

Angus Stone

"Dog Coffee"

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Perpetrating counter-culture she is walking through the
park
First light ugly and more muscular than the dark
Pushing poems at the urban silence
Drawing portraits of the passers-by
Sitting on the curb
Combining traffic sounds
Getting dirty looks and dirty jeans
On the dirty ground
She says I can't figure out what kind of life this is
Comedy or tragedy I just know it's show biz
And what if I don't agree
With the lines I have to read
They don't pay me enough
The way I see it

Freedom and democracy
That's the word from washington every day
The americat's asleep
With warm milk and cliches
And people are expendable along the way
Your dollar is dependable
What more can we say
Would you like some dog coffee
It's all that we've got
You can have some
You can have not
Would you like some dog coffee
It's all that we've got
We're taking care of big business
And meanwhile some of the beans rot

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