Sugar

Heather Nova

On the Vermont Transit Bus I leaned my arm into a little chink of sun
Going somewhere older than I was, strapped into something tight
Keeping me small, I dug into you like rock climbing
Too scared of coming down, too scared of going up, too scared of rock faceI should've split my sides, spilled my guts or hit you or something
But I was good, and your father's little pancakes so round and perfect
And me sitting up too straight, laughing in wrong places
Kissing you, kissing up, kissing too soonWhen the cock crows
When the morning comes where will I go?
When the cock crows
When the love is gone where will I go?And when you got me pregnant, I stopped the party
And I stopped the typewriter and I stopped your dumb ball game
In the red barn and I stopped your father, bled insteadAnd I felt the lie, something sticky on the inside
A bitter wind in my throat, stopping me wanting
In my stomach, in my head and you saidSugar, sugar, you couldn't come, come
Sugar, sugar, without your mother, mother
Sugar, sugar, you couldn't taste it
Sugar, sugar, in my throatWhen the cock crows
When the morning comes where will I go?
When the cock crows
When the love is gone where will I go?Sugar, sugar, you couldn't come, come
Sugar, sugar, without your mother, mother
Sugar, sugar, you couldn't taste it
Sugar, sugar, in my throat[Incomprehensible]When the cock crows
When the morning comes where will I go?
When the cock crows
When the morning comes where will I go?

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