

Mundy

"Sugar In The Bowl"

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Sugar in the bowl, sugar in the bowl, all dressed up
saying "Bless My Soul",
Nobody knows what they like to feel old, down in the
sugar in the bowl.
Sugar in the bowl is a mighty fine town, nothing goes
up and the money goes round,
Nobody knows what they like to feel down, down in the
sugar in the bowl,
Down in the sugar in the bowl.
There is a girl with a turned up nose, mighty fine
freckles and her painted toes,
The boys all whistle wherever she goes down in the
sugar in the bowl.
There is a man with a luminous tie, a big round face
and a gleam in his eye,
Everybody laughs when he passes by, down in the
sugar in the bowl.
There is a girl with a turned up nose, mighty fine
freckles and her painted toes,
The boys all whistle when her knickers show, down in
the sugar in the bowl.

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