

## Coffee and Cigarettes

Lagwagon

I'm getting used to getting old  
But where's my ambition  
Days of omission  
I feel broken down inside because my words seem to be trite  
Adding to the overwhelming  
Always a question of truth  
Your truths  
They question my efficiency  
Shocking the words you can't hear  
Impact the words I can't write

Recycled words don't justify...  
None of these words suffice  
Searching for the sharp words  
To drive the message in  
I put the last words down then I begin  
To question the truth  
Your truths  
They question my efficiency  
Shocking the words you can't hear  
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