

## **Ella Fitzgerald**

### **"Black Coffee"**

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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  
from 1 o'clock til 4  
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 moaning all the morning  
and 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... around  
I'm 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

