

# Bob Dylan, One More Cup Of Coffee

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.

Chorus :  
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 an' choose  
And how to throw the blade.  
And he oversees his kingdom  
So no stranger does intrude.  
His voice it trembles as he calls out  
For another plate of food.

Chorus

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

Chorus