

Compliments of Your Waitress

Chumbawamba

The day drags on and stumbles
I'm far too tired to smile
From the kitchen to the tables
I must've walked a thousand miles
The man at table number seven
He's not where he wanted to be
He's far too tired, or he's just been fired,
So he takes it all out on me
Takes it all out on me

Pretty young couple in the corner
With much too much to say
They don't like a thing that I bring them,
And they send it all away
They look in my eyes when I apologise
Say they want it all for free
They've got the guilt of easy money,
and they take it all out on me
Take it all out on me

The dignity of labour
It never rang true to me
Where's the pride in the nine to five
And the crook of the bended knee?
And a man wants my telephone number
So drunk he can hardly see
And I know in the haze of rejection
That he'll take it all out on me
Take it all out on me

So take advice from a girl who knows
The next time you complain
There's a hallway from the kitchen
Where I know I can't be seen
That's where I flavour the food I bring you:
Your steaks and your soups and your stew
Compliments of your waitress
I can take it all out on you
Take it all out on you.