

A Little With Sugar

Donald Fagen

I remember Christmas morning
Back in 1954
When we moved up to Mount Savage
As if it mattered anymore
Mama always said
How the air can clear her head

We were colder and much higher
Than we ever were before
I recall her tailored jersey
And the flowers that she wore
Years ago I tried to tell her
What was in my heart
But she was part of the city

[Chorus]

She took a little with sugar
She took the money from my old man
She took a little with sugar
She took the money from my old man

All the years that she was with us
You could count them on one hand
I was taken with her showboat style
But too young to understand
She was all alone
Ahead of her time
She was first generation

[Chorus]