

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 drink Black coffee
Love's a hand me down brew
I'll never know a Sunday
In this weekday room Well, I'm talking to the shadow
On a clock 'til four
And Lord, how slow the moments go
When all I do is pour Black coffee
Since the blues caught my eye
I'm hanging out on Monday
My Sunday dreams to dry Now, 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 cigarettes I'm moaning all the morning
And I'm moaning all the night
And in between it's nicotine
And not much heart to fight Black coffee
Feelin' low as the ground
It's driving me crazy thinking 'bout my baby
Might baby come around
Baby, come around Moaning all the morning
And I'm moaning all the night
In between it's nicotine
And not much heart to fight Black 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

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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