

Verse: C#m B Chorus: B C#m B E F#m A Ab C#m
Capo-ed on the 4th fret and play the C#m like and Am
Sugar Trade

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from the CD Four Spacious Guys

Sweat shines silver on a black man's back.
Working to the rhythm of the knife and the hoe.
Pain in the breast, cotton in the sack,
"Go along, buddy, don't you work so slow!"

Man needs a rest every once and awhile.
Working to the rhythm of the knife and the hoe.
They work you harder just to see you smile,
step out of line you don't work no more.

(Chorus:)
And every night, sweet deals are made
when you're working on the sugar trade.

Poppies are swaying in the summer sun.
Working to the rhythm of the knife and the hoe.
Slit their throat and the black blood runs,
bittersweet sugar just as white as snow.

Dull green leaf of the coca tree,
Working to the rhythm of the knife and the hoe.
Sold to the children down on the street.
They just want a little, then a little bit more.

(Chorus)

Sister is working out on the street.
Working to the rhythm of the knife and the hoe.
She's gotta hustle every man she meets,
"Come on sugar, don't you want a little more?"

Take her body, never see her mind.
Working to the rhythm of the knife and the hoe.
The poor man's blood is the rich man's wine.
Just want a little, then a little bit more!

(Chorus)

(Chorus)