

Worm Quartet, Coffee

Sitting in my cubicle
Trying to pass the time
Click the little envelope
But no new mail's online
My schedule program shows me
All this crap I have to do
A post-it note upon my desk
says "Nobody called you"
I write myself a reminder note
To throw that note away
I check my voice mail even though
I've been sitting here all day
It says "You have no messages
No life no hope no friends"
And You've still got seven hours
'Til this freakin' workday ends

But I can smell salvation
It's brewing down the hall
The percolator sings to me
And I must heed its call
As liquid touches styrofoam
I feel the steam's sweet kiss
And I know I'm just seconds away
From caffeinated bliss

Coffee coffee coffee
To stimulate my brain
Coffee coffee coffee
To make me less insane
I used to be a zombie
And I'd fall asleep at work
Now everybody knows me as
The hyperactive jerk

Now that I'm Chock full'o'nuts
My job is just a game!
I open up my phone book and
I highlight every name!
I bend my paper clips into
The shapes of little men
I search the net for Amish porn
I take apart my pen
I open up the three-hole punch
And spill holes on the floor
I fire staples cross the room
'Til I don't have no more
I laminate my lunch meat
I link my rubber bands
(Make a) Xerox of my hairy ass
And fax it to Japan

And when the buzz starts wearing off
And when I'm feeling low
I pour myself another mug
My cup shall overflow
Eleven packs of sugar
And a couple spoons of creamer
And I shall receive the gift of life
From my liquid redeemer

Coffee coffee coffee
Come on and drink it up
Coffee coffee coffee

Nirvana in a cup
I used to be a peon, just a
worthless wad of gristle
'til I replaced by brain cells
with instant Folger's crystals

My boss calls me in his office
He says "Now listen, you...
"I have a little problem
"with the crappy work you do
"I never see you at your desk
"So what's been going on?
"Half the time you're at the coffee pot,
"The rest you're in the John!
"Your eyes are always bloodshed
"Your hands they always shake
"Your skin's the tone of dead flesh
"At the bottom of a lake
"We think this has to do with all
The coffee that you chug
"So we're switching you to decaf
"And we're cleaning out your mug"

These words to me were blasphemy
I found them just appalling
So I kicked that bastard somewhere
That I knew would leave him crawling
Now I'm jobless homeless on the street
You could say I've got hard luck
But I've got a gun and now I'm gonna
Go hold up a Starbucks

Coffee coffee coffee
With sugar and with cream
Coffee coffee coffee
The reason for my being
I used to be so tired
I'd pass out on the floor
Now I haven't needed a wink of sleep
Since 1994

Coffee coffee coffee
It's great to have around
Coffee coffee coffee
I even eat the grounds
I used to be a drone,
Now I'll never be the same!
I drink a hundred cups a day
Juan Valdez knows my name

(Give me)
Coffee coffee coffee coffee coffee coffee coffee coffee (x4?)