Black Coffee

Ella Fitzgerald

I'm feeling mighty lonesome
Haven't slept a wink
I walk the floor and watch the door
And in between I drinkBlack coffee
Love's a hand me down brew
I'll never know a Sunday
In this weekday roomI'm talking to the shadows
One o'clock to four
And Lord, how slow the moments go
When all I do is pourBlack coffee
Since the blues caught my eye
I'm hanging out on Monday
My Sunday dreams to dryNow a 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 cigarettesI'm moody all the morning
Mourning all the night
And in between it's nicotine
And not much heart to fightBlack coffee
Feelin' low as the ground
It's driving me crazy just waiting for my baby
To maybe come aroundMy nerves have gone to pieces
My hair is turning gray
All I do is drink black coffee
Since my man's gone away

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