

# 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