

# Free Coffee

**Ben Folds**

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Called in sick one day  
Stepped out my front door  
Squinted up at the sky  
And strapped on my backpackGot into a van  
And when I returned I had  
Ex-wives and children  
Boxes of photographsAnd they gave me some food  
And they didn't charge me  
And they gave me some coffee  
And they didn't charge meAnd when I was broke  
I needed it more  
But now that I'm rich  
They give me coffeeEating an ice cream cone  
Texting with my thumbs  
Flipping off the asshole  
Who pulled into my laneLife 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 againNow they save me my place  
Over there in a corner  
And I never get tickets  
Now I only get warningsBut when I was broke  
I needed it more  
And now that I'm rich  
I get free coffee

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