

Tricky, Black Coffee

Move over, move over, yeah you heard what I said, move over.
I feel so lonely, havent slept a wink,
I walk the floor, watch the door,
And in between I drink, black coffee,
Loves a hand-me-down brew,
I'll never know a white sunday, in this weekday blue,
I'm talking to the shadows one o'clock till four,
And lord how slow the moments go,
All I do is pour, black coffee..
Since the blues caught my eye,
I'm hanging out on monday,
But sunday dreams too dry.
They say a man, is born to go alone,
And a woman, is born to weep and fret,
To stay at home and drown her past regrets
In coffee and cigarettes.
And moody all the morning, moody all night.
And in between I drink black coffee.
Black coffee.