

Everybody's Waiting

The waitress with the bored expression
Unthinkingly wipes the table down
While the lady crosses her legs
As she reads an old Woman's Own
The fading sun through the window shines on her shoes
Catching the young man's eye
He longs to speak to someone just like her
But as ever is far too shy
And everybody sits waiting for something to happen
While doing nothing at all
Like statues standing stiffly on guard
Awaiting some mystical call

Then in come Steven and the lads
All making a lot of noise
Although they're not really saying anything
Just want to prove they're all one of the boys
Steven suggests to the waitress
Who says nothing and keeps her cool
Secretly loving the attention
But wishing it wasn't from such a fool
While the lady in the corner winds up her lipstick
Carefully colours around her mouth
As outside the sun is slowly smothered
By clouds from the South

The young man dreams of the island
Where the sun, sky and sea meet
While on the window pane two raindrops race each other
And land at an old man's feet
The waitress sits inspecting her nails
Looks up as the lads saunter out
Inwardly scowls at their lack of attention
Self-pitying begins to pout
While on the street a boy gazes at the library
Wonders what the building is for
Decides to go in until he looks through the window
Then can't make it through the door

The old school stands empty and forlorn
With broken windows and the writing's on the wall
There's a world full of hope and opportunity

But no-one seems able to hear the call
The waitress' brain goes numb watching the eternal soap
Rain ceases to fall from empty skies
The lady goes back to her beautifully kept flat
Yest falls before her mirror and cries
While at the bus-stop the faceless people
Wait forever for he non-existent bus
And everybody needs to make something happen
But nobody ever does.

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