

Bic Runga, One More Cup Of Coffee

(Bob Dylan)

Your breath is sweet
Your eyes are like two jewels in the sky
Your back is straight, your hair is smooth
On the pillow where you lie
But I don't sense affection
No gratitude or love
Your loyalty is not to me
But to the stars above

One more cup of coffee for the road
One more cup of coffee 'fore I go
To the valley below

Your daddy he's an outlaw
And a wanderer by trade
He'll teach you how to pick and choose
And how to throw the blade
He oversees his kingdom
So no stranger does intrude
His voice it trembles as he calls out
For another plate of food

One more cup of coffee for the road
One more cup of coffee 'fore I go
To the valley below

Your sister sees the future
Like your mama and yourself
You've never learned to read or write
There's no books upon your shelf
But your pleasure knows no limits
Your voice is like a meadowlark
And your heart is like an ocean
Mysterious and dark

One more cup of coffee for the road
One more cup of coffee 'fore I go
To the valley below