

# 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?

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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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