

BREAD & BONES

Lyrics from Richard Ruane's recording *Things That Strangers Say*

Milk, No Sugar

Written by Richard Ruane, copyright Okey Dokey Folkie Music (BMI)

Morning finds me waking up, I head on out for that loving cup.
I've got the right spot to start my day, I'm a regular now at Zipporah's Café.
It's down in the basement with the walls painted black, I go take my usual booth in the back.
A waitress comes by to take an order from me. She's bored but assured and says, "What'll it be?"
What'll it be? What'll it be? What'll it be?

I want it, milk no sugar, I don't want tea.
I need it, milk no sugar, desperately.
I love it, milk no sugar, I hope the second cup's free.
I come here for the scenery.

Afternoons when I'm slowing down, I'll head on out and go into town.
I've got the spot for the slow midday. It's a hole in the wall they call "Chez Desolate."
I open the door and people turn from the sun, and every table here only seats one.
I go to the counter and I wait patiently 'til the man in beret says "What'll it be?"
What'll it be? What'll it be? What'll it be?

I want it, milk no sugar, I don't want tea.
I need it, milk no sugar, desperately.
I love it, milk no sugar, I hope the second cup's free.
I come here for the company.

I don't need it, I'm alright. I can stop this any time that I like.
But I don't have any reason to stop, when I know that it's good to its last dreggy drop.
I want it. I need it. I love it.

I want it, milk no sugar, I don't want tea.
I need it, milk no sugar, desperately.
I love it, milk no sugar, I hope the second cup's free.
I come here for the scenery.
I come here for the company.
I come here for the bonhomie.
I come here to restore my chi.