

How Bad's The Coffee

John Hiatt

How long you been workin' here?
What do you know about that?
Its been thirty years or so
Since I bothered lookin' back
It was right in front of me
But now I'm runnin' behind
To get my butt caught up, well, I need a cup
Of the nastiest shit you can find
So how bad's the coffee, how good's the pie?
If you call me honey, honey, I'm gonna cry
A whole lot of sugar, a little pinch of salt
You cut my bitter with your sweet talk
I don't want no cappuccino
A whole lotta latte won't get me through
I got an iron will and a gut like a still
I could use a stronger brew
One eye doubles my eyesight
So things don't look half bad
Be twice as good, honey if i could
Even make you a little bit mad
So how bad's the coffee, oh, how good's the pie?
If you call me, honey, honey, I'm gonna cry
A whole lot of sugar, a little pinch of salt
You cut my bitter with your sweet talk
I would call you an angel
But honey, you'd know better than that
Just a trucker's dream whit a coconut cream
And a nasty old cup of black
Not a word about faded glory
Not a trace of bitterness
You leave irony to the likes of me
'Cause we don't share your finesse
So how bad's the coffee, oh, how good's the pie?
If you call me, honey, honey, I'm gonna cry
A whole lot of sugar, a little pinch of salt
Oh, you cut my bitter with your sweet talk
Oh, you cut my bitter with your sweet talk
Oh, you cut my blue with your sweet talk
You cut my bitter with your sweet talk

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