

Waiting Tables

[Don Henley](#)

She grew up tall
In a timber town...But trees were not the only things that were falling down
Breezes thru the pines was blowing bittersweet
They blew the papers down the dead end streetShe married a boy soon as she got out of school
But he turned out to be a reckless fool.
And gone are the days when she was worry free
Now she's a single mom she's only twenty-threeAnd she's waiting tables she's just waiting tables
She's learned a lot about people
More than she ever wanted to know
She's just waiting tables waiting tables
Biding her time until there's some-where else to goWell her working day is done she tallies up
her tips
She sighs, dear Lord above there must be more than thisSome-day she'll see this misery in her
rear view mirror
But for today she'll find a way to get along right hereAnd she's waiting tables she's just waiting
tables...She's learned a lot about people,
More than she ever wanted to knowShe's just waiting tables waiting tables...
Biding her time until there's some-where else to go...One rainy night a hand-some man came in
Said he was bound for parts unknown
They talked and talked until the moon went down
But in the morning he was gone
Waiting tables, she's just waiting tables
Another year or two she'll be moving on
She's just waiting tables, waiting tablesHolding her own until something better comes along
Waiting tables, she's just waiting tablesBiding her time until something better comes along

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