

Coffee

David Allan Coe

Well, I call my woman, Coffee,
'Cause she grinds so fine.
I call my woman, Coffee,
'Cause she grinds so fine.
She's like a percolator,
She's ready any time.

She's no ground-round virgin.
She's smooth as she can be.
She's no ground-round virgin.
I said she's as smooth as she can be.
She's a fresh-roasted mamma,
When she gives her love to me.

She's no high-class woman,
But I don't need no fox.
She's no high-class woman,
But, buddy, I don't need no fox.
When she wakes up in the mornin',
I'm the only male in her box.

That's why I call my woman, Coffee,
Beause she grinds so fine.
Yeah, I call my woman, Coffee,
Because she grinds so fine.
She's no high-class a-woman,
But she's mine, all mine.