

## Black Coffee

Sarah Vaughan

I'm feeling 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 brew  
I'll never know a sunday  
in this weekday room

I'm talking 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 hanging out on monday  
my sunday dream's too dry

now, a man is born to go a-loving  
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 moody all the morning  
mourning all the night  
and in between, it's nicotine  
and not much heart to fight  
black coffee

feeling low as the ground  
it's driving me crazy  
just waiting for my baby  
to maybe come around