

Guy Clark "Instant Coffee Blues"

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Now he washed all the road dirt
From his face and from his neck
Sat down at her table
And she picked up his check

And she took him home for reasons
That she did not understand
But him, he had the answers
But he did not show his hand

'Cause him, he knew the taste
Of this wine very well
It all goes down so easily
But the next day is hell

"Morning, man was I drunk"
She whispered in the shower
While he lay there and smoked
His way there through the final hour

She felt wholly empty
Like she'd felt it every time
And he was feelin' just the same
Accept he was tryin' to make it rhyme

Time was of the essence
So they both did their best
To meet up in the kitchen
Feelin' fully dressed

She just had to go to work
And he just had to go
And she knew where and he knew
How to blow it off and so

They shot the breeze quite cavalier
To the boilin' of the pot
And sang the instant coffee blues
And never fired a shot

And him he hit the driveway
With his feelings in a case

And her she hit the stoplight
And touched up her face

So you tell them the difference
Between caring and not
And that it's all done with mirrors
Lest they forgot

I said, it's all done with mirrors
Of which they have none
To blend the instant coffee blues
Into the morning sun

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