

Robbie Williams, Do You Mind?

This is a song full of metaphors
All I've been eating is tobacco and chaw
They let me into your country though
Then I can show you what you're missing me for

I'm a night kind of animal
You're a receiver, what you testing me for?
I was scared, so I ate 'em all
They tasted good but they made me look old

And oooh, you teach like a toothache
I'm not here for my sake
How long will this Mickey take?
And oooh, there's heavy entertainment
Out here on the pavement
They're mad about you
Gotta get away

Do-oooh, oooh, oooh, oooh you mind
If I, I, I, I, I, I, I,
I touch you
Do-oooh, oooh, oooh, oooh you mind
If I, I, I, I, I, I, I,
I touch you

I'll fake you're famous if that's what you want
But to complete your own pulpit you must fill your own font
Bring some wine and some Sensodyne
Then you could be my favorite, no, no

Anyone fancy Monaco?
I'm a placebo, they're chasing me, fool
Don't be scared, you could eat em all
They taste good but they make you look old

And oooh, you simply cut cake
You could be a keepsake
Your jukebox will generate
And oooh, I'm heavy entertainment
In need of containment
I'm mad about you
Gotta get away

Do-oooh, oooh, oooh, oooh you mind
If I, I, I, I, I, I, I,
I touch you
Do-oooh, oooh, oooh, oooh you mind
If I, I, I, I, I, I, I,
I touch you

Monaco
Anyone fancy Monaco?

Go get a portable recliner brain
Must take a photo for sure
Got her problems and a real long name
And she gets high on roller molar

And oooh, you teach like a toothache
I'm not here for my sake
How long will this Mickey take?
And oooh, there's heavy entertainment
Out here on the pavement
They're mad about you

Gotta get away

Do-oooh, oooh, oooh, oooh you mind

If I, I, I, I, I, I, I,

I touch you

Do-oooh, oooh, oooh, oooh you mind

If I, I, I, I, I, I, I,

I touch you

Monaco

Anyone fancy Monaco?

Whooo!