Bad Apple

David Wilcox

DAVID WILCOX

BAD APPLESome people call me a bad apple

Well I may be bruised but I still taste sweet

Some people call me a bad apple

But I may be the sweetest apple on the treeI've got the notion to tell you about my history, people

I've got the notion to tell you about how I came up in the world yeah

Now look...I used to go to school and act a clown and fool

And I used to chase the ladies all around

Gimme some

I used to spend my money and tried acting funny

Until I hit my nose on the ground

Ow!Some people call me a bad apple

Well I may be bruised but I still taste sweet

Some people call me a bad apple

But I may be the sweetest apple on the treeNow my teacher tried to tell me

That I could never succeed in the world of business, yeah.

I said, "That's o.k. teacher.

Cause I never did want to give anybody the business. No."

But teacher listen

Teacher, teacher we got a message for you now

Goes like this teacher

Oh teacher

You egghead

You think you've got the world sewed up

You never did learn how to treat a man

You need to eat a slice of humble pie

And the longer you wait the worse it's gonna tasteSome people call me a bad apple

Well I may be bruised but I still taste sweet

Some people call me a bad apple

But I may be the sweetest apple on the treeIt's my time

Hey!

I want everybody to listen to me now

It's my time

Hey!

And I want everybody to listen to me now

Look listen to the record

I'll admit I have been lazy

And I've been called crazy

In my time I've played and played

But I can get down
And quit foolin' around
When the weather gets rough
Situation gets toughSome people call me a bad apple
Well I may be bruised but I still taste sweet
Some people call me a bad apple
But I may be the sweetest apple on the treeSome people call me a bad apple
Well I may be the sweetest apple on the tree
I may be the sweetest sweet apple on the tree
I may be the sweetest sweet apple on the tree

Lyrics provided by https://damnlyrics.com/