

No One Likes a Fat Pop Star

[Robbie Williams](#)

I come from a land of kebabs and curries, Second helpings - no worries .
Pile the carbs upon the plate, Then one day its too late .
No breakfast no luncheon, Just carpets I'll munch on And a thimble of self esteem.
There's nothing for afters and absence of laughter, The saddest that I've ever been.
You just can't be porky, not this side of fourty, Showbiz - a single chin gang .
Scum paparazzi and weight police nasties have narrowed the hall of fame.
No one likes a fat pop star Pop is a place for the thin, No one wants a fat pop star We want to
hear thin people sing!!
When I get faint I chew through my restraints The best meal that I've had all week, If I could eat
my own words, I'd tear through the verbs But nobody pays me to speak.
No one likes a fat pop star Pop is a place for the thin, No one wants a fat pop star We want to
hear thin people sing!!
Now you've upset me I feel like a snack!
A packet of Minstrels, a pie and a nap .
Now whats wrong with thaaa-aaaat?
No breakfast no luncheon, Just carpets I'll munch on And a thimble of self esteem.
Place nothing for afters and absence of laughter, The thinnest that I've ever been.
Thaaaank you
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>