Marcia Griffiths "Sugar Shack"

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Sug, sug, sug Sugar Shack
Ah, there's a crazy little shack beyond the tracks,
And everybody calls it the, Sugar Shack.
Well, it's just a coffeehouse and it's made out of wood,
Expresso coffee tastes mighty good.
That's not the reason why I've got to get back,
A-To that Sugar Shack,
Whoa, baby, to that Sugar Shack.

There's this cute little boy, who's a'workin' there, With long dreadlocks and his feet always bare. I'm gonna drink a lotta coffee, spend a little cash, Make that boy love me when I put on some trash. You can understand why I've got to get back, A-To that Sugar Shack, whoa, baby. To that Sugar Shack, Yeah, honey, to that Sugar Shack. Whoa, yes, to that Sugar Shack.

Now that Sugar Shack king is a-married to me, yeah yeah.

We just sit around and dream of those old memories. Ah, but one of these days I'm gonna lay down tracks, In the direction of that Sugar Shack.

Just me and him, yes, we're gonna get back, To that Sugar Shack.

Sugar Shack. Sugar Shack.

Sug, sug, sug, sug

Sugar Shack. Sugar Shack. Sugar. Sugar Shack.

Yeah, honey, to our Sugar Shack. (Sugar Shack)

YouÂ're gonna go with me (Sugar Shack)

lÂ'm gonna go with you (Sugar Shack)

Sug, sug, sug, sug

Sugar Shack. Sugar. Sugar Shack.

I wanna take you to my (Sugar Shack)

Sug, sug, sug, sug

Sugar Shack. Sugar. Sugar Shack.

Yeh, yeh, yeh, honey to our Sugar Shack. Sug, sug, sug Sugar Shack. Sugar. Sugar Shack Sug, sug, sug Sugar Shack. Sugar. Sugar Shack. Sugar Shack. Sugar. Sugar Shack. I wanna take you to my (Sugar Shack) Sugar Shack. Sugar. Sugar Shack. Yeh, honey to our Sugar Shack.

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