

# 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 qualified

Then 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 shouted

Pull that bucket over  
Let me see your registration  
You'll be questioned at the station  
By a good cop, bad cop

If they find you guilty  
They'll impound your can in hades  
Where the grounded lads and ladies  
Had it good 'til the last drop

And 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 identified

Dream 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 Valdez

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Tossing in my sleep again  
The metaphor was wearing thin  
Until my nightmare stretched  
It even more

Lord, 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 far

Woke up and smeled 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 can

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Bad dream, but I understand  
That you can't get to Heaven on a coffee can