

# Candy (Steve Pitron and Max Sanna 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  
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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

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