

# Black Coffee

Chad Wackerman

I'm feelin' mighty lonesome,  
haven't slept a wink  
I walk the floor and watch  
the door and in between  
I drink black coffee  
Love's hand me down broom  
I'll never know a Sunday  
In this weekday room  
I'm talkin' to the shadows  
One o'clock to 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 a man is born to go a lovin'  
A woman's born to weep and fret  
To stay at home and  
tend her over  
And drown her past regrets  
in coffee and cigarettes!  
I'm moonin' all the mornin'  
And mournin' 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 waiting for my baby  
To maybe come around

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