

## **Bic Runga**

# **"One More Cup Of Coffee"**

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(Bob Dylan)

Your breath is sweet  
Your eyes are like two jewels in the sky  
Your back is straight, your hair is smooth  
On the pillow where you lie  
But I don't sense affection  
No gratitude or love  
Your loyalty is not to me  
But to the stars above

One more cup of coffee for the road  
One more cup of coffee 'fore I go  
To the valley below

Your daddy he's an outlaw  
And a wanderer by trade  
He'll teach you how to pick and choose  
And how to throw the blade  
He oversees his kingdom  
So no stranger does intrude  
His voice it trembles as he calls out  
For another plate of food  
One more cup of coffee for the road  
One more cup of coffee 'fore I go  
To the valley below

Your sister sees the future  
Like your mama and yourself  
You've never learned to read or write  
There's no books upon your shelf  
But your pleasure knows no limits  
Your voice is like a meadowlark  
And your heart is like an ocean  
Mysterious and dark

One more cup of coffee for the road  
One more cup of coffee 'fore I go

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