

Instant Coffee Blues

[Guy Clark](#)

Now he washed all the road dirt
From his face and from his neck
Sat down at her table
And she picked up his check And she took him home for reasons
That she did not understand
And he had all the answers
But he did not show his hand For he knew the taste
Of this wine very well
It all goes down so easily
But the next day is hell Morning, "Was I drunk last night?"
She whispered in the shower
While he lay there and smoked
His way there through the final hour Her, she's feelin' empty
Like she'd felt it every time
And he was feelin' just the same
But he was tryin' to make it rhyme But time was of the essence
So they both did their best
To meet up in the kitchen
Feelin' fully dressed She just had to go to work
And he just had to go
And she knew where and he knew
How to blow it off and so They shot the breeze quite cavalier
To the boilin' of the pot
And sang the instant coffee blues
And never fired a shot And him he hit the driveway
With his feelings in a case
And her she hit the stoplight
And touched up her face So you tell them the difference
Between caring and not
And that it's all done with mirrors
Lily as not I said, it's all done with mirrors
Of which they have none
To play the instant coffee blues
Into the morning sun

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