

## The Story of Sugar

Behind closed doors, it's a sweet deal  
Work seven days for 3 square meals  
It's been 39 years and now the sun is sinking low  
They said first we'd get the sugar, then the money, then the women  
But I've got nothing now. I ain't got no place to go

So hold me Loretta. Love me Loretta. For all my heart can give, to you it goes  
Well the money's run out and the train's all set to roll

Well the shares, they ain't for sharing and the top's all set to blow  
There's a hand in every blue-collar pocket in this town  
It's our quiet they want. It's our kindness they want.  
It's the deepest, darkest corner of the news that they want  
It's all coming up roses, when there ain't hardly a sound

Once we were young Loretta, back when diamonds were diamonds  
Now like the trees we've grown old  
Just like those days my love, not everything handled...  
Is easy to hold

Well the kids, they'll be fine I suppose. Got jobs of their own  
Damn it it's us Loretta. You and me. It's us with no roof no more  
62 years old without a nickel to our names  
What they give away at every coffee shop in town just slipped through our fingers like gold