

Free Coffee Town

Ben Folds

Called in sick one day
Stepped out my front door
Squinted up at the sky
And strapped on my backpack
Got into a band
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
The state of the asshole
Who pulled into my lane
Life could be longer than it's cracked up to be
You get new cells every seven years
I feel seven today;
It's a good day to die again

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