

Candy took a walk
Deep into Manhattan
Sold her soul to the devil there
Now she can't get it back - no she can't get it back

She's waiting in a phone booth
For a man to come save her
But he's taken every dollar that she made
And she can't get it back - no she can't get it back

Jesus is in heaven and Mary's in the stable
But Candy's got nowhere to go to sleep
Her poppa's in the graveyard and her momma's back in Kansas
Praying to the angels of the weak
For Candy's soul to keep

Candy was a boy
Who never played no ball games
Missed out on every ride at the fair
Now she can't get it back - no she can't get it back

Candy feels the breeze
And heads out on the highway
No one's gonna miss her when she's gone
No they won't have her back - no they won't get her back

Jesus is in heaven and Judas's in jailhouse
Chasing our poor Candy round the cell
Where are all the saints and where are all the angels
Why is every day a living hell - a living hell

Now Candy wants to die but can't afford the burial
Mama doesn't want her and won't pay
No she won't take her back - no she won't take her back

So Candy has a plan
She'll ride out on the beltway
Take the road until she dissapears
And they won't get her back - no they won't get her back

She can't get it back - no she won't get it back

Can't get it - don't get it
Can't get it - won't get it