Sugar Man

Rodriguez

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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