

# Black Coffee in the Mornin'

R.X. Bertoldi

Verse 1:

At this kitchen table baby, that we used to share  
Shattered bits of porcelain are lying everywhere  
There's an aching in my shoulder baby, a weakness in my grip  
But still I raise this broken cup and take another sip

(Chorus)

Black coffee in the morning, no sugar in that bowl  
Black coffee in the morning leaves a bitter taste in the back of my soul

Verse 2:

I'm staring at these keys baby, you threw at me in rage  
One key starts the mercury, the other fits this cage  
But there's one key still missing baby, one we never found  
Lost between that first kiss and the last breaking sound

(Chorus)

Black coffee in the morning, no sugar in that bowl  
Black coffee in the morning leaves a bitter taste in the back of my soul

(Bridge)

Well when you got no sense of direction, so easy to lose your way  
But there's no time for regretting, cuz all we got, all we got, is today

Verse 3:

But they don't make soap strong enough, to clean the mess I've made  
There's too much room in that old bed where you and I once laid.  
You left behind your jacket baby, its hanging from a nail  
And you left here with all the signs of a prisoner jumping bail

(Chorus)

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Lyrics submitted by Tim Davidson.

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