

John Cameron Mitchell, Sugar Daddy

I've got a sweet tooth
For licorice drops and jelly roll.
Hey Sugar Daddy,
Hansel needs some sugar in his bowl.
I'll lay out fine china on the linen
And polish up the chrome
If you've got some sugar for me,
Sugar Daddy bring it home.

Black strap molasses,
You're my orange blossom honey bear.
Bring me Versace blue jeans
And black designer underwear.
We'll dress up like the disco-dancing jet set
In Milan and Rome.
If you got some sugar for me,
Sugar Daddy bring it home.

Oh the thrill of control,
Like the rush of rock and roll,
It's the sweetest taste I've known,
If you've got some sugar bring it home

When honey bees go shopping
It's something to be seen.
They swarm to wild flowers
And get nectar for the queen.
And every thing you bring me
got me dripping like a honeycomb,
And if you've got some sugar for me,
Sugar Daddy, bring it home.

Oh the thrill of control,
Like a Blitzkrieg on the roll,
It's the sweetest taste I've known,
So if you've got some sugar
Bring it home.
Oh come on, Sugar Daddy, bring it home!

Whiskey and French cigarettes,
A motorbike with high- speed jets,
A Waterpik, a Cuisinart,
And a hypo-allergenic dog.
Oh, I want all the luxuries of the modern age,
And every item on every page
In the Lillian Vernon catalogue.

(spoken)
Luther: Oh baby, something's crossed my mind.
I was thinking you'd look so fine
In a velvet dress
With heels and an ermine stole.
Hansel: Oh, Luther darling, heaven knows
I've never put on women's clothes!
Except for once
My mother's camisole.

So you think only a woman
Can truly love a man.
Then you buy me the dress
I'll be more woman than a man like you can stand.
I'll be your Venus on a chocolate clam shell
Rising on a sea of marshmallow foam,
And if you've got some sugar for me,

Sugar Daddy, bring it home.

It's our tradition to control,
Like Erich Honecker and Helmut Khol, [remember him?]
From the Ukraine to the Rhone.
Sweet home uber alles,
Lord, I'm coming home.
So come on, Sugar Daddy, bring me home.