Candyman

Dark By Design

Come on all you pretty women with your hair a hanging down
Open up your windows 'cuz the Candyman's in town
Come on boys and gamble, roll those laughing bones
Seven come eleven, boys I'll take your money home
Look out, look out the Candyman
Here he comes and he's gone again
Pretty lady ain't got no friend
Till the Candyman comes around again
I come in from Memphis where I, I learned to talk the jive
When I get back to Memphis be one less man alive
Good morning Mr. Benson, I see you're doing well
If I had me a shotgun, I'd blow you straight to Hell
Look out, look out the Candyman
Here he comes and he's gone again

Pretty lady ain't got no friend
Till the Candyman comes around again
Come on boys and wager, if you have got the mind
If you've got a dollar boys, lay it on the line
Hand me my old, old guitar, pass the whiskey 'round
Won't you tell everybody you meet that the Candyman's in town, 'own
Look out, look out the Candyman
Here he comes and he's gone again
Pretty lady ain't got no friend
Till the Candyman comes around again
Look out, look out the Candyman
Here he comes and he's gone again
Look out, look out the Candyman

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