Peter Frampton, White Sugar

Im riding on a see-saw No easy by-way Mustnt let the day go Wasting on the highway of life All my life

Im feeling unclean My stomach is shot Preservatives hide out in all that we got Dont ask again cause I dont know myself Tinned spam and meatloaf do me right in

White sugar
Evil as the day you were born
White sugar
Daylight murder that I mourn

Im feeling like a jigsaw
Theres one piece a-missing
You call it frustration, baby
Won the pools
Couldnt get em in
Couldnt get it in

Manhattan pattern up on the wall Lives on vitamins I can hear you call Big dapple apple Im back in your grasp Nothing left for me to do Just have to fast

White sugar
Evil as the day you were born
White sugar
Daylight murder that I mourn

White sugar Evil as the day you were born White sugar Daylight murder that I mourn

Manhattan pattern up on the wall Lives on vitamins I can hear you call Big dapple apple Im back in your grasp Theres nothing left for me to do Just have to fast

White sugar
Evil as the day you were born
White sugar
Daylight murder that I mourn

Evil as the day
White sugar
Daylight murder that I mourn
That I mourn, that I mourn
White sugar
Evil as the day you were born
Evil as the day
White sugar
Daylight murder that I mourn

