

Teena Marie, The Sugar Shack Prelude

Into the cave where lust and love became one
Where the round wound and the black bottom quiver
Where the ivory gets tickles by cool black hands
We create dance and melody
Resounding
Unpretentious spirit
Oh that we are the leaders of tomorrow
At a quarter past eleven they'll come running
Caged but ever free
To the sound of the drum and the runes on the wall
We remember our heroes ex-per-ession
Sassy
Lester
Billie
Satch and the Duke
Yes Lord, this is the place to be