Black Coffee

Jazz Profiles

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 het 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

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/