

Ben Folds, The Secret Life Of Morgan Davis

His wife is tired
she wants to sleep
but all that Morgan Davis wants is cream of wheat
he wakes and then she turns out the light
he tiptoes through the darkness and slips into the night

the boring life that he leads of buying and
selling stocks makes him feel
he's growing old and tired there's no joy in life
just the passing time in this boring life

he wants the lights the jazz
a piece of ass
a toothless bitch to blow him for a vial of crack
he cooks the junk in some Gatorade
he scores a bag of chronic on the east mlk

the secret life that he leads of buying and
selling drugs keeps him up at night
he's selling cash screwing trailer trash
and 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's in a rut!
And so he's fired his heat
he's blowed 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 lezzie show
he'll 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