

Brown Sugar

The Rolling Stones

Gold Coast slave ship bound for cotton fields
Sold in the market down in New Orleans
Scarred old slaver knows he's doing alright
Hear him whip the women just around midnight

Brown sugar, how come you taste so good? Uh huh
Brown sugar, just like a young girl should, uh huh, oh (woo)

Drums beating, cold English blood runs hot
Lady of the house wonderin' when it's gonna stop
House boy knows that he's doing alright
You shoulda heard 'em just around midnight

Brown sugar, how come you taste so good now?
Brown sugar, just like a young girl should now (yeah)

Ah, get on, brown sugar, how come you taste so good?
Ah, got me craving the, the brown sugar
Just like a black girl should, yeah

Ah, and I bet your mama was a tent show queen
And all her boyfriends were sweet sixteen
I'm no schoolboy, but I know what I like
You shoulda heard me just around midnight

Brown sugar, how come you taste so good, baby?
Ah, come down, brown sugar
Just like a young girl should, yeah

I said: Yeah, yeah, yeah, woo
How come you, how come you taste so good?
Yeah, yeah, yeah, woo
Just like a, just like a black girl should
Yeah, yeah, yeah, woo