

# Ben Folds, The Secret Life Of Morgan Davis

His wife is tired  
she wants to sleep  
but all that Morgan Davis wants is cream of wheat  
he wakes and then she turns out the light  
he tiptoes through the darkness and slips into the night

the boring life that he leads of buying and  
selling stocks makes him feel  
he's growing old and tired there's no joy in life  
just the passing time in this boring life

he wants the lights the jazz  
a piece of ass  
a toothless bitch to blow him for a vial of crack  
he cooks the junk in some Gatorade  
he scores a bag of chronic on the east mlk

the secret life that he leads of buying and  
selling drugs keeps him up at night  
he's selling cash screwing trailer trash  
and he's making cash  
it's a whoring life

my friends are all salesman  
my wife is a slut  
there must be something bigger I can stick in my butt  
the IRS is auditing  
my life's in a rut!  
And so he's fired his heat  
he's blowed his blow  
it's coming up on sunrise and it's time to go  
he smells like barf his hair's a mess  
he wipes the coke and lipstick off his fat hairy chest  
he stumbles home from a lezzie show  
he'll be at work in an hour or so  
he crawls in bed with his sleeping wife  
just a night to break up his boring life