

# Sugar Man

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There are shadows on the sidewalks  
Of the city streets at night,  
And the alleyways and ugly things  
Are hidden from the light.  
And somewhere, son, my baby's  
Gonna sell her soul again,  
For a custom tailored lady-killer  
They call Sugar Man.

I searched the backstreet barrooms,  
And every cheap hotel,  
Asking for my baby; they all knew her well.  
Well, they said, "She's out there working  
For the wages of her sin,  
And if you want to find your baby, Baby,  
Look for Sugar Man."

Well, tonight I found her  
On the sorry side of town  
Lying cold upon the bed  
Where she had laid her body down.  
I picked up the needle that had fallen from her hand  
And stuck it through the money she had made for Sugar Man.

There are shadows on the sidewalks  
Of the city streets at night  
And the alleyways and ugly things  
Are hidden from the light.  
But the sun's gonna shine tomorrow  
On some dirty gargage cans,  
And a custom tailored lady-killer  
They called Sugar Man.