

# 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

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