

Patricia Kaas, Black Coffee

Black Coffee

I'm feelin' mighty lonesome

Haven't slept a wink

I walk the floor from nine to four

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 talkin' to the shadow

One o'clock till four

And Lord, how slow the moments go

And 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 man was born to go a lovin'

But was a woman born to weep and fret

And stay at home and tend her oven

And down her past regrets

In coffee and cigarettes

I'm moonin' all the mornin'

Moanin' 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 thinkin' 'bout my baby

Might maybe come around

Come around