

Tip That Waitress

Loudon Wainwright III

She's been on her feet nearly half the damned night
Bringing your beverage and your late night bite
She remains cheerful, when you're nasty and tight
Makes change for a 50 in dim candle light
Ignoring the groping hoping you might
Come across with a tip and sympathize with her plight
Tip that waitress

She's getting her masters, supporting her mom
Amidst the confusion she remains cool and calm
She knows exits in case of a fire or bomb
She knows all the words to the 23rd Psalm
She handles her tray with pnash and aplomb
Her brother's a Quaker, her dad was in Nam
Tip that waitress

Tip that waitress, she's been waiting on you
Skip the small change slap down a dollar or two
Her arches are aching her lower back shot
Her varicose veins hurt like hell when it's hot
Her uniform' too tight, tasteful it's not
She knows the specials, and they are not a lot
The cook is on qualudes the busboy deals pot
If she had a real job she'd quit on the spot
So tip that waitress

This plea for gratuity's gone on way too long
there's a time and a place where them things belong
The stage and a soapbox, this is only a song
To dwell on the matter much longer would be wrong
And people get by, she'll get along
But I think she gets off when I come on strong
So tip that waitress

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