Black Coffee

Julie London

I'm feelin' mighty lonesome
Haven't slept a wink
I walk the floor and watch the door
In between I drink
Black coffee
Love's a hand-me-down brew
I'll never know a Sunday
In this weekday room

I'm talkin' to the shadow
One o'clock till four
And Lord, how slow the moments go
When all I do is pour
Black coffee
Since the blues caught my eye
I'm hangin' out on Monday
My Sunday dreams to dry

Now man is born to go a lovin'
A woman's born to weep and fret
To stay at home and tend her oven
And drown her past regrets
In coffee and cigarettes

I'm moonin' all the mornin'
Moanin' all the night
And in between it's nicotine
And not much heart to fight
Black coffee
Feelin' low as the ground
It's drivin' me crazy
This waitin' for my baby
To maybe come around
To maybe come around

Pour me black coffee
And I'll come around

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com

written by BURKE, J. FRANCIS / WEBSTER, PAUL FRANCIS

Lyrics Â© Universal Music Publishing Group, MICHAEL H GOLDSEN INC, GUY WEBSTER/WEBSTER MUSIC

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/