

Coffee Thoughts

Papa Roach

My coffee stain is turned down, I sit and watch it burn no longer
You don't want my feelings to be told
I, I think I can help you, only I'm dead...
Discussing how I've been feeling is worthless
No one will know, my brain is numb
Screaming as I do, when I think.. what am I? I don't know!
(What you say?)
Here comes the coffee man!
(Coming clean)
And fresh new groove for you!
(And stay away)
The mud is seeping through!
(Every night)
It'll clean out your ears...
(What you say?)
Here comes the coffee man!
(Coming clean)
And fresh new depth for you!
(And stay away)
The mud is seeping through!
(Every night)
It'll clean out your ears
James A Folger, a roasted soldier
1859, he started to burn
Corn field, coffee bean, started to swing in my sink
Started a swing in my sink
I gotta gotta gotta gotta gotta gotta get another sip
Of the funky full flavor, automatic drip
Funky full flavor, automatic drip
Me myself and I, an odd combination
Open bread and beedy bread
I think I can bear too, I think for me I can bear too
Wash me clean with coffein!
(It's mental!)
(Stadanio!)
My story has been told you never know
I... give... I give up...