

Sugar Daddy

Tom Jones

I've got male intuition
I've got sexual ambition
I'm the last great tradition
Let me state my position

The older I get
The better I was
It's all just a show
It's all just because
The show must go on
What else can it do?
I'm gonna drop the load on you

Sugar, sugar daddy, Sugar

I got no inhibition
I got all the ammunition
Got the moves with position
Can't you see my condition?

You gotta get your hands dirty
When you're digging a ditch
And, gods
Revenge on the rich

Got the money got the moves
Got the looks and the brakes
Got the shirt got the shoes
Got what it takes

You've got to lay it down
Tell me what you need
You've got to lay it down
Get up, up from your feet you know
I get it down
You wanted sorrow, want it sweet
Daddy always gives you what is good for you

Sugar, sugar daddy, Sugar

I've got male intuition
It's a desperate condition
Nearly out of ammunition
Sexual ambition

Whoa!
Holy schmoly
I'm a one man army
Yeah, a one man mob
Woo-hoo
I'm the McDaddy
You don't send a boy to do a man's job

And you make me feel
Like I'm not alone
I've been singing this song
Since before you were born

Baby, you're invited
But your friend can't come
He's a little too excited
Maybe a little too young

Ah baby, you're invited
But your friend can't come
He's a little too rich
Maybe a little too young
The show must go on
What else can it do?
I'm gonna drop it all on you

Sugar, sugar daddy
Sugar, sugar daddy
Sugar, sugar daddy
Sugar, sugar daddy
Sugar