

Ben Folds

"Free Coffee"

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Called in sick one day
Stepped out my front door
Squinted up at the sky
And strapped on my backpack

Got into a van
And when I returned I had
Ex-wives and children
Boxes of photographs

And they gave me some food
And they didn't charge me
And they gave me some coffee
And they didn't charge me

And when I was broke
I needed it more
But now that I'm rich
They give me coffee

Eating an ice cream cone
Texting with my thumbs
Flipping off the asshole
Who pulled into my lane

Life could be louder than something cracked up to be
We all get new cells every seven years
I feel seven today
It's a good day to die again

Now they save me my place
Over there in a corner
And I never get tickets
Now I only get warnings

But when I was broke
I needed it more
And now that I'm rich
I get free coffee

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