

Wide Mouth Mason, Sugarcane

There's a big old moon in the dying room tonight
All the army greens burst at the seams sometimes

They call her Sugarcane and she moved like rain
But she's too proud to unmask the crowd
That's gathered round as she cries

Sugarcane 1968

1968 they were taught to hate and fight
1992 he says "don't I know you?"
And the rain it fell until she died

Old adversaries when they meet again
Are as familiar as two old friends

Let her dance for you

You walk around the corner
You look into your own eyes