

Sarah Harmer

"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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