

Hot Fudge

Robbie Williams

Yeah! Queen Bitch, eat the rich
I'm on the second course today.
I'm not the first
And I won't be the worst
You done most of LA.
Can't find a virgin
I can get you a surgeon
24 hours a day.
Wasn't Jean Genie a Rolling Stones hit?
I'm about to be blown away. Come on, sing it
Take me to the place where the sunshine flows
Oh my sunset rodeo. Hot fudge
Here comes the judge
There's a green card and a way
The holy ghost
And the whole east coast
Are moving to LA
And we've been
Dreaming of this feeling
Since 1988
Mother, things have got to change
I'm moving to LA. Take the piss
I was English
God bless you Uncle Sam.
You got a cool gene pool
And I went to school
And God knows I love to tan.
Making cents and dead presidents
Before I could count to ten.
With the nation behind me
Can't stop the limey
She's on her back again. Come on, sing it
Take me to the place where the sunshine flows
Oh my sunset rodeo. Hot fudge
Here comes the judge
There's a green card and a way
The holy ghost
And the whole east coast
Are moving to LA
'Cause we've been
Dreaming of this feeling

Since 1988
Mother, things have got to change
I'm moving to LA, LA, LA Take me to the place where the sunshine flows
Oh my sunset rodeo. Hot fudge
Here comes the judge
There's a green card and a way
The holy ghost
And the whole east coast
Are moving to LA
'Cause we've been
Dreaming of this feeling
Since 1988
Mother, things have got to change
I'm moving to Keep a-moving keep a-moving, keep a-moving to LA
Mo, mo, mo, mo

Songwriters

WILLIAMS, ROBERT PETER / CHAMBERS, GUY ANTONY Published by

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