

Richard Ruane, Milk, No Sugar

Morning finds me waking up
I head on out for that loving cup
I've got the right spot to start my day
I'm a regular now at Zipporah's Caf
It's down in the basement with the walls painted black
I go take my usual booth in the back
A waitress comes by to take an order from me
She's bored but assured and says, What'll it be?
What'll it be?
What'll it be?
What'll it be?

I want it
Milk no sugar, I don't want tea
I need it
Milk no sugar, desperately
I love it
Milk no sugar, I hope the second cups free
I come here for the scenery

Afternoons when I'm slowing down
I'll head on out and go into town
I've got the spot for the slow midday
It's a hole in the wall they call Chez Desolate
I open the door and people turn from the sun
And every table here only seats one
I go to the counter and I wait patiently
'Til the man in beret says What'll it be?
What'll it be?
What'll it be?
What'll it be?

I want it
Milk no sugar, I don't want tea
I need it
Milk no sugar, desperately
I love it
Milk no sugar, I hope the second cups free
I come here for the company

I don't need it, I'm alright
I can stop this any time that I like
But I don't have any reason to stop
When I know that it's good to its last dreggy drop
I want it
I need it
I love it, love it, love it, love it

I want it
Milk no sugar, I don't want tea
I need it
Milk no sugar, desperately
I love it
Milk no sugar, I hope the second cups free
I come here for the scenery
I come here for the company
I come here for the bonhomie
I come here to restore my chi