

David Mead

"Sugar on the knees"

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Sugar on the knees of the baby
Sugar on the knees of the girl
It's a bittersweet kind of reflex
Sugar on the knees of the baby
Sugar on the knees of the girl
It's a bittersweet kind of reflex
A bittersweet kind of reflex for sure

I see you kicking rocks and waiting after school
The weeds through pavement circa 1982
A car door opens and you climb into the gloom
There's a drink on the dash and a french cigarette
glowing

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The crowd was beaming as you floated down the aisle
A small reception circle, one familiar smile
You hesitated in your own peculiar style
Was a drink in his hand, and a french cigarette glowing

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I see you coming 'round again

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