

Lila is my name and I worked as a waitress in a small little diner

I didn't pull much cash in, but I was never a whiner.

At the age of 27 I thought my life would be different

But with no high school diploma, I felt inefficient.

With my dark hair and blue eyes many people did stare

My friendly demeanor showed people I cared.

One day my life changed in the blink of an eye.

I can't say now that I really even try.

People are not what they seem.

So listen to my tale and you'll see what I mean.

It was an overcast evening as I started my shift.

I was eager to start so I could make some tips.

I was cleaning the counter when she walked through the door.

The old woman with the cane is what I abhor.

But you'll see all that later after my tale is complete.

She was sweet and innocent with tear stains on her cheek.

Struggling to sit so I ran to her side, not knowing there was a snake deep down inside.

I asked her why she was crying and if I could help.

She explained to me her story about her son in Iraq.

She had just received notice that he was not coming back.

She talked of his childhood, the sweet memories of him.

How she longed to hold him and say I love you again.

He was her sole provider, how she made ends meet.

With him being gone she was afraid she was going to be kicked to the street.

I knew I must do something to help her in some way.

So I offered to pay for her dinner that day.  
She thanked me and thanked me, she cried and cried.  
I told her not worry in me she could confide.  
I went to the back and made up her food,  
Continued to sit with her for fear of being rude.  
As the night went on we continued to chat  
I lost many tips because of this conniving rat.  
Towards the end of her stay I wanted to do something more  
I ran to the back grab a paper and pen  
But when I returned she had disappeared out the door.  
I thought to myself that is oddly strange, I hope she makes it home in this rain.  
My boss began to yell for other customers were in need.  
I went to grab my black book, where my tips and money from the register would be  
But it was nowhere in sight, I was missing around \$430.  
This was a problem if I didn't find it I'd be fired.  
I retraced my steps and finally remembered  
I had left it unattended on the table where I sat  
Where I sat and consoled the swindling old rat.  
I couldn't believe it she seemed so sweet  
Ah but what a story she spun to sweep me off my feet.  
I'll never trust a single sole again.  
It may take a lifetime for my belief to bend.  
But at least I know you may learn from this too  
And always remember that not every person is true.

