

## **T.S.O.L. "Candy"**

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I'm gonna tell you about Candy  
Maybe you already know  
Found her at a backyard party  
So I took her home  
She never gave me no feedback  
So how was I to know that when it comes  
To her cocaine, Candy don't know

Candy ran me out of my money  
Candy ran me out of my soul  
I didn't think it was funny  
Too bad she never gonna make it  
She never gonna make it all the way home

I packed my bags for New York City  
I heard she had some friends  
Found her at some big time party  
And it never ends  
She told me some lie about her money  
I knew my soul was on ice  
She had me playin' her game  
And I paid the price

I ran out of my money  
I ran out of my soul  
I didn't think it was funny  
Too bad she never gonna make it  
She never gonna make it all the way home

I found myself this roadside cafe

Thought maybe I'd get some rest  
Candy walks in the front door  
Goddamn, she's lookin' her best  
I knew that this was gonna be the last time  
I'd get safe to speak my mind  
I told her where she could go  
She said she needed a ride

I ran out of my money  
I ran out of my soul  
I didn't think it was funny

Too bad she never gonna make it  
She never gonna make it all the way home

I woke up, I was in Georgia  
Couldn't believe my eyes  
Candy walks into the barroom in a wicked disguise  
I followed her to the back room  
When I opened the door  
I'm lookin' down the barrel of her 44

I ran out of my money  
I ran out of my soul  
I didn't think it was funny  
Too bad she never gonna make it  
She never gonna make it all the way home

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