

Vance Gilbert

"Good Cup Of Coffee"

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I've been driving these back roads for twenty odd
years
Delivering these goods to town after town
I'm union I'm black I've got a wife and two kids
And I'll put them through college dragging this trailer
around
Now I've been in hundreds of these places that dot
these dark highways
They stay open all night with their bright neon signs
They're a welcome oasis to us lonesome old drivers
We pull up our diesels with red bleary eyes
Now I stop for the paper and that good cup of coffee
And I read and remember how quickly things change
A slap on the back someone says "Hey bro' what's
happenin'"
But it comes from so many, lord, and I don't know their
names
But it's nothing you notice and you can't understand
So I keep to the right of the broken white line
But my eyes are still wandering cause I'll always be
looking for
That good cup of coffee
Now I can sit at this counter get served in a minute
Small talk the weather or say nothing at all
But it's there, I can feel it from many years past saying
If left up to me I wouldn't serve you at all
I'll take it black or with cream and any old sweetener
The hotter the better but warm is ok
I'd even choke down a donut
Fold up my paper pay my buck fifty and be on my way
Well it might be the same for both you and me
The check and a smile saying have a nice day
But as I climb up into my cab I adjust my rear view
mirror
And I notice my color
But it's nothing you notice and you can't understand
So I keep to the right of the broken white line
But my eyes are still wandering cause I'll always be
looking for
Eternally searchin' for it
I'm always lookin' for that

Good cup of coffee
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