Bad Apples

Dupec

Diamonds and fast cars
Money to burn
I got my head in the clouds
I got these thoughts to churn
Got my feet in the sand
I got a house on the hill
I got a headache like a mother
Twice the price of my thrillsAnd it's a cold day, it's a continental drift
I said this traffic is hell
Can you give me a lift
And I'll try to paint a story
Got your pictures to tell
Yeah you got to make a living
With what you bring yourself to sellI got some genuine
Imitation
Bad apples
Free sample
For your peace o' mind
Only $9.95
I got my camera back from customs
Got my law fees up to date
Hell they must've seen me comin'
Ain't this life so fuckin' greatWhen the shit hit the fan
It was all I could stand
Yeah, well I'm a frequent flyer
My body's breathing while it can
But what I don't understand is that
My world ain't gettin' no brighterIf I could touch the sky
Well I would float on by
While everybody's talkin'
Hell I'm just another guy
If it were up to me
I'd say just leave me be
Why let one bad apple
Spoil the whole damn bunchGold and caviar
Now whyn't you pour my apathy
I'd have all my bases covered
If I could teach my hands to see
But now we're down in the deep end

Where they'd love to watch you drown
I said your laundry could use washing
We'll hang it up all over townI said Hollywood's like a dryer
An we're down on sunset strip
An you'll be suckin' down the clorox
'Til your life's all nice and crispWhen the shit hit the fan
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Spoil the whole damn bunch
Why let one bad apple
Spoil the whole damn bunchBoy

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