

The Secret Life of Morgan Davis

Ben Folds

Uh, okay, we're going to do a new song then
It's about a man named, uh
Morgan Davis, Morgan
Morgan left the house to get some Cream of Wheat
And came back with a little bit more
All right, this features Joe DeLorenza
His wife is tired, she wants to sleep
But all that Morgan Davis wants is Cream of Wheat
He waits and when she turns out the lights
He tip-toes through the darkness
As he slips to the night
This boring life and he leads of buying and selling stocks
Makes him feel he's growing old and tired
There's no joy or strife just by passing time
In this boring life
He wants the lights, the Jaz, a piece of ass
A toothless bitch to blow him for a vile of crack
He cooks his junk in some Gatorade
And scores a bag of chronic on the East MLK
The secret life and he leads it
By selling drugs keeps him up at night
He's selling hash, screwing trailer trash
Hey, he's making cash, it's a whoring life
My friends are all salesman, my wife is a slut
There must be something bigger I can stick in my butt
The IRS is auditing, my life is in a rut
And so he's fired his heat, he's blown his blow
It's coming up on sunrise and it's time to go
He smells like barf, his hair's a mess
He wipes the coke and lipstick off his fat, hairy, chest
He stumbles home from a 'Lesie' show
He will be at work in an hour or so
He crawls in bed with his sleeping wife
Just a night to break up his boring life

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