

Candy

Robbie Williams

I was there to witness, candices inner business
She wants the boys to notice her rainbows and her ponies
She was educated, but could not count to ten
Now she got lots of different horses by lots of different men
And I say: "Liberate your sons and daughters"
The bush is high, but in the hole there's water
You can get some, when they give it
Nothing sacred, but it's a living
Hey, oh, here she goes, either a little too high or a little too low
Got no self-esteem and vertigo, 'cause she thinks she's made of candy
Hey, oh, here she goes, either a little too loud or a little too close
Has got a hurricane at the back of her throat, she thinks she's made of candy
Ring a ring of roses, whoever gets the closest
She comes and she goes as the War of the Roses
Mother was a victim, father beat the system
By moving bricks to Brixton and learning how to fix them
Liberate your sons and daughters
The bush is high, but in the hole there's water
"As you will" shall be the whole of the law
And if it don't feel good what are you doing it for?
Now tell me
Hey, oh, here she goes, either a little too high or a little too low
Got no self-esteem and vertigo, 'cause she thinks she's made of candy
Hey, oh, here she goes, either a little too loud or a little too close
Got a hurricane at the back of her throat and she thinks she's made of candy
Liberate your sons and daughters
The bush is high, but in the hole there's water
"As you will" shall be the whole of the law
And if it don't feel good what are you doing it for?
What are you doing it for? What are you doing it for?
What are you doing it for? What are you doing it for?
What are you doing it for? What are you doing it for?
Hey, oh, here she goes, either a little too high or a little too low
Got no self-esteem and vertigo, 'cause she thinks she's made of candy
Hey, oh, here she goes, either a little too loud or a little too close
Got a hurricane at the back of her throat, she thinks she's made of candy
Hey, oh, here she goes, either a little too high or a little too low
Got no self-esteem and vertigo, 'cause she thinks she's made of candy
Hey, oh, here she goes, either a little too loud or a little too close
Got a hurricane at the back of her throat, she thinks she's made of candy
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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

