

Candy (Max Sanna and Steve Pitron Remix)

Robbie Williams

I was there to witness
Candice's inner business
She wants the boys to notice
Her rainbows, and her ponies
She was educated
But could not count to ten
How she got lots of different horses
By lots of different men
And I say Liberate your sons and daughters
The bush is high
But in the hole there's water
You can get some, when they give it
Nothing sacred, but it's a living Hey ho here she goes
Either a little too high or a little too low
Got no self-esteem and vertigo
'Cause she thinks she's made of candy
Hey ho here she goes
Either a little too loud or a little too close
There's a hurricane in the back of her throat
And she thinks she's made of candy Ring a ring of roses
Whoever gets the closest
She comes and she goes
As the war of the roses
Mother was a victim
Father beat the system
By moving bricks to Brixton
And learning how to fix them
Liberate your sons and daughters
The bush is high
But in the hole there's water
As you win
She'll be the Hollywood love
And if it don't feel good
What are you doing this for
Now tell me Hey ho here she goes
Either a little too high or a little too low
Got no self-esteem and vertigo
'Cause she thinks she's made of candy
Hey ho here she goes

Either a little too loud or a little too close
There's a hurricane in the back of her throat
And she thinks she's made of candy
Liberate your sons and daughters
The bush is high
But in the hole there's water
As you win
She'll be the Hollywood love
And if you don't feel good
What are you doing it for
What are you doing it for
What are you doing it for
What are you doing it for
What are you doing it for
What are you doing it for
What are you doing it for
What are you doing it for
What are you doing it for
Hey ho here she goes
Either a little too high or a little too low
Got no self-esteem and vertigo
'Cause she thinks she's made of candy
Hey ho here she goes
Either a little too loud or a little too close
There's a hurricane in the back of her throat
And she thinks she's made of candy
Hey ho here she goes
Either a little too high or a little too low
Got no self-esteem and vertigo
'Cause she thinks she's made of candy
Hey ho here she goes
Either a little too loud or a little too close
There's a hurricane in the back of her throat
And she thinks she's made of candy

Songwriters

PHARRELL WILLIAMS, CHAD HUGO, INGA MARCHAND, JUAN CARDOVA
Published by
Lyrics © Kobalt Music Publishing Ltd., Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Warner/Chappell Music, Inc.,
Universal Music Publishing Group Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents
pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>