

Candyman

Jim James

Come on all you pretty women, with your hair a hanging down
Open up your windows cause the candymans in town
Come on boys and gamble, roll those laughing bones
Seven come eleven, boys Ill take your money home

Look out, look out the candyman
Here he comes and hes gone again
Pretty lady ain't got no friend till
The candyman comes around again, around again

I come from Memphis where I learned to talk the jive
When I get back to Memphis be one less man alive
Good morning Mr. Benson, I see you're doing well
If I had me a shotgun Id blow you straight to hell

Look out, look out the candyman
Here he comes and hes gone again
Pretty lady ain't got no friend till
The candyman comes around again, around again

Come on boys and wager if you have got the mind
If you've got a dollar boys, lay it on the line
Hand me my old guitar, pass the whiskey round
Won't you tell everybody you meet that the candymans in town

Look out, look out the candyman
Here he comes and hes gone again
Pretty lady ain't got no friend till
The candyman comes around again, around again