

# Tom Jones, Sugar Daddy

I've got male intuition  
I've got sexual ambition  
I'm the last great tradition  
Let me state my position

The older I get  
The better I was  
It's all just a show  
It's all just because  
The show must go on  
What else can it do?  
I'm gonna drop the load on you

Sugar, sugar daddy, Sugar

I got no inhibition  
I got all the ammunition  
Got the moves with position  
Can't you see my condition?

You gotta get your hands dirty  
When you're digging a ditch  
And gods  
Revenge on the rich

Got the money got the moves  
Got the looks and the brakes  
Got the shirt got the shoes  
Got what it takes

You've got to lay it down  
Tell me what you need  
You've got to lay it down  
Get up, up from your feet you know  
I get it down  
You wanted sorrow, want it sweet  
Daddy always gives you what is good for you

Sugar, sugar daddy, Sugar

I've got male intuition  
It's a desperate condition  
Nearly out of ammunition  
Sexual ambition

Whoa!  
Holy schmoly  
I'm a one man army  
Yeah, a one man mob  
Woo-hoo  
I'm the McDaddy  
You don't send a boy to do a man's job

And you make me feel  
Like I'm not alone  
I've been singing this song  
Since before you were born  
Baby, you're invited  
But your friend can't come  
He's a little too excited  
Maybe a little too young

Ah baby, you're invited  
But your friend can't come

He's a little too rich  
Maybe a little too young  
The show must go on  
What else can it do?  
I'm gonna drop it all on you

Sugar, sugar daddy  
Sugar, sugar daddy  
Sugar, sugar daddy  
Sugar, sugar daddy  
Sugar