

# How Bad's The Coffee

John Hiatt

How long you been workin' here?  
Well what do you know about that?  
Its been thirty years or so  
Since i bothered lookin' back  
It was right in front of me  
But now i'm runnin' behind  
To get my butt caught up well i need a cup  
Of the nastiest shit you can find

How Bad's the coffee  
How good's the pie  
If you call me " honey"  
Honey, i'm gonna cry  
A whole lot of sugar  
A little pinch of salt  
You cut my bitter  
With your sweet talk

I don't want no cappuccino  
A whole lotta latte won't get me through  
I got an iron will, and a gut like a still  
I could use a stronger brew  
One eye doubles my eyesight  
So things don't look half bad  
Be twice as good, honey if i could  
Even make you a little bit mad

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I would call you an angel  
But honey, you'd know better than that  
Just a trucker's dream whit a coconut cream  
And a nasty old cup of black  
Not a word about faded glory  
Not an trace of bitterness  
You leave irony to the likes of me  
Cause we don't share your finesse

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