

# Tricky, Black Coffee

Move over, move over, yeah you heard what I said, move over.  
I feel so lonely, havent slept a wink,  
I walk the floor, watch the door,  
And in between I drink, black coffee,  
Loves a hand-me-down brew,  
I'll never know a white sunday, in this weekday blue,  
I'm talking to the shadows one o'clock till four,  
And lord how slow the moments go,  
All I do is pour, black coffee..  
Since the blues caught my eye,  
I'm hanging out on monday,  
But sunday dreams too dry.  
They say a man, is born to go alone,  
And a woman, is born to weep and fret,  
To stay at home and drown her past regrets  
In coffee and cigarettes.  
And moody all the morning, moody all night.  
And in between I drink black coffee.  
Black coffee.