

Sulphur To Sugarcane

Elvis Costello

It's not very far from Sulphur to Sugarcane
Everywhere I travel the pretty girls call my name
I give them a squeeze and they shoot me a wink
I buy their hard-headed husbands a long cool drink
You better come up smelling sweet 'cos you're a long time stinking
It's a little too late to complain
It's not very far from Sulphur to Sugarcane

Now if you catch my eye and you find that it runs down your leg
It's like striking a match pretty hard upon a powder keg
They tell you from the borders to the waters of the gulf
If you take all the sugar you will end up in the sulphur
And you're burning
Hello baby I'm pleased to meet you
I wouldn't do you wrong, honey
I wouldn't cheat you, honey
When can I see you again?
Wrap you up in cellophane
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When your eyes fill up with brine
'Cause you're drowning in wine
It's like the last days of Rome
With the despots and divine
And there's no place like home for a little doll from China
It's a little too late to complain
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You can go west to Texas
Go east to Mississippi
You can run out of money
You can run out of pity
Throw open your purse until you're crying for mercy
Go to Alabama
Escape Louisiana
I'm digging like a miner North and South Carolina
And then if you continue you will end up in Virginia

The women in Poughkeepsie
Take their clothes off when they're tipsy
But in Albany, New York
They love the filthy way I talk
Until they gargle with the finest champagne
They can't get the grape and the grain
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If I could find a piano
Here in Bloomington, Indiana
I would play it with my toes
Until the girls all take their clothes off
The women knock upon my door in odd and even numbers
But none of them as wild as I've discovered in Columbus
I gave up married women 'cause I heard it was a sin
But now I'm back in Pittsburgh, I might take it up again
Because they gargle with the finest champagne

They can't get the grape and the grain
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Up in Syracuse
I was falsely accused
But I'm not here to hurt you
I'm here to steal your virtue
Down in Bridgeport
The women will kill you for sport
But in Worcester, Massachusetts
They love my sauce

The women in Poughkeepsie
Take their clothes off when they're tipsy
But I hear in Ypsilanti
They don't wear any panties
Once they gargle with the finest champagne
They hitch up their skirts and exclaim
It's not very far, sugar
It's not very far, sugar
Pour a little sugar on me, sugar
It's not very far from Sulphur to Sugarcane