

**Mike Cosa****"Down On The River By The Sugar Plant"**

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All of the girls out with their hips asway,  
But I'm the lonliest man.  
They're selling insence and sunglasses on Orchard  
Street,  
Boatloads of bootleg Sean Jean.

I dreamed you up in this vast, dark bed,  
Believe I loved you for each hair upon the back of your  
neck,  
And I want to kiss you, but I can't,  
Down on the river by the sugar plant,  
Down on the river by the sugar plant.

Earrings weighing down the lobe,  
A nose who loves to slope,  
And a mouth turned down.  
Shoulders, pale and beautiful,  
And angle of the throat,  
And a sweet, sad, stare.

All of the waves that crash upon the shore,  
Fruitlessly shushing the world.  
I'll pledge allegiance to my displacement,  
My flag of doubt is unfurled.

I'll dream you up on a vast, dark coast,  
Believe I see you walking towards me,  
Arms outstretched like a ghost,  
And I want to kiss you but I can't,  
Down on the river by the sugar plant...

Down on the river by the sugar plant... [5x]

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