

Black Coffee

Sonny Burke & Paul Francis Webster (1948)

A Em A Em
I'm feeling mighty lonesome, haven't slept a wink.
A Em A Em
I walk the floor and watch the door, and in between I drink
Am D Am D A Em A Em
Black coffee, ... love's a hand-me-down brew.
Bm A D E A
Well, I'll never know a Sunday, in this weekday rue.

A Em A Em
I'm talking to the shadows, one o'clock to four;
A Em A Em
And oh, how slow the moments go when all I do is pour
Am D Am D A Em A Em
Black coffee, ... since the blues caught my eye,
Bm A D E A
Well, I'm hanging out on Monday, my Sunday dreams too dry.

D Am
Well, a man is born to go on lovin',
Dm A
While a woman's born to weep and fret,
Bm D Bm
To stay at home and tend her oven, and drown her past regrets
G7
In coffee and cigarettes.

A Em A Em
I'm mourning all the morning, mourning all the night,
A Em A Em
And in between it's nicotine, and not much heart to fight
Am D Am D A Em A Em
Black coffee, ... feeling low as the ground, (it's driving me crazy),
Bm A D E A
This waitin' for my baby to maybe come around.