

Sugar

Heather Nova

On the Vermont Transit bus
I leaned my arm into a little chink of sun
Going somewhere older than I was
Strapped into something tight
Keeping me small

I dug into you like rock climbing
Too scared of coming down
Too scared of going up
Too scared of rock face
I should of split my sides
Or spilled my guts
Or hit you or something
But I was good
And your father's little pancakes
So round and perfect
And me sitting up too straight
Laughing in wrong places
Kissing you
Kissing up
Kissing too soon

Ooh, ooh, when the cock crows
When the morning comes where will I go?
Ooh, ooh, when the cock crows
When the love is gone where will I go?

And when you got me pregnant I stopped the party
And I stopped the typewriter
And I stopped your dumb ball game in the red barn
And I stopped your father and bled instead
And I felt the lie
Aah, something sticky on the inside
A bitter wind in my throat
Oh, stopping me wanting
In my stomach
In my head
And you said

Sugar, sugar, you couldn't come come
Sugar, sugar, without your mother mother
Sugar, sugar, you couldn't taste it
Sugar, sugar, in my throat

Ooh, ooh, when the cock crows
When the morning comes where will I go?
Ooh, ooh, when the cock crows
When the love is gone where will I go?

Sugar, sugar, you couldn't come come
Sugar, sugar, without your mother mother
Sugar, sugar, you couldn't taste it
Sugar, sugar, in my throat

You couldn't, you couldn't taste it
You, you, you couldn't taste it

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