Sometimes Sweet Susan

Donald Cumming

Sometimes, sweet Susan
Clouds will appear
While I'm cruising on your street
Late in the evening
Don't worry dear
You always light the stars for meAnd when you're near I hear the music of the ocean
I feel the pulsing of the tide
I'd pull the moon down from the sky,
Bang it like an old drum
Sweet baby
Until the wind begins to riseSometimes, sweet Susan
Tears will arrive
Right in the middle if the clear blue day
May get confusing,
These city lives
Oh, but you take me so far awayCause when you're near I hear
The music of the ocean
I feel the pulsing of the tide
I'd pull the moon down from the sky,
Bang it like an old drum
Sweet mama
Until the wind begins to rise

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