

Candy and Cigarettes

Jesse Conrad

Candy and cigarettes, candy and cigarettes
All I want from life is rubber buns and licorice
Wax-covered fruit from dining room tables
Big wicker baskets and old bentwood chairs.
Hickory sandwich and oak lemonade
Pureed pyjamas with steel marmalade and
Old dirty stockings that weren't ever made.
I never work and I always get paid
I'm the only pimp who never gets laid
'Cause it's candy and cigarettes and old bentwood chairs
And everything else for which nobody cares.
Black rhododendrons with switchblade desserts
Big pineapples picnics where ants play charades.
Five iron wedding and cocaine surprise
Four and twenty blackbirds got baked with 4:20 guys.
He says the only win is right through the eyes
Which have been crying and are stuck shut in the morn,
I was already dead, yeah, before I was born.
So candy and cigarettes and old bentwood chairs
Are the last things I see and
Rubber buns and licorice are my greatest fears
And a big beautiful rainbow is the last thing I hear

