

Robbie Williams, Hot Fudge

Queen bitch eat the rich
I'm on the second course today
I'm not the first and I won't be the worst
She's done most of L.A.
Can't find a virgin, I can get you a surgeon
Twenty-four hours a day
Call it Collagen Jeanie you big lip meanie
I'm about to be blown away
Come on sing it

Take me to the place where the sunshine flows
Oh my Sunset Rodeo

Hot fudge here comes the judge
There's a green card in the way
The Holy Ghost and the whole East Coast
Are moving to L.A.
And we've been dreaming of this feeling since 1988
Mother things have got to change
I'm moving to L.A.

Take the piss always English
God bless you Uncle Sam
You got a cool gene pool and our winter's cruel
And God knows I love to tan
Making cents and dead Presidents
Before I could count to ten
With a nation behind me can't stop the limey
She's on her back again
Come on sing it

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Oh my Sunset Rodeo

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L.A. L.A. L.A.
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Moving to L.A.
Keep on moving, keep on moving, keep on moving to L.A.
L.A., L.A.
Keep on moving, moving on
Keep on moving, moving on
Keep on moving, moving on
..and stop