

Michael John LaChiusa**"Coffee"**

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I had just finished shooting a coffee commercial
National spot, in residual heaven
My boyfriend's on TV, a soap opera villain
We both live in splendor in Beverly Hills
The Hills, the Hills, the Hills

Life could not have been sweeter
I love California
We'd celebrate Sweeps Month
Cocaine and vodka
Drive through the mountains
Laughing and speeding
The stars are so dazzling
The road spins and weaves

Our convertible Jaguar leaps off the mountain
Thank God I'm too stoned to be wearing my seatbelt
I crash and I tumble through cactus and sage
Breaking my arm and my nose and my jaw and my
neck
Laughs Ouch, right?

So I wake up in surgery 10 hours later
My agent sends flowers
My boyfriend is missing
My face is disfigured
It's perfectly ruined
The 'Star' takes my picture
I'm news for a week

Then the agency cancels my coffee commercial
It's farewell, goodbye to residual heaven
Thank God for the morphine
Thank God for my dealer
And for the vodka that mellows the coke
The coke, the coke, the coke, the coke, the coke, the
coke

Yeah
I could use a little help
I could use a little hope

I could use a little something that has worth
And illuminates the point of my being on this earth
Look, I look around the earth and I see
I don't need an agent
I don't need a job
I don't need the coke or booze
I can kick 'em if I choose
But I could use a little miracle
Yeah
I could use a little miracle

I had just finished shooting a coffee commercial
And ain't it ironic? I don't drink coffee!
Coffee, coffee, coffee, coffee, coffee, coffee

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