

Breakfast Eggs

Ty Segall

My favorite queen told me not to sing
Do not think about all of these things
And do not care about the war
Instead I'll lay on her floor
"Come to me, you little one", She said

Candy I want, want your candy
Candy, I want your candy
[x2]

I'm looking and touching her little legs
I'm making her favorite, breakfast eggs
I want her to be my Uncle Sam
Then she can throw me in the trash

Candy I want, want your candy
Candy, I want your candy
[x4]