

Coffee Girl

The Tragically Hip

It's hard to leave your bed
The cooling hot summer sheets
Hangover hanging on by the fangs
Walk to work on wild feet

And get to the back door
Look around then turn the key
Turn on all the lights
Take down the chairs and make things neat

Hey there coffee girl
Beautiful and disaffected
It was perfect till
He came along and wrecked it

Your favorite mix tape
You popped it into the deck
Don't care it's out of date
Old Cat Power and classic Beck

Beware purveyors of cool
With their compacts of one
Taking canons to fools
When all you need's a BB gun

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One night he'll make you choose
I am sorry but he will
The hardscape or your shoes
When the moon's behind the hill

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