

# Do You Mind?

Robbie Williams

This is a song full of metaphors  
All I be needing is  
Tobacco and draw  
Better let me into your  
Country though  
Then I can show you what  
You're missing me for  
I'm a night kind of animal  
Got a receiver  
What you testing me for  
I was scared so I ate 'em all  
They tasted good  
But they make me look old

And ooh, you teach  
Like a toothache,  
I'm not here for my sake,  
How long will this mickey take  
And ooh,  
There's heavy entertainment,  
Out here on the pavement  
The men about you gotta  
Get away

Do, ooh ooh, ooh, ooh ya mind,  
If I, ii, I, I, ii, I touch ya?  
Do, ooh ooh, ooh, ooh ya mind,  
If I, ii, I, I, ii, I touch ya?

I'll think you're famous  
If that's what ya want  
But you can pick your  
Own pulpit,  
You must fill your own fonts  
Bring some wine  
And some sensodyne  
Then you can be my  
Favourite dodo  
Anyone fancy Monaco  
I'm a placebo they're  
Chasing me fool  
Don't be scared  
You could eat 'em all  
They taste good  
But they make you look old

Ooh, you sick little cup cake,  
You could be a keepsake,  
You jukebox to generate  
And ooh,  
I'm heavy entertainment  
In need of containment  
I'm mad about you  
Gotta get away

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If I, ii, I, I, ii, I touch ya?

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Anyone fancy Monaco?

Go get a portable  
Recliner bin  
Must take a photo for sure  
Got our our problems and  
A real long name  
And she gets high on  
Rollin' roll-ups

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