

## Sarah Geronimo

### "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 room

I'm talking to the shadows  
One o'clock to four  
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 dream's too 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  
And I'm mourning all the night  
And in between it's nicotine  
And not much heart to fight

Black coffee  
Feeling low as the ground  
It's driving me crazy  
This waiting for my baby  
To maybe come around

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