Free Coffee

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 van
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
Flipping off the asshole
Who pulled into my lane
Life could be louder than something cracked up to be
We all get new cells every seven years
I feel seven today
It's a good day to die again
Now they save me my place
Over there in a corner
And I never get tickets
Now I only get warnings
But when I was broke
I needed it more
And now that I'm rich
I get free coffee

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