

# 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