

Black Coffee

Tricky

One, one, two, one, one, two,
Move over, move over, yeah you heard what I said, move over.
I feel so lonely, 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 never know why sunday in this weekday brew?
I'm talking to the shadows, one o'clock till four,
And lord how slow the moments go.
All I do is pour black coffee.
Since the blues caught my eye,
I'm hanging out on monday,
But sunday dreams too dry
They say a man is born to go alone
And a woman is born to weep and fret
To stay at home and drown her past regrets
In coffee and cigarettes.
And moody all the morning, moody all night.
And in between I drink black coffee.
Black coffee.