

Candy

T.S.O.L.

I'm gonna tell you about Candy
Maybe you already know
Found her at a backyard party
So I took her home
She never gave me no feedback
So how was I to know that when it comes
To her cocaine, Candy don't know
Candy ran me out of my money
Candy ran me out of my soul
I didn't think it was funny
Too bad she never gonna make it
She never gonna make it all the way home
I packed my bags for New York City
I heard she had some friends
Found her at some big time party
And it never ends
She told me some lie about her money
I knew my soul was on ice
She had me playin' her game
And I paid the price
I ran out of my money
I ran out of my soul
I didn't think it was funny
Too bad she never gonna make it
She never gonna make it all the way home
I found myself this roadside cafe
Thought maybe I'd get some rest
Candy walks in the front door
Goddamn, she's lookin' her best
I knew that this was gonna be the last time
I'd get safe to speak my mind
I told her where she could go
She said she needed a ride
I ran out of my money
I ran out of my soul
I didn't think it was funny
Too bad she never gonna make it
She never gonna make it all the way home
I woke up, I was in Georgia
Couldn't believe my eyes
Candy walks into the barroom in a wicked disguise
I followed her to the back room
When I opened the door
I'm lookin' down the barrel of her 44
I ran out of my money
I ran out of my soul

I didn't think it was funny
Too bad she never gonna make it
She never gonna make it all the way home

Songwriters

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