

## 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