

# Black Coffee (Live At the Village Gate, NYC)

Chris Connor

She smelled like flowers, she  
Tastes like toffee  
She kissed me slowly, she  
Held me softly  
Got too close and she  
Backed up off me  
Left me stone cold sober just  
Like black coffee  
Just like black  
Coffee  
She told me that she'd always  
Be thinkin' of me  
She said she wanted me to know  
That she really did love me  
She said she never put no one  
Else above me  
Except her monkey, she's  
Like a junkie  
Just like a junkie, just  
Like a junkie It was April 25th, it's  
Up around 80  
Found a spot out in the park  
Where the grass is shady  
She said her mom's from Jamaica  
Said her father's from Haiti  
Such a pretty lady, she's  
Such a lady She smelled like flowers, she  
Tastes like toffee  
She kissed me slowly, she  
Held me softly  
Got too close and she  
Backed up off me  
She left me stone cold sober  
Just like black coffee  
Just like black coffee, just like  
Black coffee , just like black coffee

Songwriters

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MUSIC

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