

John Hiatt, How Bad's The Coffee

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

CHORUS:

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

CHORUS:

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 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

CHORUS:

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