Black Coffee

K.d. Lang

I'm feelin' mighty lonesome
Haven't slept a wink
I walk the floor from nine to four
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
And 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 was born to go lovin'
But was a woman born to weep and fret?
And stay at home and tend her oven
And drown her past regrets in coffee and cigarettes
I'm moanin' all the mornin'
Moanin' all the night
And in between it's nicotine
And not much hard to fight
Black coffee
Feelin' low as the ground
It's drivin' me crazy, this thinkin' 'bout my baby
Might, maybe come around
Come around

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