

Rolling Pin

Big Sugar

Well, rolling pin a-rolling
Rolling, rolling, rolling
Although it makes me holler, you know
I'm gonna run back home to my baby
Home to my baby

I swear, I know my old bulldog, Lord
Anytime I hear him bark
Lord, and I swear I know my woman
When I feel her in the dark
In the dark

I asked my gal to marry me, boys...
Whadda ya think she said?
She said, "I wouldn't have you, Mr. Johnson, not now,
Not if all the rest was dead."
That's what she said

Just like a woodpecker peck all morning
On the schoolhouse door
Lord have mercy, but he pecked so long
'Til his pecker got sore
Well, he's coming back for more

What makes my baby so hard on a man?
Is there something you see, woman
That a man can't understand?
It must have been the devil
That put me here
And cause a man to question
Just what he held so dear
I swore that I would never
Get caught back here no more
I don't want 4 a.m. catching me
On the wrong side of your door

Lost my good intention, Lord
How I wish I could get it back
Leave me with my head bust open
It must have slipped right through the crack
Still, I'm coming back