

# Jeff Finlin, Sugar Blue Too

Ulysses pulls his sword  
For Cleopatra's muse  
He thinks he won the war  
But that gal's going to break his ass in two  
He plays the wonder boy  
Muscles pilin' high  
But she slays him with a kiss  
And a piece of mama's apple pie

Ain't nothing left to do but walk the streets so dark  
And whisper I love you to a moment there inside your heart  
And let the trumpet sound, but listen to the morning dew  
And fill yourself with what you found  
And be my little sugar blue

You play the ace again  
You hid inside your boot,  
Wear the nose and cheap disguise  
And think no one will notice you  
Try and try and never win  
Buy a ticket for yourself  
Shine your shoes and blow your kiss  
But the train it comes for someone else

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My cowboy friend he sings his songs  
On East 4th Street without his hat  
His cattle's all some spicy dish  
On the menu, written from a map  
Tennessee he wrote it down  
In a tragedy so blue, so black  
The hole it's big, it's dark, it's round,  
And you can't fill it up with what you lack

I've lived outside so long  
I've got no clue for looking in  
I've got the key right to the door  
But all I know how to do is kick it in  
Ring them bells, St Christopher  
With an axle and a broken wheel  
I have become the things I see  
And I know that they're not really real

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