

Sugar Please

The Brothers Comatose

She's bright, she's a diamond
He's a tall can of PBR
Well she's lookin' for something
But he's gone so far
Well I hope that she finds it, and it makes her a star

She's silver and polished
He's a beat-up old guitar
She's the finest marijuana
And he's a cheap cigar
I'm so happy to have her, no matter how far
They say how lucky you are

Sugar, won't you come home, and make me sweet?
I need some goodness to cure these maladies
I can hear you singin' in my dreams
Sugar won't you come home to me?

She's sweet like a candy
He's sour and tart
When we mix together
Well we make a spark
Three-thousand miles ain't nearly that far
They say how lucky you are

Sugar, won't you come home, and make me sweet?
I need some goodness to cure these maladies
I can hear you singin' in my dreams
Sugar won't you come home to me?

They say how lucky you are
We know how lucky we are

Sugar, won't you come home, and make me sweet?
I need some goodness to cure these maladies
I can hear you singin' in my dreams
Sugar won't you come home to me?
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