Guardian, Coffee Can

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
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
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
Tossing in my sleep again
The metaphor was wearing thin
'Til 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 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 believeing my coffee can
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
Bad dream, but I understand
That you can't get to Heaven on a coffee can