

# Sugar-Coated

James Blunt

He's a serious Mister  
Shake his hand and he'll twist your arm,  
With monopoly money  
We'll be buying the funny farm,  
So I'll do flips and get  
Paid in chips  
From a diamond as big as the Ritz,  
Then I'm calling it quits  
Calling it quits Eyes the color of candy  
Lies to cover the handicap,  
Though your slippers are ruby  
You'll be led to the booby trap,  
And there's no prize just a  
Smaller size  
So I'm wearing the shoe till it fits,  
Then I'm calling it quits  
Yes I'm calling it quits  
Yes I'm calling it quits Now he's numbering himself among the masterminds  
Calling it quits  
'Cause he's hit upon the leverage of valentines  
Calling it quits  
Lifting dialogue from Judy Garland storylines Where get-tough girls turn into goldmines

Songwriters

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