

Fitzgerald Ella

"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 route

I'm talking to the shadows

1 o'clock to 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 moody all the morning
Mourning all the night
And in between it's nicotine
And not much hard to fight
Black Coffee
Feelin' low as the ground
It's driving me crazy just 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

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