

Ordered the pecan pie and with a wink of an eye
Got a slice as big as my head
And her name and her number on a Sweet-n-Low package
Is the best poem that Iâ€™ve ever read

Sheâ€™s the prettiest waitress in Memphis,
And I know she s flirtin with me.
Been reading them specials, extra special.
Slipped a finger into my sweet tea.
O but a small stack of singles from a hard double-shift
Will do terrible things to her smile.
And the prettiest waitress in Memphis knows,
She s only that way for a while.

Well, the prettiest waitress in Memphis
Spilled her heart all over me
As I held her that night in a way she was right when she said,
â€œThis will all change eventuallyâ€•

Cause she ainâ€™t the prettiest waitress in Memphis no more
But itâ€™s not what youâ€™re thinking- you see
The prettiest waitress in Memphis just quit
And sheâ€™s leaving Memphis with me

The prettiest ex-waitress in all of Memphis is
Leaving Memphis with me.