

# Before the Coffee is Made

Music & Lyrics by Mike Bass



1) \_\_\_\_\_ I get up  
when no one else is <sup>2)</sup> \_\_\_\_\_,  
and put on my <sup>3)</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ shoes  
<sup>4)</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ the coffee is made.  
I <sup>5)</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ not to make a sound,  
and <sup>6)</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ home for a <sup>7)</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ journey,  
usually to no <sup>8)</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ in particular,  
just <sup>9)</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ the winding streets.  
But today came <sup>10)</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ different,  
an unexpected <sup>11)</sup> \_\_\_\_\_.  
And now I've been left speechless,  
like a late night <sup>12)</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ breeze.  
I was jogging past some students  
playing <sup>13)</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ in their jeans,  
when I came <sup>14)</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ a glass-panel house  
surrounded by lush trees.  
It wasn't the house that awed me,  
or the person <sup>15)</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ I could see,  
but the crystal blue <sup>16)</sup> \_\_\_\_\_, which lay beyond,  
and the sun's reflecting rays of heat.  
<sup>17)</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ 'let this pass you by, my friend,"  
I thought, "For sure, this is a <sup>18)</sup> \_\_\_\_\_."  
So I ran <sup>19)</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ through the front lawn  
and down to the shoreline.

Just <sup>20)</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ the lake, I thought,  
how it shimmers in the <sup>21)</sup> \_\_\_\_\_.  
Watching the <sup>22)</sup> \_\_\_\_\_,  
more <sup>23)</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ than ever,  
I get the urge to go <sup>24)</sup> \_\_\_\_\_,  
to jump right in, to be <sup>25)</sup> \_\_\_\_\_.  
And as I wade back and forth,  
the fish, they <sup>26)</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ at my feet.  
They read my every motion,  
<sup>27)</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ feel which way I plan to go.  
<sup>28)</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ is it that they're thinking?"  
above all I want to know.

It feels like I'm on <sup>29)</sup> \_\_\_\_\_,  
or in a documentary,  
or perhaps inside a greeting <sup>30)</sup> \_\_\_\_\_,  
part of a perfectly painted scene.

Before I knew it, it was past <sup>31)</sup> \_\_\_\_\_,  
I had to say <sup>32)</sup> \_\_\_\_\_.  
It's my turn to <sup>33)</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ with <sup>34)</sup> \_\_\_\_\_,  
and now I have so much to <sup>35)</sup> \_\_\_\_\_.  
But as I lie in bed, you see,  
<sup>36)</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ yet comes to mind.  
No, my paper is as white as <sup>37)</sup> \_\_\_\_\_,  
my head as blank as time.  
<sup>38)</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ it not the perfect tale," I say,  
"to make a grown-up cry?  
Come in! Come in! <sup>39)</sup> \_\_\_\_\_, there?  
<sup>40)</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ your poetic mind."  
And <sup>41)</sup> \_\_\_\_\_, as I gazed out  
of my window through the night,  
I saw a brilliant frolicking <sup>42)</sup> \_\_\_\_\_,  
and knew exactly what to write.