

## Black Coffee

Petula Clark

I'm feelin' mighty lonesome  
Haven't slept a wink  
I walk the floor and watch the door  
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 talkin to the shadow  
One o'clock till 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 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'  
Moanin' 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 around

Black, black coffee  
Too much black coffee