

# 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