

# All Her Favorite Fruit

## Camper Van Beethoven

I drive alone, home from work  
And I always think of her  
Late at night I call her  
But I never say a word  
And I can see her squeeze the phone between her chin and shoulder  
And I can almost smell her breath faint with a sweet scent of decay  
She serves him mashed potatoes  
And she serves him peppered steak, with corn  
Pulls her dress up over her head  
Lets it fall to the floor  
And does she ever whisper in his ear all her favorite fruit  
And all the most exotic places they are cultivated  
And I'd like to take her there, rather than this train  
And if I weren't a civil servant, I'd have a place in the colonies  
We'd play croquet behind white-washed walls and drink our tea at four  
Within intervention's distance of the embassy  
The midday air grows thicker with the heat  
And drifts towards the line of trees  
When negroes blink their eyes, they sink into siesta  
And we are rotting like a fruit underneath a rusting roof  
We dream our dreams and sing our songs of the fecundity  
Of life and love  
Of life and love  
Of life and love

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