

# Sugar, Where Diamonds Are Halos

Wilhelmina remained convinced that her relief was waiting  
beyond

The suburban half-life she loathed from the shadows  
She didn't know which way to turn until the carnival of freaks  
passed her by  
And whisked her away to where diamonds are halos

Every little bit helps. Believe me.  
Every little bit helps. Believe me.  
Every little bit helps. Please help me.  
Believe me.

The men in bars and girls in cars made promises to satisfy  
The uncontrollable urge to relieve the frustration  
The ugly snag of transient life is that all towns are one in the  
same  
It depends which end of the dog she is facing

She's piling laundry on top of the man she impaled with a  
decorative spear  
If he was turned face up we could gauge his repose  
As the engine turns over she waits for the carnival of freaks  
to come by  
And whisk her away to where diamonds are halos