

Before the Coffee is Made
Music & Lyrics by Mike Bass



Sometimes I get up
when no one else is **awake**,
and put on my **running** shoes
before the coffee is made.
I **be careful** not to make a sound,
and **leave** home for a **quiet** journey,
usually to no **place** in particular,
just **around** the winding streets.
But today came **something** different,
an unexpected **treat**.
And now I've been left speechless,
like a late night **winter** breeze.
I was jogging past some students
playing **basketball** in their jeans,
when I came **upon** a glass-panel house
surrounded by lush trees.
It wasn't the house that awed me,
or the person **cooking** I could see,
but the crystal blue **lake**, which lay beyond,
and the sun's reflecting rays of heat.
"**Don't** let this pass you by, my friend,"
I thought, "For sure, this is a **sign**."
So I ran **fast** through the front lawn
and down to the shoreline.

Just **look at** the lake, I thought,
how it shimmers in the **summer**.
Watching the **sunrise**,
more **beautiful** than ever,
I get the urge to go **swimming**,
to jump right in, to be **free**.
And as I wade back and forth,
the fish, they **dance** at my feet.
They read my every motion,
then feel which way I plan to go.
"**What** is it that they're thinking?"
above all I want to know.

It feels like I'm on **TV**,
or in a documentary,
or perhaps inside a greeting **card**,
part of a perfectly painted scene.

Before I knew it, it was past **noon**,
I had to say **goodbye**.
It's my turn to **help** with **dinner**,
and now I have so much to **write**.
But as I lie in bed, you see,
nothing yet comes to mind.
No, my paper is as white as **snow**,
my head as blank as time.
"**Is** it not the perfect tale," I say,
"to make a grown-up cry?
Come in! Come in! **Hello**, there?
This is your poetic mind."
And **finally**, as I gazed out
of my window through the night,
I saw a brilliant frolicking **deer**,
and knew exactly what to write.