

One More Cup of Coffee

Bob Dylan

Your breath is sweet
Your eyes are like two jewels in the sky
Your back is straight, your hair is smooth
On the pillow where you lieBut I don't sense affection
 No gratitude or love
 Your loyalty is not to me
But to the stars aboveOne more cup of coffee for the road
 One more cup of coffee 'fore I go
To the valley belowYour daddy, he's an outlaw
 And a wanderer by trade
He'll teach you how to pick and choose
And how to throw the bladeHe oversees his kingdom
 So no stranger does intrude
 His voice, it trembles as he calls out
For another plate of foodOne more cup of coffee for the road
 One more cup of coffee 'fore I go
To the valley belowYour sister sees the future
 Like your mama and yourself
 You've never learned to read or write
There's no books upon your shelfAnd your pleasure knows no limits
 Your voice is like a meadowlark
 But your heart is like an ocean
Mysterious and darkOne more cup of coffee for the road
 One more cup of coffee 'fore I go
 To the valley below

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