Black Coffee

Sonny Burke

Slow Blues Ballad

I'm feeling mighty lonesome, haven't slept a wink. I

walk the floor and watch the door, and in between I drink black coffee.

Love's a hand-me-down brew I'll never know a Sunday in this weekday room I'm

talking to the shadows from one o'clock to four; And

Lord how slow the moments go, when all I do is pour black coffee.

Since the blues caught my eye I'm

hangin' out on Monday my Sunday blues to dry Now a
man is born to go a lovin' a woman's born to weep and fret

stay at home and tend her oven

drowned her past regrets in coffee and cigarettes

moaning all the morning and mourning all the night;

in between it's nicotine, and not much heart to fight black coffee. Feeling low as can be. It's driving me crazy. I'm

waiting for my baby to maybe come around.