

No One Likes a Fat Pop Star

[Robbie Williams](#)

I come from a land of kebabs and curries,
Second helpings - no worries .
Piled up carbs upon the plate ,
Then one day it's too late .No breakfast, no luncheon ,
Just carpets I'll munch on
a thimble of self esteem.
Glazed nothings for afters and absence of laughter,
The saddest that I've ever been.
You just can't be portly , not this side of forty,
Showbiz's a single- chinned game .
Scum paparazzi and weight police nasties have narrowed the hall of fame.(Chorus)No one likes a fat pop star
Pop is a place for the thin ,
No one likes a fat pop star
We want to hear thin people sing!When I get faint I chew through my restraints
It's 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.(Chorus)No one likes a fat pop star
Pop is a place for the thin ,
No one wants a fat pop star
I'm sorry, we can't fit you in!Now you've upset me -- I feel like a snack !
A packet of Minstrels , a pie and a nap .
So whats wrong with thaaa-aaaat ?No breakfast, no luncheon ,
Just carpets I'll munch on
And a thimble of self esteem.
Glazed nothings for afters and absence of laughter,
The thinnest that I've ever been.Thaaaank you

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