

Nicola Arigliano "Black Coffee"

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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
Love's a hand you down blue
You'll never know a Sunday
Your Sunday dream gonna cry

Talking to the shadows
One o'clock to four
And Lord, how slow the moments go
When all you do is pour
Black Coffee
Feelin' low as the ground
Never know a Sunday
Your Sunday dream's gonna cry
[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
Never know a Sunday
Your Sunday dream's gonna cry
Yeah!
Yeah, bravo Trovesi!
Gianni Basso!

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... bu-di... pup-te-che-ca-tÃ !

[Parlato]
Black coffe
Maestri! Bravi!...

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