

Sarah Vaughan, 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.

(Bridge)

Now man is born to come a-lovin',
And a woman's born to weep and fret
To 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 waitin' for my baby
'Til he come around, 'til he come around