

No One Likes a Fat Pop Star

Robbie Williams

I come from a land of kebabs and curries,
Second helpings, no worries.
Pile the carbs upon the plate,
Then one day, it's too late.

No breakfast, no luncheon,
Just carpets I'm munching,
A thimble of self-esteem.
Glazed nothing for afters, an absence of laughter,
The saddest that I've ever been.

You just can't be portly, not this side of 40,
Showbiz, a single chin game.
Scum paparazzi's and weight police nasties
Have narrowed the hall of fame.

No one likes a fat pop star,
Pop is a place for the thin.
No one likes a fat pop star,
We want to hear thin people sing!

When I get faint, I chew through my restraints
It's the best meal that I've had all week.
If I could eat my own words, I'd tear through the verbs
But nobody pays me to speak.

No one likes a fat pop star,
Pop is a place for the thin.
No one like a fat pop star
We want to hear thin people sing!

Now you've upset me, I feel like a snack.
A packet of Minstrels, a pie and a nap.
So what's wrong with that?

No breakfast, no luncheon,
Just carpets I'm munching,
A thimble of self-esteem.
Glazed nothing for afters, an absence of laughter,
The thinnest that I've ever been.

Thank you