

The Dirtbombs

"Candy Ass"

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One, two, three, four.

I know mother nature
Has a sense of humor.
I can tell
When I look at you.

She put it in your walk.
She put it in your talk.
And that freaky lookin' hand jive
That you do.

You ain't got nothin' cookin', man.
Cause you ain't good lookin', man.
You better keep on truckin', man.
Cause you keep on suckin', man.
Candy ass
You're a candy ass
You're a candy ass

You run around alot.
Tryin' to show what you got.
It ain't much
It's plain to see.

It's a lot of lies
And it's full of flies.
Like the stuff
You tried to sell to me.

You can quit your yuppin', man.
Cause ain't nothin' gonna happen, man.
You better keep on truckin', man.
Cause you keep on suckin', man.

You're a candy ass
You're a candy ass
You're a candy ass

