Sulfur To Sugarcane Elvis Costello

```
[Verse 1]
It s not very far from Sulfur 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 Cause you re a long time stinking
and it s a little too late to complain
It s not very far from Sulfur to Sugarcane
[Verse 2]
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 sulfur
And you re burning, hello baby then I m I m pleased to meet you
I wouldn t do you wrong, honey, I wouldn t cheat you, honey
But when can I see you again?
                                   Wrap you up in cellophane
It s not very far from Sulfur to Sugarcane
[Bridge]
It s not very far from Sulfur to Sugarcane
When your eyes fill up with brine Cause you re drowning in wine
             Αm
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
It s not very far from Sulfur to Sugarcane
```

```
[Verse 3]
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
It s not very far from Sulfur to Sugarcane
[Verse 3]
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
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 Sulfur to Sugarcane
```