

## 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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