

Witness "Diner Coffee"

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Sweet and low, wondering how deep he goes
So she's being bold and plunging 20,000 leagues
below
The breed of fishes that she frequently swims with
Because she's seeking difference and
This bottom feeder, he might peak her interests
He drinks it black, half and half provides a fog
To the diner coffee, the complicated dialogue
Conversation cascades, adding to this ashtray
Overlapped, getting last place in the rat race
She's got the benefits, he's got the penmanship
She's not impressed with all his clichés and references
But, he seems competitive at, least for a pessimist
So maybe she's the victim of the unexpected twist?
This can't be serious, she'd never date a lyricist
They get another round just to keep themselves
delirious
3:30 am, they're on the seventh cup
And he's nice, but he's not the type that she could ever
love, right?

Swallowed by an art deco cushioned booth seat
They'll discuss novels that they've never read and
dress like extras in a movie
The kind they don't make anymore
He's always dug the diners where it's quiet aside from
the plates and the forks
And she, she admires any dive that lacks familiar faces
Shallow conversation or the ignorance they fill her days
with
He's certain that's he's got her surface exposed
Like, "Who you kidding, little liberal in conservative
clothes"?

But when the stars short circuit, the moon is in a free
fall
It joins the sun in the center of the see-saw
And in the moment just before they descend
You can look up in the sky and it all makes sense
But he's a designated Dear John letter in the making
And she's a wall street road block in the pavement
It's 8:30 am, they're on the ninth cup
As they waltz with the words that try to define love, like

She's an over-achiever where he's afraid to attempt
He's got the soul of a dreamer where she's created a
fence
And she's painted it white picket so the neighbors
wouldn't notice
That she's hopelessly devoted to her motives as a poet
But, now they're finished skipping stones across the
surface
He's got her body language written out in cursive
Over-analytical, the typical wordsmith
Maybe it's a mismatch, maybe this is perfect
Tonight the pen is gonna play the part of therapist
He'll write the story down in third person narrative
He's not embarrassed but it's difficult to tell
Since he never really wrote a love song about himself
They had the caffeine and clever conversation
Till the patrons said good morning when they ordered
eggs and bacon
Now there's a hesitation waiting at the bottom of the
mug
Like, what you doing later? Would you wanna fall in
love?

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