

# Big Sugar, Tobacco Hand

(G. Johnson)

Well, she dialed a phone number  
Well, she dialed a phone number  
Well, she dialed a phone number  
Written on tobacco hand

And her words come slowly  
Well, the words come so slowly  
Well, the words come so slowly  
I didn't hear a one that she said

When she told me 'bout forever  
When she told me 'bout forever  
When she told me 'bout forever  
Lord, it didn't last that long

Well, she blamed it on her mother  
Well, she blamed it on her mother  
Well, she blamed it on her mother  
Blamed it on tobacco hand

It wouldn't help to say I'm sorry  
It wouldn't help to say I'm sorry  
It wouldn't help to say I'm sorry  
Lordy, that she done done wrong

I swear I know the story  
Well, I swear I know the story  
Well, I swear I know the story  
Lordy, like tobacco hand