

Black Coffee

Words and music by

Paul Francis Webster and Sonny Burke

Slow Bluesy Ballad

A $D^b7(\#9)$ $D^7(\#9)$ $D^7(\#9)$ $\%$

I'm feel - in' might - y lone - some, have - n't slept a wink, I

$D^b7(\#9)$ $D^7(\#9)$ $D^b7(\#9)$ G^{13} G^b7

walk the floor and watch the door and in be - tween I drink black cof - fee, —

G^b7 $D^b7(\#9)$ $D^7(\#9)$ $D^b7(\#9)$ $B^b7(\#9)$

Love's a hand - me - down broom. I'll

E^bM^7 A^b9_{sus} $D^b7(\#9)$ $D^7(\#9)$ $\%$

nev - er know a Sun - day in this week - day room. I'm

B $D^b7(\#9)$ $D^7(\#9)$ $D^b7(\#9)$ $D^7(\#9)$

talk - in' to the shad - ows, One o' - clock to four, And

$D^b7(\#9)$ $D^7(\#9)$ $D^b7(\#9)$ G^{13} G^b7

Lord, how slow the mo - ments go when all I do is pour black cof - fee, —

G^b7 $D^b7(\#9)$ $D^7(\#9)$ $D^b7(\#9)$ $B^b7(\#9)$

Since the blues caught my eye. I'm

E^bM^7 A^b9_{sus} $D^b7(\#9)$ $D^7(\#9)$ $D^b7(\#9)$ $G^9(\#11)$

hang - in' out on Mon - day my Sun - day dreams to dry. Now a