

Anita O'Day

"I Got Sweets"

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Well I got sweets
And I got treats
I got gold winged sandals
And they're just flying off my feet

When that ghost ship towing down
These wide open streets
Oh lord, I need my sweets

Well I ain't got no big fancy house
Ain't got no fancy car
I don't take my holidays in Polynesior
But everywhere I ever go
And everyone i meet, oh lord
They all want my sweets

Well, i know some cats
and i know some rats
And i know rude boys,
I know scallywags
i know aristocrats
But everywhere i ever go
And everyone i meet
Oh lord, they all want my sweets

some people they go up
And others they go down
Some people they go sideways
I wanna see them spin it all the way round
One thing that i know
Is that when im in this town, oh lord,
They all want my sweets.

(mumbles about drums, bass, and rhythm)
(pig grunts)

Well, i know a girl,
She's out of this world
whistle
But it wont help to buy her no diamonds or no pearls
I'll never have to tell her im a liar or cheat

Coz she brings me my sweets

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