Sugarfoot

Black Joe Lewis

Sugarfoot's got two hands
Just as long as he can see
One hand in the birdfeed
And a hand in the apple treeHe stands in line, just a little behind
A yellow moon that hangs
He's all tangled and he broke his sticks on the links
Of his own chain gangYou oughta see this home that he own
It's like a box of jewelry
He's got his own church bell
And his bed, it lays in a galleryAnd all the colors they shine like flames
Coming in through the window pane
They end up getting checked over twice
For the reds of someone's veinsIt's so cold and blown all apart
It's so cold and needing of a heartHe stands alone on the top of his home
Where all the blue birds flown
Sucks in on his cheeks and he cries
As he moans through a saxophoneHe reaches high with his hands in the sky
Puts his fingers right into the storm
Always one to stand under the moon
And blow on his own hornAnd anyone with anything has already begun to think
That somebody down there knows
Just how he sat down on his knees in the dirt
And buried someone's rainbowIt's so cold and blown all apart
It's so cold and needing of a heartIt's so cold and blown all apart
It's so cold and needing of a heartWell, I know you ain't my enemy
The only one's inside of me, he's killing me getting free
I hear he wants my head with an old ice pick
And fix me up on a stickAn' all I've ever got to be is everything I wanna be
And Sugarfoot disagrees
He still stands tall underneath that apple tree
Man, he's still watching meHis chain gang is tryin' to pull me down
Like the birds and the fireflies
They shoot arrows up into the skies
And they burn all the feathers dryWell, he only wants to fill his belly up
With rocks till it hurts, then he stops
Well, he don't know what to do with love
If it don't fill his belly to the topIt's so cold and blown all apart
It's so cold and needing of a heartIt's so cold and blown all apart
It's so cold and needing of a heart

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