

Tom's Dinner

Karmah

I am thinking of your voice
and of burning like bling bling once upon a time,
before the rain began.

As more moaning people start getting bussy
Look at them is just so crazy!
They all trap soar, by their race
To even recognize their mother's face.
Business is all they really care of
and dead lies sadly all their lives.
While my mind is be in corner
by a smaller world in a coffee

I am sitting in the morning,
at the diner on the corner.
I am waiting at the counter,
for the man to pour the coffee.
And he fills it only halfway,
and before I even argue.
He is looking out the window,
at somebody coming in.

"It is always nice to see you",
says the man behind the counter.
To the woman who has come in,
she is shaking her umbrella.
And I look the other way,
as they are kissing their hello's.
And I'm pretending not to see them,
instead I pour the milk.

And then suddenly the world just freeze,
like someone called curtains up.
And they're playing different comedies,
on the same stage in the very same time.
Nothing seems to be important,
while I watch lives passing by.
Everything seemes now so distant,
from this time your world in this coffee time.

I open up the paper,
there's a story of an actor.
Who had died while he was drinking,
it was no one I had heard of.
And I'm turning to the horoscope,
and looking for the funnies.
When I'm feeling someone watching me,
and so I raise my head.

There's a woman on the outside,
looking inside. Does she see me?
No she does not really see me,
cause she sees her own reflection.
And I'm trying not to notice,
that she's hitching up her skirt.
And while she's straightening her stockings,
her hair is getting wet.

Oh, this rain it will continue,
through the morning as I'm listening.
To the bells of the cathedral...
By a smaller world in a coffee.
And I finish up my coffee,
and it's time to catch the train.