

# Black Coffee

G7 = 323xxx

C7 G7 C7 G7

I'm feeling mighty lonesome

Haven't slept a wink

I walk the floor and watch the door

And in between I drink

Black coffee

Love's a hand me down brew

I'll never see a Sunday

In this weekday room

I'm talking to the shadows

One o'clock to four

And Lord, how slow the moments go

When all I do is pour

Black coffee

Since the blues caught my eye

I'm hanging out on Monday

My Sunday tear's too dry

Now a man is born to go a lovin'

A woman's born to weep and fret

To stay at home and tend her oven

And drown her past regrets

In coffee and cigarettes

# Black Coffee

I'm moody all the morning  
Mournin' all the night  
And in between it's nicotine  
And not much hard to fight  
Black coffee  
Feelin' low as the ground

A7  
It's driving me crazy just waiting for my baby Dmi7 G7  
To maybe come around

Dmi7  
My nerves have gone to pieces  
Fmi7  
My hair is turning gray  
F7  
All I do is drink black coffee  
G7 C7  
Since my man's gone away