

# k.d. lang, Black Coffee

(Sonny Burke/Paul Francis Webster)

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