

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

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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

