

Big Sugar

"Famine Or Feast"

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Sitting on the front porch with my sweet Marilade
Working out expenses no honest man can pay
One is from the landlord; the bank done
Sent me two
As for me, I know down deep what I got to do
Famine or feast, I'm on my knees
Looking for the answers to things I can't see
Times of jubilation waiting for release
Time we all pray to the Lord--famine or feast

Things have happened lately; car is in the shop
Riding on the cross-town; almost at the stop
Staring out the window into the night outside
I have to tell you honest, I sat right
There and cried

You may say, time to
Pray is every now

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