

Candyman

Noga Erez

Kids these days

The whole story been out of context
A room full of fluorescent light, clean and tight, all in boxes
People coughing, people yelling in panic and pain
Vomiting, carrying their piss in a plastic bag
Confused and tired, beloved ones we loved once, we trusted
Knew just what being clueless allowed us
Now being useless unites us
Sitting in a station, waiting for the last bus

What was it that you expected? Oh, it seems unacceptable
Accept the predictable, your lost war or were you sure Mr. Candy
Would so elegantly move to the next family and skip yours?
Back home, back to needles, just stay with me though
Just wait a minute, I swear we're winning
Show's just beginning, white page, I mean it
Blackpen scribbled, stage four

I know just where you're from
Try fool me, I'm not dumb
I'm coming only for you
I'm coming only for you
I know just where you're from
I know that I'm a scumbag
I'm coming only for you, but one day
I'll get your family too

The whole morning been like a fantasy
One with a bad script, written by a lunatic
Brightly illuminated but, like a horror film
Come get your best seats, we're about to begin
And tell this motherfucker, lemon man, to back off
Take his motherfucking lemonade and get lost
Tell him he can take his act of charity and spill it
Give it to the real sick kids who really fucking need it

I know just where you're from
I'm here to give you a hand
I know you don't wanna be saved
And in this squeaky bed, and even if you can't
I'm coming only for you
Take a sip, it's hand-squeezed
An act of faith, for thirty years, wait
Please know I'm not a scumbag
Don't get confused, I'm the good guy
I'm the lemon man, the lemon man
The lemon man, the lemon man