

## One More Cup of Coffee

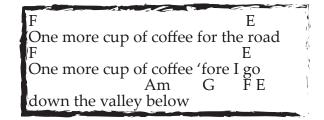
Bob Dylan Desire (1976) No Capo

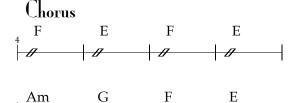
Your breath is sweet. Your eyes are like two jewels in the sky

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 me, but to the stars above





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



Am

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

Am and your pleasure know no limits. Your voice is like a meadow lark,

but your heart is like an ocean, mysterious and dark



