Coffee Can

Guardian

Each night the dream began
We were sitting here, waiting on our coffee cans
Eyes fixed upon the skies
I was thinking of you, and if I qualifiedThen when the trumpet blew
The reality hit, this wasn't pay-per-view
My can lifted up and out
'Til the siren wailed, and a megaphone shoutedPull that bucket over
Let me see your registration
You'll be questioned at the station
By a good cop, bad copIf they find you guilty
They'll impound your can in hades
Where the grounded lads and ladies
Had it good 'til the last dropAnd I watched the others fly
On their coffee cans, as they waived goodbye
Freed from the earthly grind
They had escaped the roast, I'd been identifiedDream police, nowhere to be found
I was left choking on the muddy grounds
I calmed down and reached for my pez
But the head on the dispenser was Juan ValdezPull that bucket over
Let me see your registration
You'll be questioned at the station
By a good cop, bad copIf they find you guilty
They'll impound your can in hades
Where the grounded lads and ladies
Had it good 'til the last dropTossing in my sleep again
The metaphor was wearing thin
Until my nightmare stretched
It even moreLord, You placed the bitter cup
Against Your lips, and drank it up
To bring me where You are
I can't believe I've wandered off this farWoke up and smeeled the coffee
I don't like what caffeine does to me
God's got a pull, I've felt first hand
I've gotta stop believing my coffee canPull that bucket over
Let me see your registration
You'll be questioned at the station
By a good cop, bad copIf they find you guilty
They'll impound your can in hades
Where the grounded lads and ladies

Had it good 'til the last dropBad dream, but I understand
That you can't get to Heaven on a coffee can

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