

Sulfur To Sugarcane

Elvis Costello

[Verse 1]

C **F** **C**
It s not very far from Sulfur to Sugarcane
F **C**
Everywhere I travel the pretty girls call my name
C
I give them a squeeze and they shoot me a wink
C **F**
I buy their hard-headed husbands a long cool drink
E **A**
You better come up smelling sweet Cause you re a long time stinking
D
and it s a little too late to complain
F **G** **C**
It s not very far from Sulfur to Sugarcane

[Verse 2]

C **F** **C**
Now if you catch my eye and you find that it runs down your leg
F **C**
It s like striking a match pretty hard upon a powder keg
C
They tell you from the borders to the waters of the gulf
F
If you take all the sugar, you will end up in the sulfur
C
And you re burning, hello baby then I m I m pleased to meet you
F
I wouldn t do you wrong, honey, I wouldn t cheat you, honey
E **A** **D** **G**
But when can I see you again? Wrap you up in cellophane
F **G** **G**
It s not very far from Sulfur to Sugarcane

[Bridge]

F **C**
It s not very far from Sulfur to Sugarcane
Em
When your eyes fill up with brine Cause you re drowning in wine
Am
It s like the last days of Rome with the despots and divine
F **G**
And there s no place like home For a little doll from China
F **G**
It s a little too late to complain
F **G** **C**
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[Verse 3]

C
You can go west to Texas Go east to Mississippi
F
You can run out of money You can run out of pity
C
Throw open your purse Until you re crying for mercy
F
Go to Alabama, escape Louisiana
C
I m digging like a miner North and South Carolina
F
And then if you continue You will end up in Virginia
C
The women in Poughkeepsie Take their clothes off when they re tipsy
F
But in Albany, New York They love the filthy way I talk
E **A**
Until they gargle with the finest champagne
D **G**
They can t get the grape and the grain
F **G** **C**
It s not very far from Sulfur to Sugarcane

[Verse 3]

C
If I could find a piano Here in Bloomington, Indiana
F
I would play it with my toes Until the girls all take their clothes off
C
Up in Syracuse, I was falsely accused
F
But I m not here to hurt you I m here to steal your virtue
C
Down in Bridgeport The women will kill you for sport
F
But in Worcester, Massachusetts They love my sauce
C
The women in Poughkeepsie Take their clothes off when they re tipsy
F
But I hear in Ypsilanti They don t wear any panties
E **A**
Once they gargle with the finest champagne
D **G**
They hitch up their skirts and exclaim
F **G**
It s not very far, sugar
F **G**
It s not very far, sugar
F **G**
Pour a little sugar on me, sugar
F **G**
It s not very far from Sulfur to Sugarcane

[Outro]

C **F** **C** **F** **C** **F** **C** **F C**
Oh ,do, do, do, do, do, do, do ,do, do, do, do, do.