

# Candygram

Leo Sayer

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