

Bobs

"Cafe"

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Excuse me" she said, it took him by surprise
That first taste was bitter and sweet
They had to share a table by the window
Backpacks sitting like hounds at their feet
Her lips were redder than a new Miata
His mustache held flecks of foam
They hung out in the corner cafe
Tapping on a laptop, don't they have a home?
In the morning that fine aroma
Wakes me from a nightly coma
In a cup or in a mug
Coffee is my favorite drug
All around people are getting wired
The room is ringing you can hardly hear
A caffeine current running in his veins
He moves over to whisper in her ear
Drummin' on the table he sings a little song
Her fingers dance in a delicate way
Talking and tasting turns to touching
Coffee breaking is the highlight of the day
In the morning that fine aroma

Wakes me from a nightly coma
In a cup or in a mug
Coffee is my favorite drug
Let the buzz of conversation
Be a steaming background sound
Can the jukebox -- fan the chatter
Aiming for a higher ground --
They're gonna do it
After two weeks meeting for a cup
They have an outing of a different kind
At her apartment they can't open up
That fire in the body is only in the mind
They need much more stimulation
Pump the pressure -- perk em up
Espresso aphrodisiac
Hope to get the juices flowing with another cup
In the morning that fine aroma
Wakes me from a nightly coma
In a cup or in a mug
Coffee is my favorite drug

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