

# 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 drink Black coffee  
Love's a hand me down brew  
I'll never know a Sunday  
In this weekday room I'm talking 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 hanging 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 oven  
And drown her past regrets  
In coffee and cigarettes I'm moody all the morning  
Mourning all the night  
And in between it's nicotine  
And not much heart to fight Black coffee  
Feelin' low as the ground  
It's driving me crazy just waiting for my baby  
To maybe come around My 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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