

## Percolate

Foy Vance

Every morning I woke up  
You handed me a coffee cup  
And poured it with a smile that filled the room

Now that room is cold and dark  
And my days never seem to start  
That's why I'm hoping you will come back soon

If I close my eyes  
Or drink hard enough  
You may come back riding on the moon

Till that day, it seems my fate  
Is to watch the coffee percolate  
Then drink it in this dark and dusty room