

Coffee Can

Guardian

Each night the dream began
We were sitting here, waiting on our coffee cans
Eyes fixed upon the skies
I was thinking of you, and if I qualified

Then when the trumpet blew
The reality hit, this wasn't pay-per-view
My can lifted up and out
'Til the siren wailed, and a megaphone shouted

Pull that bucket over
Let me see your registration
You'll be questioned at the station
By a good cop, bad cop

If they find you guilty
They'll impound your can in hades
Where the grounded lads and ladies
Had it good 'til the last drop

And I watched the others fly
On their coffee cans, as they waived goodbye
Freed from the earthly grind
They had escaped the roast, I'd been identified

Dream police, nowhere to be found
I was left choking on the muddy grounds
I calmed down and reached for my pez
But the head on the dispenser was Juan Valdez

Pull that bucket over
Let me see your registration
You'll be questioned at the station
By a good cop, bad cop

If they find you guilty
They'll impound your can in hades
Where the grounded lads and ladies
Had it good 'til the last drop

Tossing in my sleep again
The metaphor was wearing thin
Until my nightmare stretched
It even more

Lord, You placed the bitter cup
Against Your lips, and drank it up
To bring me where You are
I can't believe I've wandered off this far

Woke up and smeled the coffee
I don't like what caffeine does to me
God's got a pull, I've felt first hand
I've gotta stop believing my coffee can

Pull that bucket over
Let me see your registration

You'll be questioned at the station
By a good cop, bad cop

If they find you guilty
They'll impound your can in hades
Where the grounded lads and ladies
Had it good 'til the last drop

Bad dream, but I understand
That you can't get to Heaven on a coffee can