

# 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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