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 knowCandy 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 homeI 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 priceI 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 homeI 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 rideI 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 homeI 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 44I 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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