

# Candy

Robbie Williams

I was there to witness  
Candice's in her buisness  
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 hot but in the hole there's water  
You can get some, when they give it  
Nothing sacred, but it's a living

Hey, ho, here she go  
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, ho, here she go  
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

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 she'll be the Hollywood love,  
And if it don't feel good  
What are you doing it for  
Now tell me

Hey, ho, here she go  
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, ho, here she go  
Either a little too loud or a little too close  
Got a hurricane in the back of her throat  
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 she'll be the Hollywood love  
And if you 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?  
What are you doing it for?  
What are you doing it for?

Hey, ho, here she go  
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, ho, here she go  
Either a little too loud or a little too close  
Got a hurricane in the back of her throat  
She thinks she's made of candy

Hey, ho, here she go  
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, ho, here she go  
Either a little too loud or a little too close  
Got a hurricane in the back of her throat  
She thinks she's made of candy