

Typist Of Candy

Nits

One key of her typewriter's 4 and the sign of percent
She says that it looks like the face of a former boyfriend
She once typed a whole page of those little noughts and fours
And one big X at the bottom meant 'over' of course

With a backbone of candy she's sitting behind her machine
Her eyes are as the stars in the sky and they're green
Tip tap tap tap with one finger on the same key
I know it's the key of the dollar
She's looking at me

Don't think that it's easy
Don't think that it pleases me
In big hands
Of people who want it all
In big hands
Of people who want it all

My typist of candy you're feeling so sad and so blue
And where is that pretty girl I once knew
She taps the whole paper black and she gives it to me
My typist of candy, there's only one question mark key

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Big hands
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Big hands
Big hands