

## **Sivan Langer - The Second Cup**

**Before the second cup of coffee  
I was feeling quite entropic  
Without you**

**I was a saucer full of secrets  
There was a choir of wicked crickets  
What could I do?**

**I was buying any ticket  
Selling me for free  
It wasn't good for me**

**Now, it's just another coffee  
There no cupboard and no trophies  
For me and you**