

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