

# Sugarcane

Charlie Worsham

Looking at life through a bamboo straw  
Pressed up to my eye like a spyglass  
Your saltwater cut-offs walking my way  
Mmh, I been drinking all day  
I don't usually get something this sweet  
There's something about that Caribbean heat  
Sure puts the honey in the honeymoon  
Honey, let's go back to the room, and

Please, let me taste that sugarcane  
I got to squeeze every last drop, won't stop  
Till it hits my brain, you're driving me insane  
With them sweet little kisses dripping down slow  
Come on, baby, just let it flow  
I don't see us leaving the way we came  
Nothing makes good gooder  
Quite like shug, shug, sugar, sugarcane

We could be swinging in a hammock, sipping in the shade  
Sunning by the pool, listening to the waves  
Blame it on the rum going to my head  
I don't wanna get out of bed  
It ain't like we can't at home  
But like they say, baby, when in Rome  
Better if we take just a little more time  
Come on over here, put your lips on mine, and

Please, let me taste that sugarcane, I can't stand it  
I got to squeeze every last drop, won't stop  
Till it hits my brain, mmh, driving me insane  
With them sweet little kisses dripping down slow  
Come on, baby, just let it flow  
I don't see us leaving the way we came, no  
Nothing makes good gooder  
Quite like a shug, shug, sugar, sugarcane

You got the sweet little kisses dripping down slow  
Come on, baby, just let it flow  
I don't see us leaving the way we came, no way  
'Cause nothing makes good gooder  
Quite like a shug, shug, sugar, sugarcane  
Nothing makes good gooder  
Quite like a shug, shug, sugar, sugarcane