

Anita Meyer

"Black Coffee"

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I'm feeln' mighty lonesome, havn't slept a wink,
I walk the floor and watch the door and in between I
dring black coffee.
Love's a 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 rend her oven,
And drown her past regrets in coffee and sigarettes!

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 waitin' for my baby, To maybe
come a round.

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