

## Black Coffee

Julie London

I'm feeln' mighty lonesome, havn'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 broom.

I'll never know a Sunday, in this weekday room.

I'm talkin' 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 hangin' 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 rend her oven,

And drown her past regrets in coffee and cigarettes!

I'm moonin' all the mornin' and mournin' all the night,  
And in between it's nicotine and not much heart to fight  
black coffee.

Feelin' low as the ground.

It's drivin' me crazy, this waitin' for my baby,

To maybe come a round.