

Free Coffee (Live At Providence, RI 9/25/08)

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

Songwriters

FOLDS, BENJAMIN SCOTT Published by

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