

Black Coffee

Claire Martin

I'm feeling mighty lonesome
Haven't slept a wink
I walk the floor from nine to four
And in between I drinkBlack coffee
Love's a hand me down brew
I'll never know a Sunday
In this weekday roomWell, I'm talking to the shadow
On a clock 'til four
And Lord, how slow the moments go
When all I do is pourBlack coffee
Since the blues caught my eye
I'm hanging out on Monday
My Sunday dreams to dryNow, man was born to go a-lovin'
But was a woman born to weep and to fret?
And stay at home and tend her oven
And down her past regrets
In coffee and cigarettesI'm moaning all the morning
And I'm moaning all the night
And in between it's nicotine
And not much heart to fightBlack coffee
Feelin' low as the ground
It's driving me crazy thinking 'bout my baby
Might baby come around
Baby, come aroundMoaning all the morning
And I'm moaning all the night
In between it's nicotine
And not much heart to fightBlack coffee
Feelin' low as the ground
It's driving me crazy thinking 'bout my baby
Might baby come around?
Might baby come around?
Thinking 'bout my baby
'Bout my baby
Might baby come around?
Thinking 'bout my baby might come around

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