Fruit Trader

John Mellencamp

Cain told Abel, "Brother, you'd better get busy
We got watermelon burnin' up out there in the sun"
Abel said, "Cain, brother, you're drivin' me silly
Raisin' up this fruit trader bull, you know it ain't no fun"[Chorus:]
We're just yellin' in the dark
We're just pissin' in the wind
From underneath the sheets that we pray from
Better let a little bit of this goodness get inSo Cain rose up and he slay his brother
The human soul and violence sometimes can be the next of kin
And feelings are real in moments of desperation
When the lowest dimension of the animal is let in[Chorus:]Ain't got no purpose, ain't got no direction, I ain't got no morals
Ain't got no politics, ain't got no particular point of view
What I've got is plenty of time on my hands, Ol' Skinny's playground
Hey, Lord, tell me again, what you want me to do?[Chorus:]
Better let a little bit of this beauty
Better let a little bit of this goodness get in

Songwriters
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