

## Omar & The Howlers

### "Sugar Ditch"

Visit "[Sugar Ditch](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Well I met him at the courthouse  
Playin' french harp on the steps  
And I loved him like a brother  
No better friend could any man have

Well his daddy was a rounder  
Till he drank his self to death  
Left his momma to raise the family  
She was working when she drew in her last breath

People say we're no count and we're sorra  
But it's a long hard road we travel on  
And we'll never, never strike it rich  
Down in Sugar Ditch

Well he never had no money  
And no way to get him none  
Just a poor boy going nowhere  
Till one morning, morning he was gone

Well I heard he's up in Memphis  
Everybody knows his name  
He broke out of this red dirt prison  
And I swear I'll follow him someday

People say we're no count and we're sorra  
But it's a long hard road we travel on  
And we'll never, never strike it rich  
Down in Sugar Ditch

I'm going away, I'm going away  
Cause there ain't no future in this place  
I'm going away, I'm going away  
Cause there ain't no future in this place  
I'm gonna leave Sugar Ditch  
I'm going away

Visit [Omar & The Howlers](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com), to get more lyrics and videos.

