

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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