

# Instant Coffee Blues

[Guy Clark](#)

Now he washed all the road dirt  
From his face and from his neck  
Sat down at her table  
And she picked up his check And she took him home for reasons  
That she did not understand  
And he had all the answers  
But he did not show his hand For he knew the taste  
Of this wine very well  
It all goes down so easily  
But the next day is hell Morning, "Was I drunk last night?"  
She whispered in the shower  
While he lay there and smoked  
His way there through the final hour Her, she's feelin' empty  
Like she'd felt it every time  
And he was feelin' just the same  
But he was tryin' to make it rhyme But time was of the essence  
So they both did their best  
To meet up in the kitchen  
Feelin' fully dressed She just had to go to work  
And he just had to go  
And she knew where and he knew  
How to blow it off and so They shot the breeze quite cavalier  
To the boilin' of the pot  
And sang the instant coffee blues  
And never fired a shot And him he hit the driveway  
With his feelings in a case  
And her she hit the stoplight  
And touched up her face So you tell them the difference  
Between caring and not  
And that it's all done with mirrors  
Lily as not I said, it's all done with mirrors  
Of which they have none  
To play the instant coffee blues  
Into the morning sun

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