

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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How good's the pie
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