

411**"Coffee"**Visit "[Coffee](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Cold fingers walking on sheets of ice, perfect
strangers all left to their own devices
Just trying to making it through
Heavy coats in a smoke-filled room, dark wood floors
where colors of spring slip through the grooves
Just trying to make it through
Eyes barely open running down the field, catching
bullets with teeth while the girls do cartwheels
Just trying to make it through

Wait, wait, there's still time, to trade this coffee for
fresh eyes
If we get lost, we can try, to paint a map and hang it, on
the sky

Noisy whispers make good kindle for the air, muddy
shoes track thoughts that once were quite clear
Trying to make it through
Sleepy mornings find life afternoon, mid-day poetry
gives way to bright lights and cheap motel rooms
Trying to make it through
Scratchy voices tell fairytales to walls, guitar strings
echo passing notes down the hall
Trying to make it through

Wait, wait, there's still time, to trade this coffee for
fresh eyes
If we get lost, we can try, to paint a map and hang it, on
the sky

Sad endings meet happy streets, joy and sorrow come
to give one another some reprieve
Just trying to make it through
Hopes and dreams held high in the air, with fate and
destiny tucked away under a big red chair
Just trying to make it through
Soft hellos waive to hard goodbyes, a grass that's
greener for as long as time stays on the side
And never makes it through

Wait, wait, there's still time, to trade this coffee for

fresh eyes

If we get lost, we can try, to paint a map and hang it, on
the sky

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