

# Sugar Man

## Just Jinger

There are shadows on the sidewalks  
Of the city streets at night  
The alleyways and ugly things  
Are hidden from the light  
Somewhere, son, my baby's  
Gonna sell her soul again  
Custom tailored lady-killer  
They call, Sugar man  
I searched the backstreet barrooms  
Every cheap hotel  
Asking for my baby  
They all knew her well  
Well, they said, she's out there working  
For the wages of her sin  
You wanna find your baby, baby  
Look for Sugar man  
Well, tonight I found her  
On the sorry side of town  
Lying cold upon the bed  
Where she had laid her body down  
I picked up the needle  
That had fallen from her hand  
And I stuck it through the money  
She had made for Sugar man  
There are shadows on the sidewalks  
Of the city streets at night  
The alleyways and ugly things  
Are hidden from the light  
But the sun's gonna shine tomorrow  
On some dirty garbage cans  
And a custom tailored lady-killer  
They called Sugar man

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