

Standing in the Band  
With the Rhythm in his hand  
As if all these things we're planned  
Molasses Man

Dripping round the town  
Always slowly flowing down  
He wears the crown  
Molasses Mown

Bleeding sap, the oak tree's creed  
Going nowhere though he's freed.  
Isn't progress slow indeed  
As follows, lead

Catch me while you can  
While I'm still nursing nature's plan  
Cause once I'm gone I hit the fan  
Molasses man

Off to brighter bolder lands  
Arriving higher than I can  
Writing future with my hand  
Molasses man

To ride a cycle, something more  
Strolling closer toward the door  
What is all this business for,  
Spilled on the floor?

Thick and oozing something tan  
Sits and watches falling sand  
I am Molasses Man  
I am Molasses Man  
I am Molasses Man