five
And every minute feels
Just like the one before
No surprise, no twist

She wants so much more
Well daylight is fading
While traders are trading
While the jukebox is playing
The lovers are dating,
The waitress is waiting
For a thing to explode,
For a light to go on,
For some sign to show
The best is yet to come.
She's counting the days
Until real life arrives.
She's counting: two, three, four, five
When will that thing explode
When will that light go on
Just to assure her she's not wrong.
She's counting the days
Until real life arrives.
She's counting, from nine to five
She's counting: two, three, four, five

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