

The Waifs

"The Waitress"

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I thought I'd move to Sydney to get a little piece
Of the city life they talk about in the 90s.
Where everyone I meet don't want to know my name
They want to know what I do for a living
My songs don't earn me money or fill my pockets with
cash
Every time I go busking I make more in hash
Everything I want is getting further out of reach
Like that funky little apartment down on Bondi
I've been getting cozy with a kiwi boy
He'd kill me if I said he was sweet as apple pie
He's going to leave me and hit the road
He's touring with the theater if you see him say I said
hello
All the birthday money my parents sent
Was spent on the phone bill and paying the rent
Frijole, guacamole anything you want
I'm working as a waitress in a Mexican restaurant

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