

## **The Tim Version "Stale Coffee"**

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Big city friction factors in  
The 8 month blues that settle in  
When there's nothing you can't get  
Over, you'll let it all ride on a  
4-leaf cover

Let's count hours, let's count days  
Let's count the people counting ways  
Of keeping up with the static  
Quo, and I'm still waiting for  
The punchline

To the joke that no one's getting  
Is there anybody else who's  
Looking for a foxhole out from  
The 4 walls that they're stuck  
Between

I can't laugh or be offended who  
The god they're grabbing turns to lead  
And the more they get the more they  
Let it weigh them down

The daily diatribe begins  
The stale coffee smells like shit  
Visionaries are out of focus  
Econochrist defeats the purpose

Let's count dollars, let's count cents  
Pocket the check, spare the expense  
And every friday sign your  
Life away on the dotted punchline

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