

Sugar Babe

[Ian Whitcomb](#)

Ain't got no use.
Ain't got no use for that red rocking chair.
I got no sugar baby now.
I got no sugar honey baby now. I laid her in the shade.
Laid her in the shade, gave her every dime I made.
What else could a poor boy do?
What else could a poor boy do? Some rounder come along.
Rounder come along with his mouth full of gold.
Rounder stole my greenback roll.
And I got no sugar honey baby now. Who'll call me honey?
Who'll call me honey and who'll sing this song.
Who'll rock the cradle when you're gone.
Who'll rock the cradle when you're gone. I'll rock that cradle.
I'll rock that cradle and I'll sing that song.
I'll rock the cradle when you're gone.
I'll rock the cradle when you're gone. Ain't got no use.
Ain't got no use for that red rocking chair.
I got no sugar baby now.
Got no sugar honey baby now.

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