

Oh hear my prayer you people please  
Incline your tiny minds to me  
It's time to kiss the candyman  
It's high time you were here instead of  
Fighting, I don't want to fight  
But if by chance the cold wind blows i've  
Got the drugs to keep it up  
Well I know which way the money goes

Up and down the city road  
In and out we reap and sow  
Rewards I've lost and never known  
Which way the money goes

Chorus  
Candyman, candyman, candyman  
The candyman took it  
Candyman, candyman, candyman  
The money go round

So up and down the city roads  
In and out we reap and sow  
The rewards I've lost and never known  
Which way the money grows

Money grows on money trees  
Pay the price for liberties and then  
All we've lost is all we need  
To feed those wilting seedlings

There's more than stones and sticks at stake  
If you pull a rope tight it will create  
A tension like a brick will break  
If thrown against the road

Chorus

Now the air is stinking breath  
Like those who piss on thirsty men  
I'll raise my glass to all of them  
In come the assholes who can smell the money  
As they chase the blood and flesh as though they  
Only ever had enough to keep their withered spirits up

There's more than stones and sticks at stake  
If you pull a rope tight it will create  
A tension like a brick will break  
If thrown against the road

Chorus