

Black Coffee

Peggy Lee

I'm feeln' 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 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 tend 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