

Nicola Arigliano "Black Coffe"

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[Parlato]

Ahm ahm ahm ahm... yeh
Perch  la signora aveva tutto
Le macchine, le colf, la pelliccia
Per  qualcosa non funzionava
Il suo... marito usciva facilmente
E non altrettanto rientrava
Anzi... quasi mai
E la signora cosa faceva...
Pur avendo tutto...
Fumava, beveva un caff 
Sperando al ritorno del suo... mah!

You're feeling mighty lonesome
Haven't slept a wink
You walk the floor and watch the door
And in between you're drink
Black Coffee
See-lee-doo-doo-den-dan
You'll never know a Sunday
Your Sunday dream gonna dry

Talking to the shadows
One o'clock to four
And Lord, how slow the moments go
When all you do is pour
Black Coffee
Since the blues caught your eyes
You'll never know a Sunday
Your Sunday dream's gonna dry

[Parlato] free time

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 moody all the morning
Moanin' all the night

And in between it's nicotine
And not much hard to fight
Black Coffee
Feelin' low as the ground
Driving you crazy... just waiting... may be in 'camera'
Driving you crazy... just waiting... bo-doo-dee... paruca!

[Parlato]
Black coffee!
Blues! The Band!
Yeh! Grazie!
The Band!...
Vogliamo fare quella del tram?
Tocca al tram?
SÃ~! "Sul tram"...

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