

# 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